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THE WORKS OF VIRGIL

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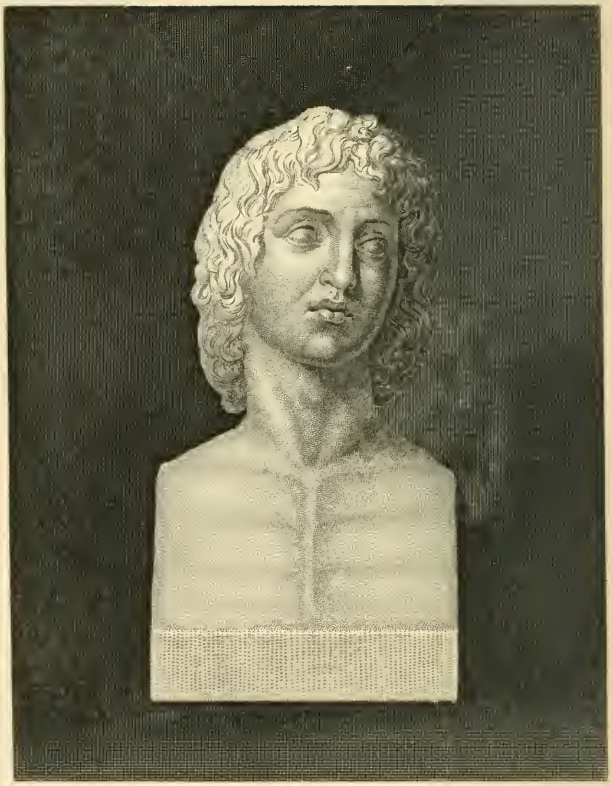

THE WORKS

OF

VIRGIL

A LITERAL TRANSLATION

BY

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WITH INTRODUCTION AND MEMOIR

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This Translation is based on that of Davidson.

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PREFACE.

Since an English version of Virgil's Works first appeared in Bohn's Series, much has been done both by Foreign and by British scholars to amend the Latin text, and to bring out more clearly the poet's meaning in the many obscure phrases and sentences which occur in his writings. These results of modern scholarship I have endeavoured to embody in this Translation, which may be said to be almost a new one. In doing so I have followed the text of Conington's latest edition, revised by the late Mr Nettleship, as it is the one which presents the most approved MS. readings, and which will, no doubt, be most generally adopted in the future. I have not, however, invariably kept to Conington's punctuation.

In dealing with passages of disputed interpretation I have given that explanation which seemed to me most consistent with common-sense, and which has the sanction of the most judicious commentators. I have occasionally mentioned in the notes other views worthy of careful consideration, but those who take an interest in such discussions should consult a good annotated edition.

In preparing the Translation, I have endeavoured to avoid, on the one hand, a very literal and bald rendering, and, on the other, too great freedom of expression, and unwarranted deviation from Virgil's words. My aim has been to produce a version which shall be suitable for general English reading, and which shall, at the same time, afford all reasonable help to those classical students who may find difficulties of con-

struction which they cannot overcome by themselves. To meet the case of these two classes of readers is not an easy matter in dealing with any ancient classical author, and with none more so than with Virgil, who exhibits peculiarities specially his own. He uses adjectives in all varieties of application and in all shades of signification, sometimes indeed containing two or more ideas, so that it is often impossible to find an exact English equivalent; while his phrases are so pregnant with meaning and so suggestive, and his poetic turns of expression so ingenious and so extraordinary, as to be incapable of reproduction in terse and idiomatic prose. Some of these are commented on in the notes.

A. Hamilton Bryce.

Edinburgh, 1894.

LIFE OF VIRGIL.

Among a warlike and conquering people like the Romans the public deeds of men prominent in the camp or in the senate were of infinitely greater importance to their fellow-citizens than the incidents of their private life and their domestic relationships. Hence there are, generally speaking, few materials from which to construct a satisfactory biography, in the modern sense of the term, of even the greatest soldiers and statesmen of ancient days. Much more so is this the case in dealing with the history of one who led the life of a student, and who kept aloof from the bustle of the law courts and the turmoil of political strife. Such a one had no opportunity of attracting the attention of his contemporaries, at least in his earlier days, by any act of a kind which might induce men to be curious about his origin, his family, and his career. He was not one of those who promised

Sibi curæ
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum.

and therefore the public were not anxious to enquire

Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus.

The fame of such silent workers as Virgil was, is rather posthumous than immediate and present. This remark applies to our poet with especial fitness and force. Born of humble parents, brought up in the retirement and obscurity of the country, possessed of a disposition both timid and bashful, he had not the means or the chance of appearing to advantage, or of making for himself a place among the rising young men of Rome. Thus we know little of his early years, and of the successive steps by which he rose to deserved eminence.

There is extant a Life of Virgil anciently attributed to an

obscure grammarian, Tiberius Claudius Donatus, but now believed by modern scholars to have been really the work of the well known historian C. Tranquillus Suetonius. Suetonius lived about 100 years or rather more after Virgil's death, and had access to the records which told of him, such as memoirs by intimate friends, and to his correspondence with them. His facts are therefore likely to be correct. According to his testimony. Virgil was born at the small village of Andes (probably the modern *Pietola*), near Mantua, on the 15th of October B.C. 70, in the consulship of Cneius Pompey the Great and C. Licinius Crassus. His parents were in a lowly condition of life, and in the first instance rather poor. Some ancient authorities say that his father was a potter, others that he was the hired servant of a courier called Magius, whose daughter Magia he afterwards married ; while others state that he cultivated a small farm on the banks of the river Mincius, and that in later days he became pretty rich by buying up tracts of woodland at the time of Sulla's proscriptions, when property would of course be very cheap. However that may be, he was undoubtedly a man of much sagacity and strong common-sense; for like Horace's father he spared no expense, compatible with his means, to give his son the best education to be had, so as to fit him for high position in the State, or to ensure his success as a pleader.

Young Virgil first went to Cremona to be taught the rudiments of learning, and here he assumed the *toga virilis* on the first day of his 16th year, the very day that Lucretius, his great model and master in poetry, died. By a remarkable coincidence, Pompey and Crassus were for the second time consuls this year, as they were for the first time the year of his birth.

From Cremona, Virgil went to Mediolanum (Milan) to pursue his course of study, and from Milan to Naples, where he put himself under the guidance of the poet Parthenius, to perfect himself in the knowledge of Greek. Thence he returned to Rome in B.C. 46 or 47, and devoted himself, with his usual diligence and zeal, to master the principles and the rules of the art of rhetoric. He also studied medicine and astrology, and took special pleasure in the

lessons of Siron, an epicurean philosopher, whose doctrines long influenced his life, as they also coloured his writings. See Geo. i. 415 *sqq*.

Virgil was of a delicate constitution, and was much troubled with a bad stomach, a "touchy" throat, frequent headaches, and occasional spitting of blood. This may so far account for his timidity and shyness, and for his resolve to abandon all thoughts of the forum and the senate. He once tried to speak in the law courts, but utterly failed, and so gave up the profession, to the great benefit of after generations. Though a failure as a speaker, he was, it seems, a beautiful reader, more particularly in dignified and pathetic parts. On one occasion he was reading the sixth book of the Æneid to Augustus and his sister Octavia, mother of Marcellus, and when he came to that well known and touching passage, "Heu miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris,"—

> Lamented youth,
> Canst thou the thread of cruel fate unbind,
> Marcellus thou shalt be,—

Octavia, who before this had lost her son Marcellus, fell into a swoon, from which she was long in recovering.

He seems to have returned at this time to his paternal farm at Andes, probably in 41 or 40 B.C., and then to have occupied his leisure hours in writing some of those minor pieces which antiquity ascribed to him, but many of which are evidently not his composition. They betray a far inferior hand.

Where he formed the acquaintance of Mæcenas cannot be accurately ascertained, but we know that before the troubles arising from the distribution of lands promised to the veterans of Octavianus and Antony, he had fortunately found favour with Asinius Pollio, Cornelius Gallus, and Alfenus Varus. With Mæcenas he had been on intimate terms previously. These friends stood him in good stead afterwards, as will be seen.

The political complications and military events which followed on the assassination of Julius Cæsar gave a new turn to the poet's life. The State was at once divided into two great parties, the Julian and the Republican. Oc-

tavianus, Great Cæsar's nephew, and Marcus Antonius, commonly known as Mark Antony, headed the former, and Brutus and Cassius the latter. In 42 B.C. they met in deadly struggle at Philippi in Macedonia, when victory declared in favour of those who were burning to avenge the death of the great dictator.

Before going forth to the campaign, Octavianus and Antony had promised farms in the richest part of Italy to those soldiers who should remain faithful to their cause. When the war was over, it fell to Octavianus, as Antony was still in Asia, to allot these lands. The territory of Mantua and its neighbourhood was one of the confiscated districts. Among the sufferers was Virgil, but he did not tamely submit to spoliation. He went to Rome, probably by the advice of Asinius Pollio, who was then lieut.-governor of Transpadane Gaul, and by his influence and that of his other friends mentioned above, he succeeded in getting his farm restored to him, as recorded in the First Eclogue.

But after the war of Perusia, 40 B.C., in which Octavianus defeated Lucius Antonius, brother of Mark Antony, a second distribution of lands among veterans took place, and once more Virgil was dispossessed. On this occasion, being fortified by the promise of Octavianus, he attempted to resist the intruder who came to oust him, but the soldier, a hot-tempered centurion, violently assaulted him. The poet was obliged to take to flight, and narrowly escaped with his life. He now undertook a second journey to Rome, and through the same influential friends as before, he not only recovered his own property, but was also the means of saving to the Mantuans a large part of territory which had been taken from them. This event, coupled with the expected restoration of peace to the nation by what has been called the treaty of Brundusium, he celebrated in his Fourth Eclogue, the most sublime and most touching of them all.

From this time forth Virgil lived for the most part in Naples and in Sicily, with occasional visits to Rome and to his native Andes. At Rome, where he had a house on the Esquiline Hill, near the gardens of Mæcenas, he was on

terms of close friendship with all the noted statesmen of the day, and with the leaders in literature, of whom Horace and Varius were of foremost mark. It was in such company that he went on the famous "journey to Brundusium," which Horace has described with exquisite humour in the fifth satire of the First Book. He was, like his friend Horace, a prime favourite with Mæcenas, whose generosity enabled him to lay up money for himself, and also to help his aged father, who in his latter days was blind. This duty he is said to have faithfully and dutifully performed every year.

In 19 B.C. he took a journey to Greece and Asia Minor to familiarise himself with the scenes and the manners of eastern places and peoples, so as to ensure accuracy of description and truthfulness of colouring in the Æneid before finally revising it for publication. At Athens he met Octavianus, now the Emperor Augustus, who seeing that he was not strong enough for the fatigue of such journeys as he would require to make, prevailed on him to return in his suite to Rome. He got as far as Megara, no great distance from Athens, and there became seriously ill. He continued his journey, however, but died at Brundusium, aged 51, a few days after his arrival, the sea voyage having, as it was thought, aggravated his disease. By his own desire his body was taken to Naples, and buried in Mount Posilipo, not far from the city. The oft quoted epitaph on his tombstone —

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope : Cecini pascua, rura, duces—

cannot have been written by himself, as is alleged, but by some third-rate poetaster.

By the munificence of his patrons, Mæcenas, Augustus, and others, Virgil had amassed a large amount of money, which his inexpensive mode of life tended to increase. The amount of his fortune has been variously estimated from £70,000 to £100,000 of our money. One-half of this he bequeathed to a step-brother, his two full-brothers having died before him ; and the remainder he divided among his benefactors and friends, Augustus, Mæcenas, Varius, and Tucca. He was never married. In his will he left the manuscript of the Æneid to Varius and Tucca, on the distinct understanding that they were not to publish anything

which had not already been put forth. His last wish was not complied with, and the Æneid was edited and issued by Varius and Tucca, with only a few absolutely indispensable corrections.

Virgil was of tall stature and dark complexion, and had a rather rustic and clownish face. His disposition was amiable to a very high degree, so that he was a universal favourite. He was modest, kind and open, free from envy and all uncharitableness. He was fond of painting nature in her most tender and loving aspects, and of avoiding all that was rough, harsh, or ungenial. The Fourth Book of the Æneid, which is perhaps the most successful part of the work, shows his keen sense of the power and the reality of love; still, he was not without enemies and detractors, but the feelings of these seemed to have been roused by his great success and popularity, not by anything disagreeable in himself, or offensive in his writings or in his conduct towards others.

In politics he was a strong supporter of the Julian party and of the Emperor Augustus, to whom he was bound not only by personal ties, but also by the bond of patriotism. He had seen with admiration all that great Julius had done for the Roman name, and all that his nephew Octavianus Augustus had effected in reducing to peace and order the enmity and chaos which had been left by the civil contentions of preceding years: he was a true patriot, and was grateful for their services to country and to humanity.

Virgil's main writings are the Bucolics or Eclogues, the Georgics, and the Æneid, notices of which will be found preceding the translation of each.

BUCOLICS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE word Bucolics means Songs of Shepherds, or Pastoral Poems. The term Eclogues, not used by the poet himself, but probably invented by one of the later grammarians, is equivalent to extracts, or selections, and as applied to the poems before us seems to designate them as a sort of "Elegant Extracts" from a Book of Pastorals, or as imitations of passages culled from Greek authors.

The original Bucolic was a rude kind of poem representing shepherd life in its simple aspect, in its loneliness and self-communing, and in its imaginary and exaggerated sorrows, with occasionally its coarse humour and its grotesque superstition. But the Bucolics of Virgil are not of that type. They are not the outcome of his own experience, nor are they moulded by his own surroundings, or by the habits and manners of Italian shepherds, but they are based on, and are very largely imitative of, the Idyls of Theocritus, a Greek poet of Sicily, who flourished about 280 B.C. From him Virgil has borrowed without scruple and without stint, using the story, the names, and the scenery of the Greek Idyl. Tityrus, Menalcas, Amaryllis, Galatea, and the other characters introduced into the Eclogues, are all Greek, and are taken from Theocritus. This close imitation of the Greek poet was probably indulged in, not through ignorance of what was the legitimate form of the Bucolic proper, but from a desire to humour the taste of the day, and to ensure the success of his writings by following a Greek model.

During the first six centuries of Roman history, the citizens of the great Republic were too keenly and too constantly occupied in defending themselves from external enemies, and in

enlarging their empire, to pay attention to the cultivation of the polite arts, and to the study of a foreign literature ; they had no native authors of any excellence. But when they got rest from their enemies round about them, and when their intercourse with Greece became more frequent and more close, they readily and even greedily availed themselves of the masterpieces of her literature, and "captive Greece took captive her stern conqueror." Thus it came about that the surest way to gain popularity and fame as a writer was to copy the admired masters of Greece. The same tendency showed itself on the revival of literature in England. The ambition of our earliest writers of that period was either to translate the ancient classical authors into English, or in their own compositions to follow as closely as possible in the footsteps of the ancients. "There is something almost unexampled," says Mr Conington, "in the state of feeling which at Rome, and in the Augustan age in particular, allowed palpable and avowed imitation to claim the honour of poetical originality, . . . yet we may realise something of the feeling if we go back to the time when the office of translator ranked as high in English estimation as that of an original poet ; when he that drew Zimri and Achitophel was thought to have added to his fame by his versions of Juvenal and Virgil, and the preparation of the English Iliad and Odyssey occupied, perhaps not unworthily, ten of the best years of the mind which had produced the "Essay on Criticism" and the "Rape of the Lock."

Though Virgil, with deliberate purpose and aim, strove to imitate Theocritus, he did not slavishly follow him on every occasion. No doubt he literally translated many lines and phrases and even whole passages from him, and borrowed images, personal incidents, and descriptions of scenery ; still he often launches out more boldly, and gives an unmistakable Roman cast and colour to the characters, the matter, and the style. In fact, it would seem as if he had wished to strike out a new species of literary composition for himself, which should have more of the dramatic and the mimetic than either the old Bucolic or the improved Idyl of Theocritus, and to impart to it more of a living interest by introducing persons and events of contemporaneous history.

To please his courtly readers, who took no interest in rural

pursuits, and who did not understand the coarse and vulgar patois, he uses language more classical and more elegant than plain shepherds could be expected to employ. His diction is always Roman ; and besides, the want of a Doric dialect in the Latin language rendered the verbal imitation of the Bucolic style impossible. There are, it must be confessed, many blemishes and many defects in those Virgilian Eclogues, which, according to the rules of rigid criticism, cannot be defended ; but on the whole, though they want the ease, grace, and native simplicity of the Idyls of Theocritus, yet they are truthful echoes of Roman feeling and sentiment. The characters are Italian ; and as they act the part of Sicilian shepherds, we have a feeling of unreality about the picture presented to us. The scenery, too, is not Italian, but Sicilian. At Mantua, there are no green caves in which the shepherd may lie to avoid the noonday heat ; there are no hazel-crags from which his goats may hang and crop the leaves as he tunes his oaten pipe ; and no lofty mountains, whose lengthening shadows may remind him that evening is at hand. At Mantua, the trees of Sicily, the beech, the pine, the ilex, and the chestnut, are not found, but it is pretty certain that this confusion of places, of men and of things, did not strike a Roman as it does our modern critics. We cannot judge correctly of the poet by our own standards, but must try to look on the products of his polished mind as the men of his own day and of a somewhat later date looked on them. His contemporary, Horace, admired them, so did Augustus, so did Mæcenas, and Varius, and others of high esteem in the Court and in literary circles, where Virgil was a prime favourite as a poet and as a man. Horace, who does not spare his criticisms of Latin writers, finds no fault with Virgil for the manner in which he has treated Bucolic subjects, or for his deviations from Bucolic models, while he praises him for his versification, which was a new departure in that kind of composition. He says,

molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœnæ.

Which some interpret as referring only to the smoothness and finish of his verses, while others take the phrase to mean "tenderness and refined wit," or the "delicacy of touch, and graceful wit," of the poems. Most probably both were intended by the

critic. Whatever the real faults of the Eclogues may be, every one who reads them must acknowledge that they contain many beautiful sentiments happily expressed, and many passages of touching sympathy with nature in all her aspects. That this was the feeling of the Romans in Virgil's lifetime is testified by Tacitus, who tells us that these Eclogues were frequently read in the theatre, and that on one occasion "the people rose *en masse*, and showed the same veneration for Virgil, who happened to be present among the audience, which they were wont to show to Augustus."

There is much variety of opinion as to the date of the composition of each Eclogue, and as to the publication of the whole in one volume, but it is now generally agreed that they were written from 43 or 42 B.C. to 37 or 36 B.C., and that Virgil himself arranged them for publication in the order in which they now stand. The last line of the Fourth Georgic shows that Tityrus was to be placed first. Some of the Eclogues are composed entirely after their Greek model: these are the first, the second, the third, the fifth, the eighth, and the ninth. The others are of a more original kind, viz., the fourth, the sixth, and the tenth. See the introduction to each.

THE BUCOLICS.

ECLOGUE I.

Octavianus, assisted by Mark Antony, defeated Brutus and Cassius in the battle of Philippi, in Macedonia, in 42 B.C. On his return to Rome he distributed to his own veterans and those of Antony lands which had been promised them the year before at the siege of Mutina. Cremona was one of the cities whose territory was chosen for this purpose, and as there was not enough of land, the neighbouring Mantua was taken also. Virgil lost his farm, as he was in the Mantuan district, but he got it back again through the influence of Asinius Pollio. This Eclogue expresses his gratitude to Octavianus. Tityrus represents Virgil in some parts, and in others, an old slave in his employment. Melibœus is a shepherd who did not recover his home.

MELIBŒUS, TITYRUS.

M. You, Tityrus, reclining under the covert of a spreading beech, are practising a pastoral lay on a slender pipe: We are leaving our home and its charming fields: We are being banished from our fatherland: You, Tityrus, resting peacefully in the shade, are teaching the woods to echo the name of the lovely Amaryllis.[1]

T. O Melibœus, a god has granted us the ease we now enjoy; for to me he shall always be a god; a tender lamb from our folds shall often stain his altar with its blood. He has given me permission that my cattle should roam at will, as you see, and that I myself should play what strain I please on my rustic reed.

[1] Amaryllis, the name of a country girl. Some have supposed that the poet spoke of Rome under that name.

M. I do not indeed grudge it to you; rather do I wonder at it; to such an extent does confusion reign everywhere throughout the whole country. Lo, I myself, sick at heart, am driving onwards my tender she-goats: this one, O Tityrus, I lead along even with difficulty: for here just now, among the dense hazels, bringing forth twins with many throes, she has dropped them, alas! the hope of the flock, on the bare rock. This calamity, I remember, my oaks stricken by lightning often presaged to me, had my mind been open to warning: But tell me, Tityrus, what kind of a god is it you speak of?

T. The city, Melibœus, which they call Rome, I, in my simplicity, imagined to be like this Mantua[1] of ours, whither we shepherds often drive to market the tender offspring of our ewes. So I had known whelps to be like dogs, kids to be like their dams: thus was I wont to compare great things with small. But that city has raised its head as high among others, as the cypresses are wont to do among the pliant way-faring shrubs.

M. And what so urgent reason had you for visiting Rome?

T. Liberty; which, though late in doing so, yet kindly regarded me with favour, remiss as I was, after my beard began to fall with a greyish hue as I shaved; yet, she did regard me with favour, and came to me after a long time, since Amaryllis gained my affections, and after Galatea had abandoned me. Because—for I will confess it—while Galatea ruled me, I had neither hopes of liberty, nor anxiety about my private gains. Though many a victim went from my folds, and though many a rich cheese was pressed for the thankless city, my right hand never returned home heavy with money for me.

M. I often wondered, Amaryllis, why in mournful mood

[1] Mantua, a city in the north of Italy, on the Mincio, in the neighbourhood of which Virgil was born.

you used to invoke the gods; and for whom you suffered the fruits to hang, each on its tree. Your Tityrus was from home. The very pines, O Tityrus, the very fountains, these very copses anxiously called for you.

T. What was I to do? It was neither in my power, while I staid here, to go forth from bondage, nor elsewhere to find so powerful gods. Here, Melibœus, I saw that youth, to whom for twelve days in the year our altars smoke. Here he was the first to give an answer to my prayer: "Swains feed your cows as formerly; admit your steers."

M. Happy old man, your lands then will remain your own, large enough for you, too, although bare stones abound everywhere and marshes with slimy bull-rushes are common on the pasture lands. No strange fodder shall poison your breeding ewes; nor shall the baleful contamination of a neighbouring flock hurt them. Lucky old man! here, among well-known streams and sacred fountains, you shall enjoy the cool shade. On the one side,—that is, on your neighbour's boundary-fence,—the hedge whose willow-flowers are always fed upon by Hyblæan bees[1] shall often invite you to sleep by its gentle hum. On the other side, beneath a lofty rock, the leaf-stripper shall send forth his song on the breeze: nor meanwhile shall either the hoarse wood-pigeons, your delight, or the turtle dove on his lofty elm, cease to coo.

T. Sooner therefore shall the fleet stags pasture high in air, and the seas leave the fish exposed on the shore; sooner shall the Parthian[2] wanderer drink of the Arar, or the German of the Tigris, each having traversed the

[1] Hyblæan bees, from Hybla, a town in Sicily, celebrated for its excellent honey. *Quae semper* is by some reckoned a parenthesis, in the sense of "shall invite you to sleep, as it always does."

[2] Parthian, &c. Parthia, now part of Persia, a country of Asia. The Arar, or Saone, a river of France, which falls into the Rhone at Lyons. The Tigris, a river of Asia, running into the Persian Gulf, as also the Euphrates does.

other's territory, than his image shall be effaced from my breast.

M. But some of us shall go hence to the thirst-parched Africans; others of us shall reach Scythia[1] and the swift flowing Oaxes in Crete, and the Britons totally separated from the rest of the world. Ah then! shall I ever when visiting, after a long interval, my native home and the turf-piled roof of my humble hut—shall I hereafter (I say) look with astonishment on a few scanty ears of grain,[2] my whole domain? Shall a ruthless soldier possess these fallow-lands, so highly tilled? A barbarian these corn-fields? Behold to what a pass disunion has brought wretched fellow-citizens! For such successors have we sown our fields! Now, Melibœus, engraft your pear trees, plant your vines in rows! Begone, my sheep, once a happy flock, begone. No more shall I, stretched in a moss-grown cave, henceforth behold you hanging at a distance from a bush-clad rock. No songs shall I sing; no more, my goats, as I feed you, shall you crop the flowery cytisus and bitter willows.

T. Yet here for this night you might rest with me on a couch of green leaves. I have mellow apples, mealy chestnuts, and plenty of fresh-pressed curd. And now the high roofs of the distant farm-houses are smoking, and shadows of greater length are falling from the lofty mountains.

[1] Scythia, a general name given by the ancients to the extreme northern parts of Europe and Asia.

[2] This sentence (on which consult Forbiger's or Conington's notes) has puzzled all commentators, and the modes of rendering it are many. The one given above, though not without its objections, seems to afford the best sense. It represents the speaker anticipating the bad farming of the bungling soldier who is to succeed him. The phrase "my whole domain," literally "my kingdom," "where I was as happy as a king and reigned supreme," contrasts with its former flourishing condition the wretched sight he expects to see on his return.

ECLOGUE II.

The subject of this Eclogue is taken from the eleventh Idyl of Theocritus. The shepherd Corydon is deeply enamoured of Alexis, a youth of great beauty, whom he in vain urges to come and live with him in the country. Some old grammarians have handed down the tradition that Alexis was given to Virgil by his friend Pollio as a slave. Corydon would thus represent the poet. But it is more probable that this is a mere imitation of Theocritus.

Alexis.

The shepherd Corydon loved ardently the beautiful Alexis, the darling of his master; nor had he any apparent ground for hope. Yet[1] he used to come constantly among the dense beeches with overshadowing tops: there, all alone, he would pour forth to the mountains and the woods these unstudied laments with bootless earnestness:—

Ah, cruel Alexis, do you pay no heed at all to my lays? Have you no pity for me? At last you will compel me to die. Even the cattle now pant after shades and cool retreats; now the thorny brakes shelter even the green lizards, and Thestylis pounds the garlic and wild thyme, strong-scented herbs, for the reapers exhausted by the scorching heat. But to the hoarse grasshoppers in company with me the thickets resound, while under the burning sun I trace your steps. Was it not better to endure the peevish humours and proud disdain of Amaryllis? to bear with Menalcas, however swarthy he was, however fair you be? Ah, pretty boy, trust not too much to complexion. White privets are left to fall; purple hyacinths are gathered. Alexis, I am scorned by you; nor do you inquire what I am; how rich in flocks, how fully supplied with snow-white milk. A thousand ewes of mine roam on the mountains of

[1] *Tantum*, literally, *only*, *i.e.* as his only consolation.

Sicily. Young milk[1] fails me not in summer; it fails me not in winter. I sing the same airs which Theban Amphion[2] was wont to do when on Attic Aracynthus[3] he piped home his herds. Nor am I so ill-made: upon the shore I lately viewed myself, when the sea had been calmed by the lulling winds. I will not fear Daphnis, you yourself being judge, since the reflected image never lies. O would it but please you to inhabit with me our homely rural retreats and humble cots, and to spear the stags, and to drive the flock of kids to the green mallow! In the woods along with me you shall rival Pan in singing. Pan first taught men to join several reeds with wax; Pan guards sheep and shepherds. Regret not that you have worn away your lip on a shepherd's reed. What was not Amyntas wont to do to learn this same art? I have a pipe of seven reeds of unequal length compactly joined, of which Damœtas some time ago made me a present, and as he was dying, said, "It now has you as my (worthy) successor." Damœtas spoke: the foolish Amyntas was envious. Besides I have two young he-goats, found in a glen by no means safe, with skins even now speckled with white; they each drain daily the udders of a ewe; these, then, I reserve for you. For a long time now Thestylis has been begging to get them from me; and she shall do so, since my presents are valueless in your eyes.

[1] Young milk, that is, the milk of animals which have recently brought forth.

[2] Amphion, the famous king of Thebes, who built the walls of that city, and is said to have made the stones to dance into their places by the music of his lyre. He is called Dircæus, either from Dirce, his step-mother, whom he put to death for the injuries she had done to his mother, Antiope; or from a fountain in Bœotia of that name.

[3] Aracynthus was, according to some ancient authorities, a mountain on the confines of Attica and Bœotia where was the fountain Dirce: it is called Actæo, Attic, from Acta or Acte, an older name for Attica. The Aracynthus range proper was in Ætolia.

Come hither, O lovely boy ; behold the nymphs bring you lilies in full baskets. For you, fair Näis, culling the yellow violets and heads of poppies, joins the daffodil and the flower of sweet-smelling dill ; and then, intertwining them with casia, and other fragrant herbs, she varies the soft hyacinths with saffron marigold. I myself will gather for you quinces hoary with tender down and chestnuts which my Amaryllis loved. I will add yellow plums. On this fruit too shall distinction be conferred. And you, O bays, I will gather ; and you, O myrtle, next to them: for, thus arranged, you mingle sweet perfumes.

Corydon, you are a dolt ; Alexis neither cares for your presents ; nor, if you were to contend in presents, would Iollas yield. Alas, alas, what did I mean, wretched man that I am? I have let the south wind loose among my flowers, and boars on my crystal springs, fool that I am. Whom do you fly from in your madness? even the gods themselves have dwelt in woods, and Trojan Paris too. Let Pallas by herself alone inhabit the citadels she has erected. Let woods delight us above all things else. The savage lioness pursues the wolf ; the wolf on his part, the goat ; the wanton goat pursues the flowery cytisus ; Corydon follows you, O Alexis. His own peculiar desire leads each one on.

See, the steers draw home the uplifted plough, and the sinking sun doubles the lengthening shadows ; but me love still consumes. For what bounds can be set to love? Ah, Corydon, Corydon, what frenzy has possessed you? Your vine remains on the leafy elm, half-pruned. Why do you not rather try to weave of osiers and pliant rushes something at least which your daily work requires? You will find another Alexis, since this one disdains you.

ECLOGUE III.

This Eclogue exhibits a trial of skill in singing, between Damœtas and Menalcas. This contest is conducted in what is called Amœbœan, *i.e.* "answering," verse, in which the second speaker replies to the first in the same number of lines, and on the same or a closely similar subject. Palæmon, who is chosen judge, after hearing them, declares his inability to decide such an important controversy.

MENALCAS, DAMŒTAS, PALÆMON.

M. Tell me, Damœtas, whose is the flock? It is not that of Melibœus, is it?

D. No; but Ægon's. Ægon lately entrusted it to my care.

M. Ah sheep, ever a luckless flock; while he himself courts Neæra, and fears that she may prefer me to him, this stranger shepherd milks the ewes twice in an hour; and the substance is drained from the sheep, and the milk withheld from the lambs.

D. Remember, however, that these charges should with more caution be made against men. We know both who —— you, and in what sacred grot, while the he-goats looked askance; but the obliging nymphs smiled.

M. Just at the time, I suppose, when they saw me with a malicious bill hacking Mycon's elm-grove and young vines.

D. Or here by these old beeches, when you broke the bow and arrows of Daphnis: and when you, cross-grained Menalcas, saw them given to the boy, you both were vexed, and you would have burst for envy, had you not by some means or other done him an injury.

M. What are the owners of flocks to do, when thievish knaves make such robberies? Miscreant! did I not see you entrap that goat of Damon's, while his mongrel[1] barked

[1] Lycisca—"mongrel" between a wolf and a dog. Some take Lycisca as the name of the dog merely.

with fury? And when I cried out, "Where is that fellow now rushing off to? Tityrus, muster your flock," you skulked away behind the sedges.

D. Was he not, when vanquished in singing, to give me the goat which my flute had won by its music? If you don't know it, that same goat was my own: and Damon himself confessed it, but alleged that he was not able to pay it to me.

M. *You* conquer *him* in piping, forsooth! Now just tell me, had you ever in your possession a pipe cemented with wax? Were you not wont, you *ignoramus*, to stand at the cross-roads and shockingly murder some wretched tune on a squeaking straw?

D. Are you willing, then, that we should have a trial between us, by turns, what each can do? This young cow I stake; and that you may have no excuse for declining the contest, (I tell you that) she comes twice a-day to the milking pail: two calves she suckles with her udder: now, say for what stake you will contend against me.

M. I dare not stake anything from the flock as you do: for I have a father at home, I have a harsh step-mother: and twice a-day both of them number the flock, one or other of them the kids too. But what you yourself will own to be of far greater value, since you choose to make a fool of yourself, I will stake my beechen bowls, the carved work of divine Alcimedon,[1] to which a pliant vine, superadded by the obedient[2] chisel, clothes with its foliage the clustering berries put forth everywhere in profusion by the pale ivy. In the open space there are two figures—Conon, and who was the other, who with his wand mapped out for men the world's great globe; (who showed) what seasons the

[1] Alcimedon is not heard of elsewhere. Conon was a famous astronomer in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus: the "other" was probably Eudoxus, whose "Phænomena" was versified by Aratus.—*Conington.*

[2] Obedient, *i.e.* moving easily (facilis) as the turner directs.

reaper, what the bending ploughman, should have? Nor have I yet applied my lips to them, but I keep them carefully laid up.

D. For me too the same Alcimedon made two bowls, and wreathed their handles all round with the flexible acanthus. In the open space he placed Orpheus, and the woods following him. Nor have I yet applied my lips to them, but keep them carefully laid up. If you consider the cow, you have no reason to extol your bowls.

M. By no means shall you at this time escape: I will meet you on any terms, only let some one hear this contest, even the man who is approaching: I declare it is Palæmon: I'll put you from hereafter challenging any other person to sing.

D. Come on, then, if you have a stave in you, there shall be no delay on my part, for I don't shrink from any competition: only, neighbour Palæmon, weigh this with the deepest attention: it is a matter of no small importance.

P. Sing on, since we are seated on the soft grass; and now every field, now every tree, is fruitful: now the woods are clad with foliage; now the year is at its fairest. Begin, Damœtas: then you Menalcas, follow. You shall sing in alternate verses: the Muses love Amœbæan strains.

D. I begin with Jove, ye Muses: all things are full of Jove: he makes the earth fruitful; he takes pleasure in my songs.

M. And me, on my part, Phœbus loves. I have always ready for Phœbus his favourite offerings, bays, and the sweetly blushing hyacinth.

D. Galatea, rogue that she is, pelts me with apples,[1] and flies to the willows, but wishes to be seen first.

M. But my flame, Amyntas, voluntarily offers himself to

[1] The apple was sacred to Venus; and a present of an apple, or the partaking of an apple with another, was a mark of affection; and so also it was to throw an apple at one.

me; so that now Delia's[1] self is not more familiar to our dogs.

D. A present is provided for my love: for I myself marked the place where the airy wood-pigeons have built.

M. What I could I sent to my boy, ten ruddy apples gathered from a tree in the wood: to-morrow I will send him a second ten.

D. O how often, and what words Galatea spoke to me! Some part of them, ye winds, waft to the ears of the gods.

M. What avails it, O Amyntas, that you despise me not in your heart, if, while you hunt the boars, I watch the toils.

D. Iollas, send to me Phyllis: it is my birthday. When I make my offering by a heifer instead of fruits, come yourself.

M. Iollas, I love Phyllis above all others: for at my departure she wept, and long she cried, Farewell, fair youth, farewell.

D. The wolf is the bane of the flocks; showers, of the ripened corn; winds, of the trees; mine, the anger of Amaryllis.

M. Moisture is grateful to the sown corn; the arbutus to weaned kids; the pliant willow to the breeding cattle; to me, Amyntas alone.

D. Pollio loves my muse, though rustic: ye Pierian Sisters, feed a heifer for your reader.

M. Pollio himself, too, composes fresh poems: feed for him a bull which already butts with his horn, and spurns the sand with his feet.

D. Let him who loves you, Pollio, rise to the same pre-eminence to which he rejoices that you have risen: for him let honey flow, and let the prickly bramble bring forth a fragrant spice.

[1] Delia. Diana was so called, because she was born, as was said, in the island of Delos.

M. Let him who does not dislike the verses of Bavius,[1] be satisfied with yours, O Mævius; and let him, too, yoke foxes to the plough and milk he-goats.

D. Ye swains who gather flowers, and strawberries that grow on the ground, oh fly hence; a cold snake lurks in the grass.[2]

M. Take care, my sheep, that you advance not too far; it is not safe to trust to the bank; the ram himself is even now drying his fleece.

D. Tityrus, drive back your browsing goats from the river; I myself, when the time comes, will wash them all in the pool.

M. Muster the sheep (under the shade), ye swains: if the heat should forestall the milk as it lately did, in vain shall we squeeze the teats with our hands.

D. Alas, alas, how lean is my bull amid the fattening vetches! love is the bane at once of the herd and the herdsman.

M. Surely love is not the cause with these: their flesh scarcely clings to their bones. Some evil eye or other is bewitching my tender lambs to my hurt.

D. Tell me, and you shall be my great Apollo, in what part of the earth is the expanse of the heaven visible for no more than three ells?[3]

M. Tell me in what land flowers grow, having inscribed

[1] Bavius and Mævius, two contemptible poets, contemporary with Virgil.

[2] The Greek proverb is, ὑπὸ παντὶ λίθῳ σκόρπιος ["under every stone a scorpion"].

[3] Many solutions have been given to this enigma, some making the reference to be to a well; others to a pit in the forum, &c. Asconius Pedianus is, however, said to have heard Virgil himself say that he referred to the tomb of Cœlius, a spendthrift at Mantua, who spent all that he possessed, and retained merely enough ground for a tomb. If this be the correct solution, the enigma turns upon the similarity between *cæli*, "of heaven," and *Cœli* (i.e. *Cœlii*), "of Cœlius."

themselves with the names of princes ;[1] and have Phillis to yourself alone.

P. It is not for me to determine so great a controversy between you. Both he deserves the heifer and you too ; and whoever shall describe in song the fears of sweet loves and the pangs of bitter ones. Now, swains, close the runnels ; the meadows have imbibed enough.

[1] The allusion is to the hyacinth, which has, according to a poetic legend, the letters AI marked on its petals, not only as a note of sorrow for the death of Hyacinthus, but also as constituting half the name of Ajax, *i.e.* Αἴας.

ECLOGUE IV.

This Eclogue has given rise to much controversy among learned men. The great question is, who was the wonderful boy about to be born? Some say the son of Asinius Pollio, who had just returned to Rome after arranging at Brundusium terms of reconciliation between Octavianus and Antony. Others again argue that it was Marcellus, son of Marcellus and Octavia, sister of Octavianus, and now wife of Mark Antony. But young Marcellus was born, it would appear, about two years before the date usually assigned to the Eclogue, which, if the date be correct, is a fatal objection to his claim. It is the more difficult to determine who was meant since no child was born which became a regenerator of his race and times.

Some commentators consider that the child meant is Christ. To this theory, however, there are innumerable objections. It is quite possible—nay, certain—that Virgil must have heard of the expectation of the Jews, many of whom lived in Rome at that time, and that he may have used Jewish prophecy and the beautiful imagery of the Jewish prophets to glorify his friend and patron Pollio. There appears to have been a general expectation at that time over the whole Roman world that a person was to be born who would regenerate all things, and introduce a second golden age; and it is possible that Virgil may have been giving voice to that hope, without having any definite person in view.

Virgil has been censured for putting this poem among his Bucolics, since, say the critics, it is not a bucolic poem at all. It certainly does not contain any dialogues or songs of shepherds, or the other usual accessories of a pastoral poem, but it sets forth in beautiful language and in stately lines how men, and sheep, and goats, and bullocks will be freed from that drudgery and those hardships which they formerly endured. All the elements of pastoral life will be there, without the pains and the penalties. The earth herself, without the laceration of the plough and the harrow, will bring forth all things spontaneously; the plain will grow yellow with ripening corn; the fruit trees will be spared the knife of the pruner, and yet will bear their choicest produce. No poisonous herbs will endanger the life of man or of cattle. No serpent will lurk in the grass to kill the shepherd or his flock. Honey will distil from the hard oak, and the bees will be saved their danger and their plagues; and grapes will grow even on the prickly bramble. All these things have surely a very direct bearing on country life; and though the Eclogue is not in due form, as an idyl or picture of life it has no equal among the other nine.

Pollio.

Ye Sicilian Muses, let us sing somewhat higher strains. Vineyards and lowly tamarisks delight not all. If we sing of the country let our lays be worthy of a consul's ear. The last era of Cumæan[1] song, has now arrived: The great series of ages begins anew. Now, too, returns the virgin Astræa,[2] the reign of Saturn returns; now a new race of men is being sent down from high heaven. And in a special degree, O chaste Lucina, be but propitious to the infant boy, under whom first the iron age shall cease, and the golden age arise over all the world; now your own brother Apollo reigns. While you too, Pollio, while you are consul, this glory of our age shall make his entrance; and the grand months shall begin to roll. Under your auspices, whatever vestiges of our wickedness remain, shall be rendered harmless, and shall release the earth from constant dread. He shall partake of the life of gods, and he shall see heroes associating with the gods, and shall himself be seen by them, and with all the virtues of his father he shall rule a world at peace. Meanwhile the earth, O boy, as her first offerings, shall pour forth for you everywhere, without culture, creeping ivy with lady's glove, and Egyptian beans with smiling acanthus intermixed. The goats of their own accord shall bring home their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds dread the great lions. The very cradle shall pour forth for you soothing flowers. Moreover, the serpent shall die; and the poisonous plant shall perish: the Assyrian spikenard shall grow on every soil. But as soon as you shall be able to read

[1] Cumæan song, from Cumæ, a city of Italy, north-west of Naples, in the vicinity of which resided the celebrated Cumæan Sibyl.

[2] Astræa was the goddess of Justice, who resided on earth during the reign of Saturn, *i.e.* the golden age. Being shocked by the impiety of mankind, she returned to heaven, and became one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, under the name of Virgo.

the praises of heroes, and the achievements of your father, and to understand what virtue is, the field shall gradually grow yellow with beardless ears of grain, and the blushing grapes shall hang on the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil dewy honey in abundance. Yet some few traces of former vice shall remain, prompting men to brave the sea in ships, to enclose cities within walls, and to cleave furrows in the earth. There shall then be another Tiphys, and another Argo[1] to carry chosen heroes: there shall be likewise other wars: and a great Achilles shall once more be sent to Troy. After this, when confirmed age shall have ripened you into manhood, the sailor shall voluntarily renounce the sea; nor shall merchant-ships barter commodities: all lands shall all things produce. The ground shall not suffer from the harrow, nor the vineyard from the pruning-hook; the sturdy ploughman, too, shall now release his bulls from the yoke; nor shall the wool learn to counterfeit various colours: but the ram shall of his own accord, even while at pasture, change the colour of his fleece, now into sweet-blushing purple, now into saffron hue. Scarlet shall spontaneously clothe the lambs as they feed. The destinies, conforming to the fixed will of Fate, have said to their spindles "Onward through such ages run." Dear offspring of the gods, illustrious foster-son of Jove, advance to your splendid honours; the time will soon be here. See the whole world in its solid globe is heaving with emotion, the earth, the regions of the sea, and heaven sublime: See how all things rejoice at the age which is on the point of coming. Oh that I may live so long, and that I may retain so much power and poetic inspiration as to be able to celebrate your deeds. Neither Thracian Orpheus nor Linus shall surpass me in song, though his mother aid the one, and his sire the other—though Calliopea help Orpheus,

[1] Argo, the name of the ship which carried Jason to Colchis, to recover the golden fleece. Tiphys was the pilot of the ship.

and fair Apollo Linus. Should Pan contend with me, even with Arcadia as judge, Pan himself would own that he was beaten, Arcadia being the judge. Begin, O infant boy, to distinguish your mother by your smiles; ten months brought on your mother tedious qualms. Begin, O infant boy; that child on whom his parents have not been wont to smile, him neither a god has ever honoured with his table, nor a goddess with her bed.

ECLOGUE V.

In this Eclogue, the shepherds Menalcas and Mopsus celebrate the funeral eulogium of Daphnis, supposed to represent Julius Cæsar. Menalcas would then be Virgil himself.

Menalcas, Mopsus.

Me. Mopsus, since we are met, both skilled, you in piping on the slender reed, I in singing verses, why do we not sit down here among the elms intermixed with hazels?

Mo. You, Menalcas, are my senior: it is right that I give way to you, whether we retire beneath the shades that shift under the fanning zephyrs, or rather into this grotto. See how the wild vine has decked the cave with clusters here and there.

Me. Amyntas alone in our mountains may vie with you.

Mo. What if he would strive to surpass Phœbus too in song?[1]

Me. Begin you, Mopsus, first; whether you have got any love-songs for Phyllis, or praises for Alcon, or invective against Codrus; begin: Tityrus will tend the browsing kids.

Mo. Nay, rather will I try those verses which lately I inscribed on the green bark of a beech tree, and composing an air for them I noted the words and the music in turn:[2] After that, just you bid Amyntas vie with me (if he can).

Me. As far as the pliant willow is inferior to the pale olive, and humble lavender to crimson beds of roses; so far is Amyntas, in my judgment, inferior to you.

Mo. But no more words, my lad: we have entered the

[1] This is said ironically—I suppose he'll be trying to beat Phœbus next.

[2] Or "setting them to music, I marked the alternations of the flute and the voice."—*Conington.*

grot. The nymphs wept Daphnis cut off by a cruel death; you hazels and you streams bore witness to the nymphs, when the mother, embracing the pitiable corpse of her son, denounced the cruelty of both gods and stars. During those days, O Daphnis, none drove their pastured oxen to the cooling streams: no beast either tasted of the brook, or touched a blade of grass. The wild mountains, Daphnis, and the woods, declare that even the African lions mourned your death. Daphnis taught us to yoke Armenian tigers in the chariot; Daphnis taught us to introduce dances in honour of Bacchus, and to wreathe the pliant wands with soft leaves. As the vine is the glory of the trees, as grapes are of the vine, as the bull is of the flock, as standing corn is of fertile fields, so you were all the glory of your fellow-swains. Ever since the Fates snatched you away, Pales[1] herself, and Apollo too, have left the fields. In those furrows in which we have often sown large-sized grains of barley, there unproductive darnel and barren wild oats grow. Instead of the soft violet, instead of the purple narcissus, the thistle springs up, and the Christ-thorn with its sharp prickles. Strew the ground with leaves, ye shepherds, form a shade over the fountains: these rites Daphnis ordains for himself; form a tomb too; and on that tomb inscribe this epitaph: I am Daphnis of the groves, hence even to the stars renowned, the shepherd of a fair flock, fairer myself.

Me. Such, matchless poet, is your song to me, as slumbers on the grass to the weary, as it is in scorching heat to quench one's thirst from a bubbling rivulet of delicious water. But you equal your master not in the pipe only, but also in your voice. Happy swain, you shall now be second to him. Yet, I will sing in my turn these verses of mine, as best I can, and laud your Daphnis to the stars: Daphnis I will raise to heaven; me too Daphnis loved.

[1] Pales was the goddess of sheepfolds and of pastures.

Mo. Can anything be more acceptable to me than such a favour? The swain himself was worthy to be sung, and Stimichon has long since praised to me that song of yours.

Me. Daphnis, in divine beauty, admires the hitherto unknown courts of heaven, and far below him beholds the clouds and stars. Hence a lively joy takes possession of the woods and every field, Pan and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids. Neither does the wolf meditate designs against the sheep, nor do any toils seek to ensnare the deer; kind Daphnis delights in peaceful rest. The very mountains, with their unhewn trees, for joy raise their voices to heaven: now the very rocks, the very groves, resound these notes: a god, a god he is, Menalcas. O be kind and propitious to your own! Behold four altars; lo, Daphnis, two for you, and two higher ones for Phœbus. Two bowls foaming with new milk and two goblets of rich oil will I present to you each year: and more especially enlivening the feast with plenty of wine, before the fire if it be winter, if harvest, in the shade, I will pour forth from tankards Ariusian wine,[1] a new and delicious beverage. Damœtas and Lyctian Ægon shall sing to me: Alphesibœus shall mimic the frisking satyrs. These rites shall be ever thine, both when we yearly pay our solemn vows to the nymphs, and when we make the circuit of the fields. So long as the boar shall love the tops of the mountains; so long as the fishes shall love the floods; so long as bees shall feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew, your honour, your name, and your praise shall still remain. As to Bacchus and Ceres, so to you the swains shall yearly perform their vows: you too shall bind them to their vows.

Mo. What, what returns shall I make to you for a song like that? For neither the whispers of the rising south

[1] Ariusia, a district of Chios, now Scio, an island in the Archipelago, celebrated for its excellent wine.

wind, nor shores lashed by the wave, nor rivers that descend through rocky glens, please me so much.

Me. First I will present you with this brittle reed. This taught me, "Corydon loved the fair Alexis." This same taught me, "Whose is this flock? is it that of Melibœus?"

Mo. But do you, Menalcas, accept this shepherd's crook, beautiful for the uniformity of its knobs and brass, which Antigenes never could get from me, though he often begged it; and at that time he was very worthy of my love.

ECLOGUE VI.

Silenus, a demi-god and companion of Bacchus, noted for his love of wine and for his skill in music, here discourses on the formation of the world, and the nature of things, according to the doctrine of the Epicureans. The poem is addressed to Alfenus Varus, who had been appointed by Octavianus to apportion to the veterans the lands that had been assigned them in Cisalpine Gaul. Some think it was Q. Atius Varus.

SILENUS.

My Muse, Thalia, in her first attempt deigned to sport in Sicilian strains, nor was she ashamed to inhabit the woods. When I would sing of kings and battles, Apollo pulled my ear, and warned me thus: A shepherd, Tityrus, should heed the fattening of his sheep, and sing a humble lay. Now then, O Varus,[1] I will compose a pastoral song on my slender reed, for there will be poets in abundance eager to celebrate your praises, and record woe-begetting wars. I sing not unbidden strains; yet whoso shall read these poems also, whoso shall read through love of them to him, O Varus, our tamarisks, our whole plantations, shall sing of you, nor is any page more acceptable to Phœbus than that which has inscribed on it the name of Varus. Proceed, O Muses. Two youthful swains, Chromis and Mnasylus, saw Silenus lying asleep in his cave, his veins swollen, as they always are, by yesterday's debauch. His garlands, all but fallen from his head, lay close by, and his heavy flagon hung by its well-worn handle. Taking hold of him, for often the old man had deluded them both with the promise of a song, they threw upon him bonds, formed from his own wreaths. Ægle comes unexpectedly upon the timorous swains, and joins them in the fun; Ægle, fairest of the Naiads;

[1] Varus was appointed to succeed Pollio in Cisalpine Gaul. He is said to have been a fellow-student with Virgil under Siron.

and, as he now looks up, she paints his forehead and temples with blood-red mulberries. He, smiling at the trick, says, Why do you fasten these bonds? Loose me, swains: it is enough that you show you have been able to bind me. Hear the song which you desire: the song for you: for her I shall find another reward. At the same time he begins of his own accord. Then you might have seen the Fauns and wild beasts frisking in measured dance, then the stiff oaks waving their tops. Neither does the Parnassian rock [1] rejoice so much in Phœbus: nor do Rhodope and Ismarus [2] so much admire Orpheus [as did the Fauns Silenus]. For he sang how, through the mighty void, the seeds of earth, and air, and sea, and pure fire had been brought together; how from these first principles all the elements, and the world's plastic globe itself, combined into a system: how the soil then began to be hard, to shut up Nereus apart [3] in the sea-bed, and by degrees to assume the forms of visible objects: and how anon the earth was astonished to see the new-born sun shine from on high; and how from the clouds raised aloft, the showers fell: when first the woods began to rise, and when the animals, yet few, began to range the mountains, unknowing and unknown. He next tells of the stones which Pyrrha [4] threw, of the reign of Saturn, of the birds of Caucasus, and the theft of Prometheus.[5]

[1] Parnassus, a celebrated mountain of Phocis in Greece, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, remarkable for its two summits.

[2] Rhodope and Ismarus, two high mountains in Thrace.

[3] *i.e.*, to separate the waters into their channel, Nereus the sea-god being here put for the waters in general.

[4] Pyrrha, the wife of Deucalion, in whose day all mankind was destroyed by a deluge, these two excepted. On consulting the oracle, they were directed to repair the loss by throwing stones behind their backs; those thrown by Pyrrha were changed into women, and those by Deucalion into men.

[5] Prometheus, having made a man of clay, which he animated with fire stolen from heaven, was, for the impiety, chained to a rock on the top of Caucasus, where a vulture continually preyed upon his liver.

To these he adds how the sailors had called aloud for Hylas, left behind at the fountain;[1] how the whole shore resounded Hylas, Hylas. He sings how Pasiphae[2] solaced herself by the love of the snow-white bull: happy woman had she been if herds had never existed! Ah, ill-fated female, what madness seized you? The daughters of Prœtus[3] with imitative lowings filled the fields: yet none of them sought such vile embraces, however they might have dreaded the plough on their necks, and often felt for horns on their smooth foreheads. Ah, ill-fated woman, you are now roaming on the mountains! He, resting his snowy side on the soft hyacinth, ruminates the pale-green grass under some gloomy oak, or follows after some cow in the numerous herd. Ye nymphs, close now, ye Dictæan[4] nymphs, close the entrances to the forests, if by any chance the bull's wandering footsteps may present themselves to my sight. Perhaps some heifers may lead him on to the Gortynian stalls,[5] either enticed by the verdant pasture, or in search of the herd. Then he sings of the virgin, charmed by the apples of the Hesperides:[6] next he surrounds the sisters of Phaethon[7] with the moss of bitter

[1] Hylas, a youth, the favourite of Hercules, who accompanied the Argonautic expedition. He was drowned in the Ascanius, a river of Bithynia, which afterwards received his name.

[2] Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, king of Crete, who disgraced herself by her unnatural passion.

[3] Prœtus, king of Argolis, whose three daughters became insane for neglecting the worship of Bacchus, or, according to some, for preferring themselves to Juno.

[4] Cretan nymphs, from Dicte, a mountain in the island of Crete, where Jupiter was worshipped.

[5] Gortyna, an ancient city of Crete, the country around which produced excellent pastures.

[6] Alluding to the story of Atalanta.

[7] The sisters of Phaethon, bewailing his unhappy end, were changed into poplars by Jupiter. It may mean daughters of Phaethon, as in later times the name Phaethon was applied to Sol.

bark, and raises them as stately alders from the ground. Then he sings how one of the Sister Muses led Gallus, as he was wandering by the streams of Permessus,[1] to the Aonian mountains; and how the whole choir of Phœbus rose up to do honour to the noble man: how Linus, shepherd of song divine, his locks adorned with flowers and bitter parsley, thus addressed him: Here, take these pipes the Muses give you, which they gave before to the ancient bard of Ascra;[2] by which he was wont to draw down the rigid wild ashes from the mountains. On these let the origin of Grynium's grove[3] be sung by you; in such strains that there may be no grove in which Apollo may have greater pride. Why should I tell either how he sang of Scylla[4] the daughter of Nisus, of whom it is fabled that she, her snowy waist begirt with barking monsters, tossed Dulichian ships, and in the deep abyss, alas, tore the trembling sailors in pieces by her sea-dogs? or how he described the transformed limbs of Tereus?[5] what banquets and what presents Philomela prepared for him? with what speed he sought the deserts, and with what wings, ill-fated one, he fluttered over the palace once his own? All those songs he

[1] Permessus, a river issuing from Mount Helicon, in Aonia (Bœotia), sacred to the Muses.

[2] Hesiod, so named from Ascra, a village of Bœotia, where he was born.

[3] Grynium, a town on the coast of Mysia, in Asia Minor, where Apollo had a temple.

[4] Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, is here confounded with Scylla, daughter of Phorcys, who was changed by Circe into a frightful monster, and gave her name to the rocks between Italy and Sicily. Dulichian ships, those of Ulysses, who was king of the island of Dulichium.

[5] Tereus, a king of the Thracians. He married Procne, who, in revenge for his having violated her sister Philomela, and cut out her tongue, killed his son Itys, and served him up at a banquet. According to the poets, they were all changed into different kinds of birds.

sings, which Eurotas[1] heard and was happy, and bade its laurels learn by heart when Phœbus played of old: the valleys, smitten by the sound, re-echo to the stars; till Vesper warned the shepherds to pen their sheep in the folds, and reckon their number; and then went forth from reluctant Olympus.

[1] Eurotas (Basilipotamo), a river of Laconia, washing ancient Sparta, and falling into the Mediterranean.

ECLOGUE VII.

In this Eclogue, Virgil, as Melibœus, gives an account of a poetical contest between Thyrsis and Corydon.

MELIBŒUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

M. As it chanced, Daphnis had sat down under a whispering holm-oak, and Corydon and Thyrsis had driven their flocks together; Thyrsis his sheep, Corydon his goats distended with milk: both in the flower of their age, Arcadians both,[1] equally prepared to sing and to reply. In this direction, the he-goat himself, the husband of the flock, had strayed away from me, while I am engaged in protecting my delicate myrtles from the cold, and I espy Daphnis: when he in turn sees me, he cries out, Come hither quickly, Melibœus; your goat is safe, and your kids too; and if you can linger a while, rest under this shade. Your bullocks will of themselves come across the meads to drink. Here Mincius[2] has fringed the verdant banks with tender reed, and from the sacred oak swarms of bees resound. What could I do? I had neither an Alcippe, nor a Phyllis, to shut up at home my weaned lambs: but the contest, Corydon against Thyrsis, was a great one. So, after all, I postponed my serious business to their sport. Accordingly the two began to contend in alternate strains. The Muses wished them to compete in Amœbæan verse. The one Corydon, the other Thyrsis, recited each in turn.

C. Ye Libethrian nymphs, my delight, either favour me

[1] *i.e.*, both skilled in music, which was greatly cultivated among the Arcadians. No reference to their country is intended, but merely to their musical excellence.

[2] Mincius, the Mincio, a river in the north of Italy, falling into the Po, below Mantua.

with such a song as you did my Codrus,[1]—he makes verses next to those of Phœbus,—or, since we cannot all attain to this, here my tuneful pipe shall hang on this sacred pine.

T. Ye Arcadian shepherds, deck with ivy your rising poet, that Codrus' sides may burst with envy; or if he (Codrus) praises yours beyond what is just, bind his brow with lady's glove, lest the evil tongue should hurt your future bard.

C. To you, Delian goddess, young Mycon presents for me this head of a bristly boar, and the branching horns of a long-lived stag. If this success be lasting, you shall stand at full length in polished marble, your legs encased in the scarlet buskin.

T. A pail of milk and these cakes, Priapus,[2] are enough for you to expect yearly; you are the keeper of a poor garden. Now we have erected a marble statue of you such as the times admit; but if the lambing shall recruit my flock, you shall be fashioned in gold.

C. Galatea, daughter of Nereus, sweeter to me than Hybla's thyme, whiter than swans, fairer than pale ivy, soon as the well-fed steers shall return to their stalls, come, if you have any regard for Corydon.

T. Nay, may I even appear to you more bitter than Sardinian herbs,[3] more prickly than butcher's broom, more worthless than upcast sea-weed, if this day be not already longer to me than a whole year. Go home, my well-fed steers; if you have any shame, go home.

C. You mossy fountains, and grass more soft than sleep, and verdant arbutus that covers you with its thin shade,

[1] Codrus, supposed to be a Latin poet, contemporary with Virgil.

[2] Priapus, a deity among the ancients, who presided over gardens. He was the son of Bacchus and Venus, and was chiefly worshipped at Lampsacus, on the Hellespont.

[3] Sardinian herbs, a bitter herb which grew in the island of Sardinia, said to cause convulsions and death. As it produced a sort of convulsive and involuntary grin, it is said to have given origin to the phrase "a sardonic smile." But this is doubtful.

ward off the midsummer heat from my flock : now scorching summer comes, now the buds swell on the joyful tendrils.

T. Here is a glowing hearth, and resinous torches ; here is always plenty of fire, and lintels blackened with continual smoke. Here we as much regard the cold of Boreas[1] as either the wolf does the number [of the sheep], or foaming rivers their banks.

C. Junipers and prickly chestnuts stand bristling[2] all about, beneath each tree its apples lie outspread ; now all things smile ; but were fair Alexis absent from these hills, you would see even the rivers dry.

T. The soil is parched ; through the excessive heat the dying herbage thirsts ; Bacchus has envied our hills the shadow of his vine ; but at the approach of our Phyllis, every grove shall look green, and Jove shall abundantly descend in fertilising showers.

C. The poplar is most pleasing to Hercules, the vine to Bacchus, to lovely Venus the myrtle, to Phœbus his own bays ; Phyllis loves the hazels : so long as Phyllis loves them, neither shall the myrtle, nor the laurel of Phœbus surpass the hazels.

T. The ash is the fairest tree in the plantations, the pine in the gardens, the poplar by the rivers, the silver-fir on lofty mountains : but if, my charming Lycidas, you make me more frequent visits, the ash in the woods shall give place to you, and the pine in the gardens.

M. These verses I remember, and that being overmatched Thyrsis contended in vain. From that time Corydon is Corydon to us.[3]

[1] Boreas, the name of the north wind. According to the ancient poets, Boreas was the son of Astræus and Aurora.

[2] The force of "stant," "stand," is more than simply *sunt*, "are." It seems to suggest the rough and prickly character of the shrubs and their fruits.

[3] That is, Corydon is our poet. He has no rival in our eyes.

ECLOGUE VIII.

This Eclogue was sent to Pollio as he was returning in B.C. 39 from Dalmatia after subduing the Parthini, an Illyrian tribe. It consists of two unconnected songs. Damon laments the loss of his mistress; while Alphesibœus, in the character of a woman, records the charms of an enchantress. It is usually called "Pharmaceutria," *i.e.* The "Sorceress," from the latter part of it.

Damon, Alphesibœus.

The song of the shepherds, Damon and Alphesibœus, whom the heifers, unmindful of their pasture, gazed at in wonder as they strove; at whose lay the lynxes were struck with astonishment, and the rivers having changed their channels, caused their currents to halt; the songs of Damon and Alphesibœus I will celebrate.

Whether you are now passing to my joy over the rocks of broad Timavus,[1] or cruising along the coast of the Illyrian Sea;[2] say, will that day ever come, when I shall be allowed to sing your deeds? say, shall it come that I may be permitted to diffuse over the world your verses, which alone merit comparison with the lofty style of Sophocles? With you my muse began; with you it shall end. Accept poems undertaken by your command, and permit this ivy to creep around your temples among your victorious laurels.

Scarce had the cold shades of night retired from the sky, what time the dew on the tender grass is most grateful to the cattle, when Damon, leaning on his smooth olive staff, thus began:—

D. Arise, Lucifer, and advancing usher in the kindly light of day; while I, beguiled by a husband's unrequited love for

[1] Timavus, the Timavo, a river of Italy, rising at the foot of the Alps, and falling into the gulf of Trieste.

[2] The Adriatic Sea between Italy and Dalmatia.

Nysa, utter my complaints, and now dying, address the gods in my last hour, although I have profited nothing by taking them to witness. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Mænalus[1] always has a whispering grove and echoing pines; he ever hears the love-songs of shepherds, and Pan, the first who suffered not the reeds to be unemployed. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Nysa is given in marriage to Mopsus! what may not we lovers expect? Griffins now shall mate with horses, and in the succeeding age the timorous does shall come to drink with dogs. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Mopsus, cut fresh nuptial torches: for a wife is on the point of being brought home. Scatter nuts, bridegroom; for you the evening star is leaving the heights of Œta.[2] Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. O Bride, you are wedded to a husband worthy of you! while you disdain all others, and while you detest my flute and goats, my shaggy eye-brows, and my overgrown beard; and yet you believe not that any god regards the affairs of mortals. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. When you were but a little girl, I saw you with your mother gathering the dewy apples within our enclosure; I was your guide; I had then just entered on my twelfth year, I was then just able to reach the slender boughs from the ground. As soon as I saw you, how I was undone! O how the madness of love carried me away! Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Now I know what Love is: Ismarus, or Rhodope, or the remotest Garamantes,[3] produced him on rugged cliffs, a boy not of our race or blood. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.

[1] Mænalus, a mountain of Arcadia in Greece, sacred to Pan. It was covered with pine trees.

[2] Œta, a celebrated mountain, or, more properly, chain of mountains, between Thessaly and Greece Proper. It was so high, that the poets spoke of the sun, moon, and stars as rising behind it.

[3] Garamantes, a people in the interior of Africa, occupying an oasis in the great desert now called Sahara.

Relentless Love taught the mother[1] to imbrue her hands in her own children's blood; a cruel mother too were you: whether more cruel was the mother or more relentless the boy? Relentless was the boy: you, mother, too, were cruel. Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains. Now let the wolf, contrary to expectation, fly from the sheep; the hard oaks bear ruddy apples; the alder bloom with narcissus; rich amber exude from the tamarisk bark; let owls contend with swans; let Tityrus be Orpheus; an Orpheus in the woods, an Arion[2] among the Dolphins: begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains, let all be shoreless ocean. Ye woods, farewell; from the summit of yon aerial mountain will I throw myself headlong into the waves: receive this last present from me dying. Cease, my flute, now cease Mænalian strains.

Thus Damon: Pierian muses, say what Alphesibœus sang. All things are not possible to all.

A. Bring forth water, and encircle these altars with a soft fillet: burn thereon oily vervain and male[3] frankincense, that I may try, by sacred magic spells, to make my lover madly love. Only charms are here wanting. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. Charms can even draw down the moon from heaven; by charms Circe[4] transformed the companions of Ulysses; the

[1] This cruel mother is Medea, who, to be avenged on Jason for preferring another woman to her, slew, in his presence, her own sons whom she bore to him.

[2] Arion, a famous lyric poet and musician of the isle of Lesbos. On his return to Corinth from Italy, the mariners formed a plot to murder him for his riches, when he threw himself into the sea, and was carried on the back of a dolphin to Tænarus in the Morea.

[3] *i.e.*, frankincense of the best sort.

[4] Circe, a daughter of Sol and Perse, celebrated for her knowledge of magic and poisonous herbs. She changed the companions of Ulysses into swine; but afterwards, at his solicitation, restored them to their former state.

cold snake is made to burst in the meadows by incantation. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. First, these three threads, with threefold colours varied, I round you twine; and thrice lead your image round these altars. The gods delight in uneven numbers. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. Bind, Amaryllis, three colours in three knots; just bind them, Amaryllis; and say, I bind the chains of Venus. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. As this clay hardens and as this wax dissolves with one and the same fire, so may Daphnis by my love. Sprinkle the salt cake, and burn the crackling laurels in bitumen. Me cruel Daphnis burns; I burn this laurel over Daphnis. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. May such love possess Daphnis as when a heifer, tired with ranging after the bull through lawns and lofty groves, hopeless falls prostrate on the green sedge by a stream of water, and heeds not to depart even late at night: let such love seize Daphnis; nor let his cure be my concern. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. That faithless one left these garments with me some time ago, the dear pledges of himself; which I now commit to you, O earth, at my very threshold: these pledges owe Daphnis to me. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. These herbs, and these baneful plants, gathered in Pontus,[1] Mœris himself gave me: they grow in abundance in Pontus. By these have I seen Mœris transform himself into a wolf, and skulk in the woods, often from the deep graves call forth the ghosts, and transfer the springing harvests to another ground. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. Bring forth ashes, Amaryllis, and throw them over your head into a flowing brook; look not behind you. Daphnis with these I will assail:

[1] Pontus, a country of Asia Minor, bordering on the Euxine.

nought he regards the gods, nought my charms. Bring him home from the town, my charms, bring Daphnis home. See the very ashes have spontaneously seized the altars with flickering flames, while I delay to remove them. May it be a happy omen. 'Tis certainly something strange; and Hylax[1] is barking in the entrance. Do I believe it? or do those in love form to themselves fantastic dreams? Spare him; Daphnis comes from the town; now spare him, my charms.

[1] Hylax, the name of a dog.

ECLOGUE IX.

Virgil having been promised the restoration of his farm by Octavianus, went back to Mantua to claim his property, but he found himself resisted by Arrius, to whom it had been given, and his life threatened. He fled before the angry soldier, and again "appealed unto Cæsar," by whom he was fully and finally re-instated.

LYCIDAS, MŒRIS.

L. Whither, Mœris, do your feet bear you? is it to the town, whither the way leads?

M. Ah, Lycidas, we have lived to see the day when a stranger, occupant of my little farm, a thing I never feared, should say, this property is mine; move off, you former tenants. Now vanquished and disconsolate, since fortune turns all things upside down, I am conveying to him these kids, and may bad luck go with them.

L. Surely, I heard that your master, Menalcas, had saved by his poems all that ground where the hills begin to sink and to lower their ridge in a gentle slope, even to the river (Mincius) and to the aged beech trees, mere broken tops.

M. You heard it, Lycidas, and there was a rumour to that effect; but our poems have as much power against the soldiers' weapons, as they say the Chaonian[1] doves have when the eagle swoops upon them. But had not a crow on the left previously warned me from a hollow holm-oak to end quickly the rising quarrel by any means whatever, neither your Mœris here, nor Menalcas himself, would now be alive.

L. Alas, does so great wickedness take possession of any one? Alas, Menalcas, were the charms of your poetry almost

[1] Chaonia was a mountainous part of Epirus, in which was the sacred grove of Dodona, where pigeons were said to deliver oracles.

snatched from us with yourself? Who, then, would there have been to sing of the nymphs? who with flowering herbs to strew the ground, or cover with verdant shade the springs? or who to sing those songs which I lately picked up from you quietly when you were betaking yourself to Amaryllis, the delight of all of us? "Feed, Tityrus, my goats while I am on my way back, the road is short; and when they are fed, drive them, Tityrus, to watering; and whilst doing so, beware of meeting the he-goat: he butts with the horn."

M. Nay, rather those which he sang to Varus, and that too though unfinished: "Varus, the swans shall raise your name aloft to the stars in their song, if Mantua but remain in our possession; Mantua, alas, too near ill-fated Cremona!"[1]

L. If you retain any, begin; so may your swarms avoid Cyrnean yews:[2] so may your cows, fed with cytisus, distend their udders. The Muses have made me also a poet: I too have my verses; the shepherds call me, too, bard: but to them I give no credit: for as yet methinks I sing nothing worthy of a Varius or a Cinna,[3] but only gabble like[4] a goose among melodious swans.

M. That very thing, Lycidas, is what I am about; and now am turning it over in silence with myself, if I can recollect it: for it is no mean song. "Come hither, Galatea: for what sport have you among the waves? Here is blooming spring; here, by the rivers, earth pours forth her various flowers; here the white poplar overhangs the grotto,

[1] Cremona, a city of Italy on the northern bank of the Po. Its lands were divided among the veteran soldiers of Augustus.

[2] Cyrnus, now Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Italy. The honey produced here had a bitter taste, in consequence of the bees feeding on the yew trees, with which the island abounded.

[3] Cinna, a grandson of Pompey. He was the intimate friend of Augustus, and a patron of Virgil.

[4] The poet puns upon the name of Anser, a contemporary poet.

and the limber vines weave shady bowers. Come hither: leave the wild waves to lash the shores."

L. How about those verses which I heard you singing by yourself one cloudless evening? I remember the tune if I could recollect the words.

M. Daphnis, why gaze you on the risings of the signs of ancient date? Lo, Dionæan Cæsar's[1] star has appeared; the star under the influence of which the fields were to rejoice in their produce and the grape acquire its ripening here, on sunny hills. Daphnis, plant your pear-trees. Posterity will pluck the fruit due to your care. Age bears away all things, even the memory itself. I remember that, when a boy, I often spent long summer-days in song. Now all these songs I have forgotten; now his voice itself has left Mœris; the wolves first caught sight of Mœris.[2] But these Menalcas himself will often enough repeat to you.

L. By framing excuses you put off for a long time my fond desire. And now the whole sea for you lies smooth and still; and see how every breath of sighing wind has died away. Just here we are midway on our journey. Bianor's[3] tomb comes now in sight. Here, where the swains are stripping off the dense leaves, here Mœris let us sing. Here leave your kids; after all we shall reach the town. Or if we are afraid that the night may draw to rain ere that, let us go on still singing; the way is less tedious. So that we may sing as we go, I will ease you of this burden.

M. Shepherd, no more words; and let us mind our pressing business. We shall sing those songs to more advantage when [Menalcas] himself arrives.

[1] Cæsar of the Julian family sprung from Æneas the son of Venus, whom mythology makes the daughter of Jupiter and Dione.

[2] Alluding to a superstitious notion, that if a wolf saw a man before it was seen by him, it made him lose his voice.

[3] The same as Ocnus, the founder of Mantua.

ECLOGUE X.

Cornelius Gallus, to whom this Eclogue is inscribed, was both a soldier and a poet. He was greatly enamoured of Cytheris, whom he calls Lycoris, celebrated for her beauty and her intrigues; but she forsook him, and accompanied one of the soldiers of Agrippa into Gaul.

GALLUS.

Allow me, O Arethusa,[1] this last effort. A few verses, but such as Lycoris herself may read, I must sing to my Gallus. Who can deny a verse to Gallus? So, when you glide beneath the Sicilian wave, may the salt Doris [2] not intermingle her streams with yours. Begin: let us sing the anxious loves of Gallus, while the flat-nosed goats browse the tender shrubs. We sing not to the deaf; the woods echo it all. What groves, virgin Naiads, or what glades detained you, while Gallus pined with ill-requited love? for neither any of the summits of Parnassus, nor those of Pindus [3] nor Aonian Aganippe, kept you back. The very bays, the very tamarisks bemoaned him: even pine-crowned Mænalus bewailed him as he lay beneath a lonely ledge, and over him the rocks of cold Lycæus [4] wept. His sheep too stand around him, nor are they ashamed of me (as their poet); and, O divine bard, be not ashamed of your flock;

[1] Arethusa, the nymph who presided over the fountain of the same name in Sicily.

[2] Doris, a sea nymph, the mother of the Nereids; here used to express the sea itself.

[3] Pindus, a mountain between Thessaly and Epirus, sacred to Apollo and the Muses. Aonian Aganippe, a celebrated fountain of Bœotia of which Aonia was a district.

[4] Lycæus, a mountain of Arcadia, sacred to Jupiter, and also to Pan.

even fair Adonis [1] tended sheep by the streams. The shepherd too came up; the slow-paced swineherd came; Menalcas came wet from the mast, the winter's food. All ask who is the object of this passion of yours? Apollo came: Gallus, he says, why this frenzied love? Lycoris, for whom you care, has followed another through snows and horror-breeding camps. Silvanus [2] too came up, his head adorned with rustic glory, tossing the flowering fennels and giant lilies. Pan, the god of Arcadia, came: whom we ourselves have seen all red with the elder's purple berries and with vermilion. Is there to be no end of this? Cupid likes not such things. Relentless Cupid is not satisfied with tears, nor grassy meads with streams, nor bees with cytisus, nor goats with leaves. But he in sorrow thus replied, Yet you Arcadians shall sing these my loves for me to your mountains, you Arcadians, alone skilled in song. Oh how softly then may my bones repose, if your pipe in future times shall sing my loves! And would to heaven I had been one of you, and either keeper of a flock of yours, or vintager of the ripe grape! At any rate, whether Phyllis or Amyntas, or any one else, had been my love, what then though Amyntas be swarthy? the violet is black, and black too are hyacinths; either would now be resting with me among the willows under the limber vine; Phyllis would now be gathering garlands for me, Amyntas would be singing to me. Here are cool fountains; here, Lycoris, soft meads, here a grove: here in your country I might wear away and die with you by mere lapse of time. As it is, passionate love of stern Mars detains me, in the midst of darts and opposing foes. You, far from your native land,—forbid that I should believe such a thing,— are now alone

[1] Adonis, a youth, the favourite of Venus: having lost his life by the bite of a wild boar, he was changed into the flower Anemone.

[2] Silvanus, a rural deity among the Romans, who presided over woods.

and apart from me, beholding nothing but Alpine snows, and the colds of the Rhine, ah, hard-hearted one. Ah, may these colds not hurt you! ah, may the sharp ice not wound your tender feet! I will go, and practise on the Sicilian shepherd's reed those songs which were composed by me in Chalcidian strain.[1] I am resolved rather to suffer on in the woods among the dens of wild beasts, and to inscribe my loves upon the tender trees: they will increase; you, my loves, will increase. Meanwhile, in company with the nymphs, I will traverse Mænalus, or hunt the fierce boars. No colds shall hinder me from coursing with my hounds the Parthenian glades.[2] Already over rocks and resounding groves I seem to roam: It is my delight to shoot Cydonian shafts from the Parthian bow: as if this was a cure for my passion; or as if the god Cupid could learn to be melted by human woes. Now, neither the nymphs of the groves nor songs themselves charm me any more: ye very woods, once more give way. No sufferings of ours can change him, though amidst frosts we drink of Hebrus,[3] and undergo the Sithonian snows[4] of watery winter; or even if we should tend our flocks in Ethiopia,[5] beneath the sign of Cancer, when the dying rind withers on the stately elm. Love conquers everything; let us also yield to love. These strains, divine Muses of Pieria, it shall suffice your poet to have sung, while sitting and weaving his little basket of slender osiers: these you will make of the highest

[1] That is, in the elegiac strain of Euphorion, a Greek poet of Chalcis in Eubœa.

[2] Parthenius was a mountain of Arcadia, for which it is here used; as Cydonian shafts is used for Cretan darts,—Cydon being a city of Crete.

[3] The cold of the Hebrus in Thrace was celebrated, as we find from Horace, 1 Ep. 3. 3.

[4] Sithonian snows, from Sithonia, a part of Thrace.

[5] By the ancients this name was applied to modern Abyssinia and the southern regions of Africa.

worth to Gallus; to Gallus, for whom my love grows as much every hour, as the green alder shoots up in the early spring. Let us arise: the shade is wont to prove hurtful to singers; the juniper's shade now grows noxious; the shades are damaging even to the crops. Go home, my full-fed goats; the evening star arises, go home.

GEORGICS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Greek word Georgics means "agricultural affairs," and this poem, the most perfect and the most polished of the writings of Virgil, treats of all matters connected with the operations of the husbandman. Our own Addison says of it—"I shall conclude the poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet, in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity." The poem consists of Four Books, and was written, as Virgil himself tells us, at the suggestion of Mæcenas. It was intended to do for Italy what the *Works and Days* of Hesiod did for Greece, but the imitations of Hesiod are comparatively few. After finishing the Eclogues, which received high commendation from some of the foremost men in Rome, and even from audiences in the theatre, Virgil had evidently gained more confidence in himself, and so in his second work of authorship he feels the ground firmer beneath him, and now strikes forth with more independence and more originality than he had shown in the Eclogues. And besides this, having been brought up in the country till he was 17 or 18 years of age, he was no doubt intimately acquainted with all the daily operations of agriculture, with the nature and the habits of domestic animals, the seasons for ploughing, for sowing and for reaping; with the weather and weather-signs, and with all other matters

to which a husbandman requires to attend. Moreover, his intense love of nature, and his deep sympathy with her in all her relations and all her objects, led him to take a special delight in performing the task which his patron asked him to undertake. He seems to have prepared for it with great care, and to have ransacked all the old writers on the subject, to verify his facts and to mature his instructions. He consulted Hesiod and Aratus, Nicander, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Cato, Varro, Lucretius, and in fact all authors who spoke *de re rustica*. His system of farming is quite Italian, and many of his rules are acted on in Italy to this day.

The long-continued struggle of the civil war in Italy had almost put an end to agricultural industry, and had produced famine over the length and breadth of the land. The strength and experience of the rural population had been drafted off to the wars, where many of the brave peasantry had fought and perished. Their places as husbandmen had been supplied by the veterans of the triumviri, who showed themselves totally unfit to undertake the management of farms and the rearing of cattle. Virgil tells us that Mæcenas suggested such a poem to him, but it is very likely that he himself was urged to it by his own ardent love of the country, which made the subject a congenial one, and also because he pitied the new settlers, who were ignorant of the right methods of cultivation.[1] Whatever the object and the instigation were, we should be grateful for the possession of one of the most elegant compositions of ancient literature. Virgil may not have been an infallible farmer's guide, but there can be little doubt that his precepts if acted on would lead to great improvements on the old ways.

To embellish the poem and relieve the dry details of the various directions for tillage of the ground, for cattle-rearing, vine-growing, and bee-keeping, he skilfully interweaves some delightful episodes on moral, mythological, and philosophical subjects, which give an interest and a charm to the whole. Some of these are very beautiful, such as the praises of Italy, the pleasures of country life, the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, the story of Aristæus, the portents preceding the death of

[1] Ignarosque viæ mecum miseratus agrestis
Ingredere.

Julius Cæsar, and many others. The poem of the Georgics was written after the Eclogues, and is said to have occupied the poet for seven years, probably from 37 to 30 B.C. His taste and judgment were now more mature, and he had more leisure and peace of mind to compose a long and systematic work. It is said that he lived partly at Mantua, though mostly in Campania, during its composition, but on this point we have no certain knowledge.

In didactic poetry Virgil remains unrivalled. His versification is superior to that of any other ancient author; he has modulated the hexameter to perfection. He seems to have chosen the position of words with the greatest care, and in many lines to have purposely suited the sound to the sense without too often straining after that effect, as some of our English poets have done.

In Thomson's *Seasons*, and Gray's *Rural Sports*, many passages will be found with a remarkable resemblance to parts of the Georgics.

THE GEORGICS.

BOOK I.

This Poem, undertaken at the particular request of Mæcenas, to whom it is dedicated, has justly been esteemed the most perfect and finished of Virgil's works. Of the Four Books of which it consists, the First treats of ploughing and preparing the ground; the Second, of sowing and planting; the Third, of the management of cattle; and the Fourth gives an account of bees, and of the mode of keeping them.

What makes luxuriant corn crops; under what star it is proper to turn up the earth and to wed the vines to the elms; what care oxen require, what is the proper treatment for tending sheep; and how great experience is needed for managing the frugal bees, henceforth, O Mæcenas, I will begin to sing. Ye brilliant lights of the world, that conduct down heaven's slope the quickly moving year; O Bacchus and fostering Ceres, if by your gift mortals exchanged the Chaonian acorn for rich ears of grain, and mingled draughts of Achelous[1] with the new-found wine; and ye Fauns, helpful deities of rustics, ye Fauns and virgin Dryads, advance together: your bounteous gifts I sing. And you, O Neptune, to whom the earth, struck with your mighty trident, first gave forth the neighing steed; and you, Aristæus, tenant of the groves, for whom three

[1] Achelous (Aspro Potamo), a river of Epirus in Greece, fabled to have been the first river that sprang from the earth after the deluge; hence it was frequently put by the ancients, as it is here, for water.

hundred snow-white bullocks crop Cea's[1] fertile glades: you chiefly, O Pan, guardian of sheep, O god of Tegea,[2] if your own Mænalus be your care, draw nigh propitious, leaving your native grove, and the dells of Lycæus: and you Minerva, producer of the olive; and you, O youthful Triptolemus, inventor of the crooked plough; and you Sylvanus, bearing a tender cypress plucked up by the root: come gods and goddesses all, whose charge it is to guard the fields, both you who cause new crops to spring from no seed, and you who on the sown lands send down from heaven abundant showers.

And you especially, O Cæsar, concerning whom it is yet uncertain what councils of the gods are soon to have you; whether you will choose to guard cities, or prefer the care of continents, and whether the widely extended globe shall receive you, giver of its increase, and lord of its seasons, binding your temples with the myrtle sacred to your mother: or whether you become a god of the boundless ocean, and mariners worship your divinity alone; whether remotest Thule[3] is to be subject to you, and Tethys[4] is to purchase you for her son-in-law with all her waves; or whether you will add yourself to the slow months, as a new constellation, where there is space vacant between Erigone and the Scorpion's pursuing claws: the blazing Scorpion of his own accord already contracts his arms and leaves for you more than an equal proportion of the sky; whatever you are to be—for Tartarus does not hope for you as its king, and let not such a fell desire of empire seize you, though Greece admires her

[1] Cea (Zea), an island in the Archipelago, one of the Cyclades.

[2] Pan is so called, from Tegea, a town of Arcadia, which was sacred to him.

[3] "Thule," variously identified with Zetland, Jutland, Greenland, Iceland, and even part of Norway.

[4] Tethys, the chief of the sea-deities, was the wife of Oceanus. The word is often used by the poets to express the sea.

Elysian fields, and though Proserpine,[1] when asked to return, is not inclined to follow her mother—grant me an easy course, and favour my adventurous enterprise; and joining with me in pity for the rustics ignorant of right modes of cultivation, enter on your functions as a deity, and accustom yourself even now to be invoked by prayers.

In the newly opened spring, when cold moisture descends from the snow-covered hills, and the soil loosens and crumbles beneath the western breeze; then let my steers begin to groan under the entered plough, and the share to glitter, polished by the furrow. That field especially answers the expectation of the greedy farmer which twice hath felt the sun, and twice the cold;[2] the immense harvests of such a field are wont to burst the barns.

But before we break up with the plough-share soil unknown to us, let us take care to make ourselves acquainted beforehand with the prevailing winds, and the variations of the weather, and also with the appropriate modes of cultivation, and the peculiar character of each locality; what each district produces, and what it rejects. Here grain crops, there grapes, grow more successfully; at another place, young trees and grass unbidden flourish. Don't you see how Tmolus[3] sends us saffron odours, India ivory, the effeminate Sabæans frankincense peculiarly their own, but

[1] Proserpine, daughter of Ceres, and wife of Pluto.

[2] "The usual custom was to plough the land three times—in the spring, in the summer, and in the autumn. If, however, the soil was unusually hard, there was another at the end of the autumn, and it is to such a process that the poet here alludes; the land having thus, in the course of its four upturnings with the plough, twice felt the sun and twice the cold."—*Anthon.*

[3] Tmolus, a mountain of Lydia, in Asia Minor, abounding in vines, saffron, &c. Sabæans, the inhabitants of Saba, a town of Arabia, famous for frankincense, myrrh, and aromatic plants. Chalybes, a people of Pontus, in Asia Minor; their country abounded in iron mines. Smiths as they were, they partially stripped to their work.

the lightly-clad Chalybes give us steel, Pontus strong-scented castor, and Epirus[1] the prime of Elian mares? Such restrictions and unchanging natural laws were imposed on individual places, from the very time that Deucalion first cast stones into the unpeopled world, whence sprang men, a hardy race. Come then, let your sturdy bullocks forthwith turn up the rich soil, in the very earliest months of the year; and let the dusty summer with its strongest suns bake the clods as they lie exposed. But if the land be not rich, it will be enough to plough it lightly, rather before the rising of Arcturus:[2] in the former case, lest weeds obstruct the healthy corn; in the latter, lest the scanty moisture forsake the unproductive soil.

You will likewise suffer your tilled lands after reaping to lie fallow every other year, and the exhausted fields to consolidate by rest; or, changing the season, you will sow yellow corn on that ground from which you have previously gathered the luxuriant pulse with rattling pods, or the seeds of the tiny vetch, and the brittle stalks and rustling forest of the bitter lupine. For a crop of flax exhausts[3] the land: oats exhaust it, and poppies imbued with the sleep of Lethe.[4] But still the strain on the soil will be an easy one by alternating the crops, provided only that you are not chary

[1] Epirus (Albania), a country of Greece, famous for its fine breed of horses.

[2] Arcturus, a star whose rising, and whose setting also, was supposed to bring great tempests. In the time of Virgil, it rose about the middle of September. The light ploughing refers to that particular kind of ploughing in which the farmer cuts only alternate furrows, throwing the loose earth of each furrow on the contiguous strip of unploughed land, which would be of equal breadth with the furrow. It was a sort of "top-dressing."

[3] Exhausts, *i.e.* dries up the moisture. Virgil does not forbid the sowing of flax and poppies, but explains that, from their exhausting nature, they are bad crops in rotation after wheat.

[4] Lethe was one of the rivers of hell, whose waters had the power of causing forgetfulness.

in saturating the parched earth with rich manure, or in scattering unsightly ashes upon the exhausted fields: thus, too, your land is refreshed by changing the crops, and in the meantime there is not the unproductiveness of untilled land.

Often, too, it has been found of use to set fire to poor lands, and to burn the light stubble in the crackling flames: whether it be that by this process the mould receives some subtle powers and rich nutriment; or that every noxious quality is extracted by the fire and the baneful moisture exudes; or that the heat opens more channels and undetected pores through which the sap may reach the young plants; or that it rather hardens the soil and binds closer the gaping veins, so that the penetrating showers may not harm it, or the too strong heat of the scorching sun smite it, or the piercing cold of Boreas blast it.

He, too, greatly benefits the soil who breaks the inactive clods with harrows, and drags osier hurdles over them; nor does yellow Ceres view him from high Olympus to no purpose; he, too, much assists it who, with his plough turned in a cross direction, a second time breaks up the ridges which he raises at the first ploughing, and constantly works his land and lords it over his fields.

Pray, ye swains, for moist summers and serene winters. From winter's dust the corn is most luxuriant, the land is made rich: it is not in excellence of tillage as much as of climate that Mysia[1] prides herself, and that Gargarus is amazed at her own harvests.

What shall I say of him who, after sowing the seed, immediately gives the fields no rest, but breaks the clods of over-rich soil, and then leads down the stream and its attendant channels on the lands which he has sown? and when the parched mould with its dying herbage is scorched,

[1] Mysia, a country of Asia Minor, bordering on Troas. Gargarus, a mountain, or rather a part of Mount Ida, in Troas; also a town at the base of it, surrounded by rich corn lands.

lo! he conducts a water-course from the brow of some sloping tract: It, as it tumbles over the smooth rocks, wakes up a hoarse murmur, and cools the thirsty fields with its bubbling rills.

What of him who, to prevent the stalks from lodging by reason of heavy ears, eats down the rank growth while still in the tender blade, when the crops render the furrows level (with the top of the ridge)? and of him who draws off from the spongy mould the collected moisture of the marshy pools, especially if in the changeable months (of spring) the brimming river overflows, and covers all around with encrusted mud, from which the hollow channels reek with warm moisture?

And yet, after the labours of men and oxen have tried these expedients in cultivating the ground, the insatiable goose, the Strymonian[1] cranes, and succory with its bitter roots greatly mar their efforts, and even the shades are hurtful. Father Jove himself willed that the modes of tillage should not be easy, and first stirred the earth by artificial means, whetting the minds of men by anxieties; nor suffered he his subjects to become inactive through oppressive lethargy. Before Jove, no husbandmen subdued the fields; nor was it even lawful to mark out ground, or by limits to divide the plain; men acquired all for the common good, and earth of herself produced everything very freely without compulsion. Jupiter it was who infused the fatal poison into the horrid serpent; he commanded the wolves to prowl, and the sea to rage; he shook the honey from the leaves, he secreted fire, and restrained the wine that ran everywhere in rivulets; in order that man's needs, by dint of thought, might gradually hammer out the various arts, might seek the blade of corn by ploughing, and might strike forth the fire thrust away in the veins of the flint. Then first the rivers felt the

[1] Strymon, a river of Macedonia, the ancient boundary between that country and Thrace.

hollowed alders; then the sailor grouped the stars into constellations and gave them names, the Pleiades,[1] Hyades, and the bright bear of Lycaon. Then were invented the arts of catching wild animals in toils, of deceiving them with birdlime, and of encompassing the spacious glades with hounds. And now one lashes the broad river with his casting-net, aiming at the deep parts, and in the sea itself another hauls his dripping lines. Then was formed the rigid steel, and blade of grating saw—for primeval man cleft the fissile wood with wedges. Then various arts followed. Unwearying labour overcame every difficulty, and want spurring men on in times of hardship. Ceres first taught rustics to till the ground with implements of iron, since by this time the acorns and the arbutes of the sacred woods were beginning to fail, and Dodona[2] to refuse sustenance. Soon, too, was damage inflicted on the corn; so that noxious mildew[3] might eat the stalks, and the unproductive thistle bristle in the fields. The crops of corn die; a prickly forest of burrs and caltrops rises instead, and amidst the trim and healthy grain, wretched darnel and barren wild oats assert their sway. But unless you persecute the weeds by continual harrowing, and frighten away the birds by noises, and with the pruning knife keep down the foliage which shades the ground, and by prayers invoke the showers, alas, in vain will you view another's ample store, and solace your hunger with acorns in the woods.

We must also describe what are the implements used by

[1] Pleiades, a name given to the seven daughters of Atlas and Pleione, who were made a constellation in the heavens. Hyades, the five daughters of Atlas, who were also changed into stars, and placed in the constellation Taurus. Bear of Lycaon: Calisto, the daughter of Lycaon, was changed by Juno into a bear, but Jupiter made her the constellation Ursa Major.

[2] Dodona, an ancient city of Epirus, in Greece, where was a sacred grove, with a celebrated oracle and temple of Jupiter.

[3] This suggests that the mildew and the thistle were ordered by Jupiter to injure the corn.

the hardy swains, without which the crops could neither be sown nor could they spring. These are the share and, first and foremost, the strong and crooked plough, and the slow-rolling wains of mother Ceres of Eleusis, and sledges and drags, and hoe-rakes of unwieldy weight; besides the cheap osier fittings of Celeus,[1] arbute hurdles, and the mystic fan of Bacchus; all which, with mindful care, you will provide long before-hand, if you are destined to gain the full honours of the divine country. At its early growth in the woods, an elm bent with great effort is shaped into a curve, and assumes the form of the crooked plough. From the lower end of this, the pole projects to the length of eight feet, two mould-boards are fitted on, and a share beam with a double ridge. The light linden also is hewn beforehand for the yoke, and the tall beech is felled and a handle[2] cut, to turn the bottom of the machine behind; and the smoke seasons[3] the timber hung up in the chimneys.

I can repeat to you many precepts of the ancients, unless you object, and think it not worth while to learn these trifling cares. Among your first preparations a threshing-floor must be levelled with a huge roller, and worked with the hand,[4] and consolidated with binding chalk, that weeds may not spring up, and that it may not give way and crumble into dust. Then various pests may baffle you: often the diminutive mouse has been found to make its nest and its granaries beneath the ground; or the purblind moles have dug their lodges; and in the cavities has the toad

[1] Celeus, a king of Eleusis, was the father of Triptolemus, whom Ceres instructed in husbandry. See line 19 of this Book.

[2] Stivaque. Martyn reads Stivæ "for a handle," which makes excellent sense, but it has no MS. authority. There is something wrong in the text it would seem, unless *Cæditur* is applied both to *fagus* and to *stiva*, as translated above.

[3] Literally, "explores," "searches," *i.e.* to see if there be any chinks.

[4] Worked with the hand, to knead the earth and chalk together.

been found, and other ugly creatures which the earth produces in great numbers; the weevil too plunders vast heaps of corn, and the ant, provident against helpless age.

Observe also when the almond tree shall array itself in the woods in a plentiful show of blossom, and bend its fragrant branches: if the embryo fruit abound, in like quantity the corn will follow, and a great threshing will ensue with great heat; but if, by reason of the large display of leaves, the shade is excessive, the floor shall to no purpose bruise the ears, rich only in chaff.

I have indeed seen many when sowing artificially prepare their seeds, and steep them first in soda and black lees of olive oil, that the produce might be larger in the usually deceptive pods: and that they might be sodden, to hasten their growth, on a fire, however small. I have seen those seeds on whose selection much time and labour had been spent, nevertheless degenerating if men did not every year rigorously separate with the hand all the largest specimens. So it is: all things are fated to deteriorate, and, losing their ground, to be borne backwards; just as in the case with him who is with difficulty forcing his boat against the stream by rowing, and the current hurries it down the river in headlong speed if he happens to have slackened his exertions.[1]

Further, the constellation of Arcturus, and the days of the Kids, and the shining Dragon, must be as carefully observed by us as by those who, returning homeward over the stormy ocean, brave the Euxine Sea, and the straits of oyster-breeding Abydos.[2]

When Libra has made the hours of day and of night the same in length, and is about to divide the globe equally for

[1] See Bryce's *Virgil*, note on line 203.

[2] Abydos, a city of Asia Minor, on the Hellespont (Dardanelles), opposite to Sestos, in Thrace; famous for the bridge of boats which Xerxes made there across the Hellespont when he invaded Greece; also for the loves of Hero and Leander.

light and darkness, work hard your steers, my lads; sow barley in the fields, even close upon the last shower of the inclement winter. Then, too, is time to sow your flax seed, and the poppy sacred to Ceres, and even already to bend over your plough, provided you can do so on a dry soil, and while the clouds still overhang.

The sowing time for beans is spring; then too, Medic clover,[1] the pulverised furrows receive you, and millet comes, an annual care, when the bright Bull with gilded horns opens the year, and the Dog sets, giving way to the receding star. But if you shall till your ground for a wheat crop and sturdy spelt, and are bent on bearded grain alone, let the Pleiades be set in the morning, and let the Gnosian constellation[2] of Ariadne's blazing Crown depart from the heavens before you commit to the furrows the seed designed for them, and before you hasten to entrust the hopes of the year to the earth, not yet anxious for the charge. Many are wont to begin before the setting of Maia, but the looked for crop has usually mocked them with unyieldy ears. But if you are to sow vetches and common kidney beans, and do not scorn the trouble of the Egyptian lentil, setting Boötes will afford you no uncertain signs. Begin, and extend your sowing fairly into the frosts.

For this very purpose it is that the golden sun, by means of the twelve signs of the zodiac, regulates the yearly circle of the heavenly sphere, measured off in fixed allotments. Five zones occupy the heavens; whereof one is ever glowing with the bright sun, and is scorched for ever by his fire; outside of which, to the extreme right and left, two azure ones extend, congealed with ice and freezing showers.

[1] A species of trefoil, so called because introduced from Media into Greece.

[2] Ariadne's Crown, consisting of seven stars, named so from Gnosus (or Gnossus), a city of Crete, where Minos, the father of Ariadne, reigned. Maia, one of the Pleiades. Boötes, a constellation near the Ursa Major, or Great Bear.

Between these and the middle zone, two by the bounty of the gods have been given to weary mortals ; and a path has been cut between the two, in which the Signs in their order might glide obliquely. As the heavenly sphere rises high towards Scythia and the Rhipæan[1] hills, so it slopes and sinks towards the south of Libya. In regard to us, the one pole is always elevated ; but the other, cloudy Styx[2] and the ghosts below see far beneath them. Here (in northern regions) the huge Scorpion glides with tortuous windings, like a river, around and between the two Bears,—the Bears that refuse to dip in the ocean. There, as they say, there is either the everlasting silence of a night that knows not seasons, and the darkness is made denser by an encircling gloom ; or else Aurora[3] returns thither from us, and brings them back the day : and when the rising sun first breathes on us with panting steeds, there bright Vesper lights up his evening fires.

Hence we are able to foreknow the seasons in the dubious sky ; hence the time of harvest, and the time of sowing ; and when it is safe to sweep the treacherous sea with oars, when to launch the duly equipped fleets, or to fell the pine in the woods in right season. Nor in vain do we study the settings and the risings of the constellations, and the year equally divided into four different periods.

Whenever the chilling shower confines the husbandman, then he has an opportunity of doing in good time many

[1] Rhipæan hills, in the north of Scythia, near the rivers Tanais and Rha.

[2] Styx, one of the rivers of hell, round which it was said to flow nine times.

[3] Aurora, the goddess of the morning. Vesper, the evening star ; often used for the evening, as Aurora is for the morning. Vesper lights up his late rays ; or, lights up the illumination of night ; *i.e.*, the other stars, either by setting them an example, or as some of the ancients thought, by his light being thrown on them and thence reflected, as the moon is said to "rise dependent on her brother's rays."

things which afterwards, in fine weather, would require to be done hastily. The ploughman sharpens the hard point of the blunted share, he scoops wooden vessels from trees, or stamps his mark on the sheep, or labels his corn-bins. Others point stakes and two-pronged props, and prepare Amerine willow-bands[1] for the limber vine. Now let the yielding basket be made of bramble twigs, now kiln-dry the grain and grind it in the mill; for even on holy days, divine and human laws permit us to engage in certain works. No rule of religion has forbidden us to water the crops, to raise a fence before the corn, to lay snares for birds, to fire the thorns, and plunge a flock of bleating sheep in the river for health. Often the driver of the sluggish ass loads him with oil or common apples; and, in his return from the town, brings back an indented mill-stone, or a mass of black pitch.

The moon herself fixes days favourable in different degrees for different kinds of work. Shun the fifth: on it pale Pluto and the Furies were born. On it, at an unholy birth, the earth brought forth Cœus,[2] Iapetus, and savage Typhœus, and the brothers who conspired to tear heaven down, forsooth. For thrice did they attempt to pile Ossa[3] upon Pelion, and to roll woody Olympus upon Ossa: thrice Father Jove, with his thunder, dashed down the massed mountains. The seventeenth is lucky[4] both to plant the

[1] Amerine bands, from Ameria, a city of Umbria, in Italy, which abounded in osiers.

[2] Cœus, Iapetus, &c., famous giants, sons of Cœlus and Terra, who, according to the poets, made war against the gods; but Jupiter at last put them to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed them under Mount Ætna, in Sicily.

[3] Ossa, Pelion, &c., celebrated mountains of Thessaly, in Greece, which the giants, in their war against the gods, were feigned to have heaped on each other, that they might with more facility scale the walls of heaven.

[4] The seventeenth: some interpreters think this means, "next to the tenth, the seventh is a lucky day."

vine, and to catch and tame the oxen, and to add the woof to the warp : the ninth is better for flight, adverse to thefts.[1] Many works, too, are wont to succeed better in the cool night, or when morning floods the earth with the early sun. By night the light stubble, by night the parched meadows are better shorn : the clammy moisture fails not by night. Many a one watches all night by the light of the winter's late fire, and points torches with the sharp knife. Meanwhile, his spouse, beguiling by song her tedious labour, runs over her web with the shrill comb ; or boils down, over a strong fire, the liquor of the sweet must, and skims with leaves the bubbling foam of the quivering caldron.

But reddening Ceres is cut down in summer ; and in summer heat the floor thrashes out the parched grain. Plough lightly clad,[2] sow lightly clad. Winter is a time of leisure for the hind ; in the cold weather the farmers usually enjoy the fruit of their labour, and delight to engage in mutual entertainments : the winter, sacred to their genius,[3] invites them, and relaxes their cares ; just as when heavily-laden ships have reached the port, and the joyous mariners, as is their wont, place garlands on the sterns. But, nevertheless, then is the time to strip the acorns from the oak, and the bay-berries, and the olive, and the myrtle-berries with blood-red juice ; then to set springes for cranes, and nets for stags, and to pursue the long-eared hares ; and to slay the fallow deer, whirling the hempen thongs of the Balearic sling,[4]

[1] The moon would be favourable for the flight of runaway slaves, but unfavourable for the thief.

[2] *i.e.*, plough in autumn, before warm clothes are needed.

[3] Every man had his guardian spirit or genius, which was thought to delight in social pleasure, for which winter, and especially December, was most suitable. From the idea of a genius or guardian "dæmon" we get the Scotch phrase, "He aye does what his ain deil bids him."

[4] Balearic sling. The inhabitants of the Balearic isles were noted for their skill as slingers.

when the snow lies deep, when the rivers drive down the ice.

Why should I speak of the weather and the constellations of autumn, and what must be carefully looked after by swains when the day is now shorter, and the summer less oppressive? or when the showery spring hastens to its conclusion, when the bearded harvest bristles in the fields, and the corn, full of milky juice, swells to bursting in the green stalk? Often, when the farmer was just bringing the reaper into the yellow fields, and was now grasping the barley with its brittle straw, have I seen all the winds rush together in fierce conflict, and these, in all directions, tore up the heavy crop from the very root and whirled it on high: just so would the wintry storm, with its scowling whirlwind, carry away both the light straw and the flying stubble. Often also an immense column of water gathers in the sky, and vapours collected from the deep,[1] mass together dread storm-clouds, with their freezing showers, high heaven itself pours down, and with its awful rain sweeps away the rich crops and the toils of the steers: the ditches are filled, and the hollow channels swell with a roaring noise, and the sea boils in its seething firths. In the midst of that night of storm, Father Jove himself hurls his thunderbolts with his flaming right hand: by which impulse the vast earth quakes to her very centre; the wild beasts instantaneously take to flight, and abject fear at once quails the hearts of men throughout the nations. He with his flaming bolts strikes down or Athos,[2] or Rhodope, or high Ceraunia: the south winds redouble in force, and the rain descends

[1] From the deep, *i.e.* the Tyrrhenian sea. Others say, from high heaven. The former would be more correct meteorologically; besides, *Cælo* has been already mentioned.

[2] Athos, a lofty mountain of Macedonia, on a peninsula: it is now called Monte Santo. Ceraunia, large mountains of Epirus, stretching out far into the Adriatic.

in torrents; now woods, now shores moan under the dread tornado.

Fearing such a storm, observe the heavenly months and the constellations: which way the cold star of Saturn betakes himself, into what circuits of the sky Mercury's fiery planet wanders. Above all, venerate the gods; and renew to great Ceres the sacred annual rites,[1] offering up your sacrifice upon the joyous turf, as you approach the last days of winter, when the spring is serene. Then the lambs are fat for you, and then the wines most mellow; then slumbers on the hills are sweet, and thick the shades. For you, let all the rural youths adore Ceres; in honour of whom, mix the honey-comb with milk and mild wine; and thrice let the propitiating victim circle round the springing crops: and let the whole troop of your companions accompany it with joyous step, and with shoutings loud invite Ceres to their homes; nor let any one put the sickle to the ripe corn till, in honour of Ceres, having his temples bound with wreathed oak, he dance in artless measure, and sing hymns.

And that we might learn the following things by certain indications, both heats and rains, and cold-bringing winds, Father Jove himself has ordained what the moon in her monthly course should betoken; under what star the south winds should fall; at the sight of what frequently recurring sign the husbandman should learn to keep his herds nearer their stalls.

Straightway, when wind is on the point of rising, either the waters of the sea begin to be agitated into a swell, or a dry crackling noise to be heard on the lofty mountains, or the shores re-echoing in the far distance to be disturbed, and the moaning of the woods to wax louder. Now the billows with difficulty withhold themselves from the crooked ships,

[1] The poet here alludes to the Ambarvalia, a festival in honour of Ceres.

when the cormorants fly swiftly back from the midst of the sea, and send their screams to the shore; and when the sea-coots sport on the dry beach; and the heron forsakes the well-known fens, and soars above the lofty cloud. Often too, when wind threatens, you will see the stars shoot precipitate from the sky, and behind them long trails of light leave a clear track through the shades of night; often you will see the light chaff and falling leaves flutter as they float about; or feathers to frolic together on the surface of the water.

But when lightning flashes from the quarter of grim Boreas, and when the homes of Eurus and of Zephyrus thunder, the whole country swims with brimming ditches, and every mariner on the sea furls his damp sails. Showers never come on any unforewarned: either the high flying cranes are wont to shun it in the deep valleys as it rises, or the heifer, looking up to heaven, to sniff it in the air with wide nostrils; or the twittering swallow to flutter about the lakes; and the frogs to croak their old complaint in the mud. Very often, too, the ant, wearing smooth her narrow path, conveys her eggs from her inmost cell; and the huge rainbow drinks deep; and flocks of crows returning from their feeding-ground in long procession, make a whizzing noise with close-pent wings. Now you may observe the various sea-fowls, and even those that search the Asian meads, all round Cayster's[1] pleasant pools, keenly lave the copious dew-drops on their shoulders; now offer their heads to the currents, now run into the streams, and needlessly delight in their fondness for bathing. Then the provoking crow with hoarse voice calls for rain, and,—

Saucy, stalks in solitary state upon the sapless sand.[2]

[1] Cayster, a river of Asia Minor, which falls into the Ægean Sea near Ephesus.

[2] Observe the frequent repetition of the letter *s* in this line as in the Latin—

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

Nor were the maidens, carding their woollen tasks even by night, ignorant of the approaching storm; since they would see the oil sputter on the heated lamp, and powdery fungus form in clusters.

And with no less certainty will you be able after rain to look for fair weather with serene and cloudless skies, and to forecast it by unerring signs; for then neither are the stars seen with blunted edge, nor does the moon appear to rise as if dependent on her brother's rays; nor do thin fleecy clouds float across the sky; nor do the halcyons, beloved by Thetis,[1] expand their wings upon the shore to the warm sun; nor do the filthy swine think of tearing the wisps of straw and tossing them with their snouts. But the mists now rather seek the lower grounds, and brood upon the plain; and the owl watching for the setting of the sun, from the highest roof uselessly prolongs her late hootings. Nisus appears aloft in the clear sky, and Scylla pays the penalty for the purple lock; wherever she in flight cuts the light air with her wings, lo, Nisus,[2] hostile, implacable, with loud screams pursues her through the air: where Nisus mounts heavenward, she swiftly flying cuts the light ether with her wings. Then the ravens, with compressed throat, three or four times repeat their soft notes, and often in their high-perched nests, delighted by some unwonted pleasure or other, they flutter and caw in noisy concert among the leaves; now that the rains are over, they delight

[1] Thetis, one of the sea-deities, daughter of Nereus and Doris, and mother of Achilles.

[2] Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, fell in love with Minos, who was besieging the city, and cut off the lock of her father's hair on which his life depended. The town was then taken by the Cretans; but Minos, disgusted with Scylla's unnatural treachery, tied her by her feet to the stern of his vessel, and thus dragged her along till she was drowned. Nisus was changed after death into an eagle, and Scylla into a fish, or bird called Ciris. The story is that the father continually pursues the daughter, to punish her for her crime.

to revisit their tiny offspring and their beloved nests. Not, I believe, because an intelligent principle is given them by the kindness of the deity, or that, according to the disposals of fate, they are possessed of a more than common knowledge of (future) events; but when the season and heaven's fluctuating vapours have changed their courses, and the air, saturated with moisture by the south winds, condenses what was recently rare, and rarefies what was dense, the character of their minds is changed, and their bosoms now conceive widely different emotions from those which they felt while the wind was driving away the clouds. Hence arises that remarkable concert of birds in the fields, and the delight of the cattle, and the exulting croak of the rook.

But if you give attention to the rapid sun and the moon from day to day, the weather of the morrow will never cheat you, nor shall you be misled by the deceitful appearance of a serene night. When first the moon calls back her returning rays, if she incloses dark air in her dimmed crescent, a vast rain-storm is preparing for farmers and for sailors; but if she spreads a virgin blush over her face, wind will ensue: golden Phœbe always reddens on the approach of wind. If at her fourth rising, however—for that is the most unerring indicator—she rides through the sky in pure splendour and with unblunted horns, both that whole day, and all those that shall come after it till the end of the month, will be free from rain and wind: and mariners, having come safe to land, will pay their vows upon the shore to Glaucus,[1] and Panopea, and Melicertes, Ino's son.

[1] Glaucus, a fisherman of Anthedon, in Bœotia, son of Neptune and Naïs, was changed into a sea-deity. Panopea, a sea-nymph, one of the Nereids. Melicertes, the son of Athamas and Ino, was changed into a sea-god, and was known also by the names of Palæmon and Portumnus.

The sun too, both at his rising and at his setting in the waves, will give signs; the surest signs attend the sun, both those which he shows in the morning, and those which he presents when the stars arise. When he has flecked his first dawn with spots, hidden in a cloud, and has retired from view in the centre of his disc, you may then suspect showers: for the south wind, pernicious to trees and crops and flocks, is at hand from on high.[1] Or when, at the approach of dawn, the rays shall burst forth in different directions among the thick clouds; or when Aurora rises pale, leaving the saffron couch of Tithonus;[2] ah, the vine-leaf will then but ill defend the mellow grapes; so thick the dreaded hail bounds pattering on the roofs. This, too, it will be more advantageous to remember, when, having traversed the heavens, he is just setting—for often we see various colours flitting over his face,—the azure threatens rain; the reddish, wind. But if the spots begin to be blended with fiery red, then you will see all things in commotion, alike with wind and storms of rain. Let no one advise me on that night to cross the deep, or to loose the cable from the land. But if his orb is lucid, both when he ushers in and when he closes the renewed day, in vain will you be alarmed by the clouds, and you will see the woods shaken by the serenizing north wind.

In fine, the sun will give you signs what weather late Vesper may bring, from what quarter the wind may drive the dry clouds, what the wet South may be intending. Who would dare to call the sun a deceiver? He often gives tokens that even concealed uprisings are at hand, and that treason and secret wars are swelling to a head. He also showed his pity for Rome at Cæsar's death, when he shrouded his bright

[1] Or from the deep, as in line 234.

[2] Tithonus, a son of Laomedon, king of Troy, was so beautiful that Aurora became enamoured of him, and carried him away to Ethiopia.

head with a lurid darkness,[1] and impious mortals feared eternal night; though at that time the earth too, and waters of the deep, foul dogs, and ill-omened birds, gave warnings. How often have we seen Ætna inundating the lands of the Cyclopes[2] with the boiling liquid from its bursting vaults, and rolling its lava-stream of fiery balls and molten rocks! Germany heard the clash of arms over all the sky; the Alps trembled with unwonted earthquakes. A voice, too, was heard by many in the silent groves—an awful one; and spectres strangely pale were seen under cloud of night; and the very cattle, O dire to tell! spoke; rivers stop their courses, the earth yawns wide; the ivory in its grief weeps in the temples, and the brazen statues sweat. Eridanus,[3] king of rivers, swept whole woods away, whirling them in his mad eddies, and carried the herds with their stalls over all the plains. And, at the same time, neither did veins fail to appear threatening in the baleful entrails, nor blood to flow from the wells, and cities to resound aloud with wolves howling the livelong night. At no other time did more lightning fall from a cloudless sky, or did direful meteors so often blaze. Therefore it was that Philippi[4] saw Roman armies meet a second time in the shock of battle, in armour quite the same; nor did it seem too cruel, in the eyes of the

[1] According to Plutarch (Vit. Cæs. c. 90), Pliny (H. N. ii. 30), and Dio Cassius (xiv. 17), the sun appeared of a dim and pallid hue after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and continued so during the whole of the year. It is said, too, that for want of the sun's heat the fruits rotted without coming to maturity. An eclipse of the sun actually occurred in November.

[2] Cyclopes, a gigantic race of men, sons of Cœlus and Terra; they were Vulcan's workmen in fabricating the thunderbolts of Jupiter, and were represented as having only one eye, and that in the middle of their forehead.

[3] The Po.

[4] Philippi, a city of Macedonia, on the confines of Thrace, famous for the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by Antony and Augustus, B.C. 42. The first collision of civil war here referred to was that at Pharsalia in Thessaly, between Pompey and Cæsar. The second is that at Philippi.

gods, that Emathia[1] and the extensive plains of Hæmus should twice be enriched by our blood. And, no doubt, the time will come when in those regions the husbandman, on turning up the soil with the crooked plough, shall find javelins all eaten with scurfy rust, or with his heavy rake shall clash on helmets now untenanted, and marvel at the great bones in the upturned graves.

Ye guardian deities of my country, ye Indigetes,[2] and you O Romulus, and you Mother Vesta, who guard the Tuscan Tiber and the palaces of Rome, forbid not that this youth at least should come to the help of this lost and ruined age. Long since have we with our blood atoned for the perjuries of Laomedon[3] of Troy. Long since, O Cæsar, the courts of heaven grudge you to us, and complain that you are concerned about the triumphs of mortal men; since they are persons among whom the distinctions of right and wrong are inverted; since there are so many wars, throughout the world, since so many forms of crime exist; since the plough has none of its due honours; since the fields lie waste, their owners being drawn for service; and since the crooked scythes are forged into rigid swords. Here Euphrates, there Germany, raises war; neighbouring cities, having broken their mutual leagues, take arms; relentless Mars rages over all the globe; just as the four-horse chariots, when they have dashed forth from the barriers with speed, increase that speed throughout the several rounds (*spatia*), and the charioteer, straining the bridle in vain, is hurried away by the steeds, nor does the team obey the reins.

[1] Emathia, an ancient name of Macedonia and Thessaly. Hæmus, an extensive chain of mountains running through Thrace, now Balkan.

[2] Indigetes, a name given to those deities who were worshipped in particular places, or to such heroes as were deified.

[3] Laomedon, king of Troy, and father of Priam. He built the walls of Troy, with the assistance of Apollo and Neptune; but, on the work being finished, he refused to reward them for their labours, and in consequence incurred the displeasure of the gods.

BOOK II.

Virgil having in the First Book treated of tillage, proceeds in the Second to the subject of Planting: he describes the varieties of trees, with the best methods of raising them; gives rules for the management of the vine and the olive, and for judging of the nature of soils; and, in a strain of exalted poetry, celebrates the praises of Italy, and the pleasures of a country life.

Thus far I have treated of the culture of fields, and of the constellations of the heavens; now, Bacchus, will I sing of you, and with you of woodland shrubs, and of the offspring of the slow-growing olive. Hither, O father[1] Lenæus, come, here all is full of your bounties: by your gift the field, laden with the viny harvest, flourishes; by your gift the vintage foams in the full vats: hither, O father Lenæus, come; and, having stripped off your buskins, stain your uncovered limbs along with me in new wine.

First, there are various modes of producing trees: for some, without any means applied by men, come freely of their own accord, and widely overspread the plains and winding rivers; as the soft osier and tough broom, the poplar and the hoary willow with leaves of bluish green. But some arise from fallen seed, as the lofty chestnuts, and the mountain-oak, which, greatest of forest trees, flourishes in honour of Jove, and the oaks reputed oracular by the Greeks. In the case of others a very dense growth of shoots springs from the roots, as in the cherries and the elms: thus, too, the bay of Parnassus when small, shoots up under

[1] The term "pater" is here applied to Bacchus, not with any reference to advanced years, but merely as indicative of his being the giver of increase to fruits and crops, and the beneficent author of so many good gifts unto men. Lenæus, a surname of Bacchus, from ληνὸς, a winepress. The poet invites Bacchus to assist him in treading out the grapes.

the plentiful shade of its parent tree. Nature at first ordained these means: by these every species blooms—of woods, and shrubs, and sacred groves. Others there are which experience has found out for itself in the progress of cultivation.[1] One, tearing off suckers from the easily lacerated stem of their mother, sets them in furrows; another buries the stocks in the ground, and stakes split in four, and poles with sharpened point; and other trees of the forest expect the arch of a depressed layer, and living[2] shoots in their own soil. Others have no need of any root; and the gardener makes no scruple to take down the topmost shoot and plant it in the earth. Even after the trunk is cut in pieces, an olive-root sprouts from the dry wood, wonderful to tell. Often we see the boughs of one tree transformed, with no detriment, into those of another; and a pear-tree, altered in its nature, bearing ingrafted apples, and stony cornels growing upon plum stocks.[3]

Wherefore come on, O husbandmen, learn the mode of treatment peculiar to each kind, and improve wild fruits by cultivation: nor let your lands lie idle:[4] it is a delight to plant Ismarus with vines, and clothe vast Taburnus[5] with olives.

And do you be present, and pursue with me the course I have entered on, O my pride, O Mæcenas, deservedly the greatest part of my reputation, and at full speed spread your sails on the sea opening out to us. I cannot indeed expect that all the subject can be embraced in my poem: no, not if I had a hundred tongues, and a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron: come with me and cruise along the coast; the land is near at hand; I will not here detain

[1] "Via" here means "by the way," as it went along.

[2] Living shoots, *i.e.*, shoots not separated from the parent tree.

[3] Or, as some would translate, stony cornels changing into plums.

[4] That is, let not even your inferior land lie unoccupied.

[5] Taburnus, a mountain of Campania, which abounded with olives.

you with mythical song, or with circumlocution and tedious preamble.

Those trees which spring up spontaneously into the regions of light are certainly unfruitful; but they rise luxuriant and strong, for in the soil there is a latent productive power. Yet, if any one ingraft even these, or transplant and deposit them in trenches well prepared, they will divest themselves of their wild character, and by frequent culture will not be slow to follow to whatever degree of perfection you invite them. And that tree also which sprouts up barren from the low roots will do the same[1] if it be planted out in regular order in open ground:—under present conditions, the high shoots and branches of the mother tree overshadow it, and hinder it from bearing fruit as it grows, and wither up its productive powers. The tree, again, that is raised from fallen seed grows slowly, destined to form a shade for late posterity, and its fruit deteriorates, losing its former excellence, and the grape offers sorry clusters, only for the birds to eat. In fact, labour must be bestowed on all, and all must be drilled into trenches and brought under control at great outlay of labour. But olives answer better when propagated by truncheons, vines by layers, the myrtles of the Paphian goddess[2] by growing out of the solid wood. The hard hazels, too, grow from suckers, the huge ash and the shady poplar-tree, that formed the crown of Hercules,[3] and the oaks of the Chaonian Sire (Jove): thus also the lofty palm is propagated by suckers, and the fir-tree doomed to face the perils of the deep.

But the rough-barked arbute is penetrated by the young

[1] *i.e.*, will lay aside its wild and unproductive nature.

[2] Venus was so called, from Paphos (Baffa), a city of Cyprus, where she was worshipped.

[3] When Hercules rescued Alcestis from the lower regions and restored her to her husband, he brought a poplar with him, and had on his head a wreath made from its leaves.

walnut-tree, and fruitless planes are wont to bear stout apple-trees. The beech-tree has grown white with the blossom of the chestnut, and the ash with that of the pear. Nor is the method of ingrafting and inoculating the same. For, where the buds thrust themselves forth from the middle of the bark, and burst the slender coats, a small slit is made in the very knot: in this they inclose a bud from another tree, and teach it to unite with the moist rind. Or again, the knotless stocks are cut open, and a passage is cloven deep into the solid wood with wedges: then scions of fruit-bearing trees are inserted; and in no long time a huge stem has shot heavenward with prosperous boughs, and wonders at its new leaves and fruits not its own.

Moreover, there is not one species only, either of strong elms, or of willows, of the lotus-tree, or of the Idæan cypresses;[1] nor do the rich olives grow in one form, the orchades, and the radii, and the pausia with bitter berries; nor the apples, and the orchards of Alcinous; nor are the cuttings the same for the Crustumian and Syrian pears, and the heavy volemi. The same vintage hangs not on our trees as that which Lesbos gathers from the Methymnean[2] vine. There are the Thasian vines, and there are the white Mareotides; the latter suited for a rich soil, the

[1] Idæan cypresses, from Mount Ida, in the island of Crete. Orchards of Alcinous, king of Phæacia, afterwards called Corcyra (Corfu), one of the Ionian islands: his gardens, which were greatly famed, are beautifully described by Homer. Crustumian and Syrian pears: the first were so called from Crustuminum, a town of Etruria, in Italy; and the latter from Syria, a country of Asia, along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. Phœnicia and Palestine were generally reckoned provinces of Syria.

[2] Methymna in Lesbos (Mitylene), celebrated for its excellent wines. Thasian vines, those of Thasos, an island near the coast of Thrace. Mareotides, a vine from Mareotis, a lake in Egypt, near Alexandria. Psithian, from Psithia, an ancient town of Greece, famous for its grapes. Rhætian grape, from Rhætia (the Tyrol, &c.), a mountainous country to the north of Italy.

former for a lighter one: and the Psithian, more serviceable for raisin-wine, and the thin (spirituous) Lagean, which by and bye will try the feet and bind the tongue: there are the purples and the early-ripe: And in what strain shall I sing of you, O Rhætian grape? but do not on that account vie with the Falernian[1] cellars. There are also Aminnean vines, with very strong-bodied[2] wines; to which even the royal grapes of Tmolus and of Phanæ do homage; and the smaller Argitis, which none can rival, either in yielding so much juice, or in keeping good for so many years. I must not pass you over, Rhodian grape, grateful to the gods and at second courses, nor you bumastus, with your swollen clusters. But we neither can state how many species there are, nor what are their names: nor, indeed, is it of any consequence to specify the number, for he who would wish to know it may also like to count how many grains of sand are driven by the west wind over the Libyan desert,[3] or to learn how many waves of the Ionian Sea reach the shore when a storm from the east has come down on the ships.

And, in truth, every soil cannot produce everything. Willows grow beside the rivers, and alders in miry fens; the barren wild ash on the rocky mountains; the shores are most favourable for myrtle groves: in fine, Bacchus loves the sunny hills; the yews, the north wind and the cold.

Behold the world brought into subjection even by the husbandmen of its remotest regions, both the eastern habitations of the Arabians and the tattooed Geloni. Their several native countries are allotted to trees. India alone gives black

[1] Falernian, &c. Falernus, a fertile mountain and plain of Campania in Italy. Aminnia, a district of Campania. Phanæ, a promontory of the island of Chios (Scio).

[2] Strong-bodied: others say a very *during wine*,—*i.e.*, that keeps long.

[3] Libyan desert. It may also mean Libyan Sea, with reference to the quicksands there.

ebony: the frankincense-tree belongs to none but the Sabæans. Why should I mention to you balsams exuding from the fragrant wood, and the berries of the evergreen acacia? why should I tell you of the forests of the Ethiopians, white with soft wool? and how the Seres[1] comb the downy fleeces from the leaves? or the groves which India Proper produces —remotest corner of the earth—where no arrows by their flight have been able to surmount the airy summit of the tree? and yet that nation is by no means inexpert in archery. Media yields the bitter juices and the lingering flavour of the blessed lemon; than which no more efficacious antidote is found to expel black venom from the body, whenever heartless step-mothers have drugged the cup, and to noxious herbs have added no unharmful spells. The tree itself is gigantic, and in form most like a bay; and it were really a bay if it did not widely diffuse a different scent. Its leaves fall not off by any force of wind; its blossoms are tenacious in the highest degree. With it the Medes sweeten their breath and fetid mouths, and apply it as a remedy to their asthmatic old men.

But neither the woods of Media, a most fertile land, nor the beautiful Ganges, aye, Hermus[2] too, turbid with gold, can match the glories of Italy: not Bactra,[3] nor the Indians, and all Panchaia abounding in incense-bearing soil. Bulls breathing fire from their nostrils never ploughed this land of ours for sowing the teeth of a hideous dragon; nor did a

[1] Seres, a nation of Asia, between the Ganges and Eastern Ocean; the modern Tibet, or probably China. "India nearer the ocean," *i.e.* India Proper, Hindustan. He probably means the jungles of the Malabar coast.

[2] Hermus, a river of Lydia, whose sands were mingled with gold: it receives the waters of the Pactolus near Sardis, and falls into the Ægean, north-west of Smyrna.

[3] Bactra (Balkh), the capital of Bactria, a country of Asia. Panchaia a district of Arabia Felix, which produced myrrh, frankincense, &c.

crop of men start up bristling with dense array of helmet and of spear; but teeming crops and Massic[1] produce of the vine are wont to fill it, and olives too, and herds of fatted cattle to possess its fields. From it the warrior-horse with head erect advances to the fight; from it, Clitumnus,[2] your white flocks, and bulls, chiefest of victims, which had oft been plunged in your sacred stream, lead the Roman triumphs to the temples of the gods. Here is perpetual spring, and summer in unwonted months: twice a year the cattle give increase, twice are the trees productive in fruit. Aye, moreover, the ravenous tigresses are wanting, and the savage brood of lions; nor does wolfsbane deceive the wretched herb-gatherers; nor along the ground does the scaly serpent sweep his immense orbs, nor with so vast a trail does he gather himself up into coils. Add to this so many magnificent cities, and works of toilsome magnitude;[3] so many towns piled by the hand of man on craggy rocks; and rivers that flow beneath ancient walls. Or need I mention the sea which washes it above, and that which washes it below? or its lakes so vast? you, mighty Larius,[4] and you, Benacus, heaving with the billows and the noise of an ocean? Or shall I mention its ports, and the dam added to the Lucrine,[5]

[1] Mons Massicus was in Campania, and was famed for its wine. Hence "Massic" here simply means "excellent."

[2] Clitumnus, a river of Umbria, which falls into the Tiber. It was famous for its milk-white flocks, selected as victims in the celebration of triumphs.

[3] Great buildings, aqueducts, artificial lakes, &c.

[4] Larius, the modern Lake Como. Benacus, Lake Garda.

[5] Lucrine Lake, near Cumæ, on the coast of Campania. During an earthquake, A.D. 1538, this lake disappeared, and in its place was formed a mountain, two miles in circumference, and one thousand feet high, with a crater in the middle. Avernus, a lake of Campania, whose waters were so putrid that the ancients regarded it as the entrance of the infernal regions. Augustus united the Lucrine and Avernian lakes by the famous Julian harbour, and formed a communication between the latter lake and the sea.

and the sea chafing with loud roar, where the sound of the Julian wave is heard from afar, as the waters of the ocean are beaten back, and the Tuscan flood rushes into the channel of Avernus?

The same land has disclosed in its veins strata of silver, and mines of brass, and contains gold in abundant profusion. The same soil has reared a warlike race of men, the Marsi and the Sabellian youth, and the Ligurian inured to hardship, and the Volscians armed with short spears: this same has produced the Decii, and the Marii, and the great Camilli, the Scipios stubborn in war, and you, most mighty Cæsar, who, at this very time victorious in Asia's remotest limits, are turning away from the Roman towers the Indian now rendered powerless. Hail, Saturnian land,[1] great giver of earth's bounties, great mother of heroes; in your cause it is that I approach matters held in honour by our ancestors, and practised by them in olden times, having dared to unseal the sacred springs; and I sing an Ascræan[2] strain through Roman cities.

This is the place to examine the character of different soils; what are their several powers, what their colour, and what their natural suitableness for production. First, stiff lands and unfruitful hills, where there is light clay and gravelly mould in the bushy fields, rejoice in the growth of Minerva's long-lived olives. You know it by the wild olive growing freely in the same region, and by its berries shed abundantly on the fields. But, to the land that is rich and that abounds in sweet moisture, and to the plain that is luxuriant in grass and of a fertile soil—such as we often see in the hollow basin of a mountain—streams flow from the

[1] Italy was so called, from Saturn, who, on being dethroned by Jupiter, fled to Italy, where he reigned during the golden age. In the later days of the republic, agriculture was not held in the same reputation as in earlier times.

[2] Hesiod, the poet, was born at Ascra, in Bœotia.

high rocks, and deposit a fertilising mud: and that which is raised to the south, and nourishes the fern, plague of the crooked ploughs; this will in time afford vines exceedingly strong, and teeming with plenteous wine, this will be prolific in grapes, and in the liquor which we pour forth in libation into golden bowls, when the bloated Tuscan has blown the ivory pipe at the altars, and we offer up the smoking entrails in bending chargers.

But if to keep horses and oxen is your special desire, and to rear their young, or the offspring of sheep, or goats that nip your nurseries, seek the glades and far distant fields of rich Tarentum, and a plain like that which hapless Mantua lost, feeding snow-white swans in its grassy stream. Neither limpid springs nor pasturage in plenty will be wanting to the flocks; and as much as the herds shall crop in the long days, so much will the cold dews restore during the short night.

A soil that is blackish and rich under the entered ploughshare, and whose mould is loose and crumbling, for this we aim at in ploughing, is generally best for corn; from no plain will you see more waggons move homeward with tardy oxen; or that from which the temper-tried ploughman has carried off the wood, and felled the groves that have been idle for many a year, and from their lowest roots o'erthrown the ancient dwellings of the birds; they, abandoning their nests, soar on high, but the field hitherto untilled looks trim and glossy beneath the moving plough. For the sapless gravel of a sloping hill-side scarcely furnishes humble casia and rosemary for bees; and the rough tufa and the chalky clay, hollowed out by the black water-snakes, declare that no other soil supplies to an equal extent to serpents a pleasing food, and affords them so many winding retreats. That land which exhales thin mists and flying vapour, and drinks in the moisture, and emits it at pleasure; and which, always green, clothes itself with its own grass, and does not hurt the ploughshare with scurf and salt rust; (that land) will entwine

your elms with luxuriant vines; that also is productive of olives; that, you will find by experience, to be both suitable for cattle and fitted for agriculture. Such a soil rich Capua tills, and the territory in the neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius, and the Clanius, which does not spare the thinly-peopled Acerræ.[1]

Now I will tell you by what means you may distinguish each soil. If you desire to know whether it be loose or unusually close, since the one is favourable for corn, the other for wine, the close is best for grain, and the most loose for wine; first, you will select a place beforehand and order a pit to be sunk deep where the soil is unbroken, and you will restore to its place again all the clay, and with your feet will tread the mould till it be level on the top. If the mould shall prove deficient, the soil will be loose, and better suited for cattle and for the kindly vine; but if it refuses to go into the space it formerly occupied, and if, after the pit has been filled, any surplus of earth remain, the land will be close: look for stubborn clods and stiff ridges, and break up the earth with strong bullocks.

But saltish ground, and what is usually called sour—that is unproductive of corn crops; it is not rendered kindly by ploughing, nor does it preserve to grapes their natural good qualities, nor to apples their character and name—will give you the following indication. Take down from the smoky roofs baskets of close woven twigs and the strainers of your wine-press. Into these let some of that faulty mould and sweet water from the spring be pressed brimful; you will find that all the water will strain out, and big drops pass through the twigs. But the unmistakable taste will prove your test, and the bitterness will, by the sensation it produces, twist awry the tasters' faces, expressive of their pain.

[1] Acerræ, a town of Campania, near Naples; the river Clanius almost surrounded the town, and by its inundations frequently depopulated it.

Again, what land is rich we briefly learn thus: When worked by the hand, it never breaks in pieces, but when held, it sticks to the fingers like pitch. The moist soil produces rank herbage, and is in itself richer than is proper.

Ah, may none of mine be too fertile, nor show itself too strong in the early blades of corn.

That which is heavy betrays itself by its very weight, without a test; and also that which is light. It is easy to learn before cultivation that which is black, by merely looking at it; and what has any other colour, and what. But to search out the pernicious cold is difficult: only pitch-trees, and sometimes noxious yews, or black ivy, exhibit traces of it.

Having carefully observed these indications, be sure to prepare the ground thoroughly long beforehand, and to intersect the slopes, however large, with trenches, to expose the up-turned clods to the north wind, before you plant the fruitful vine. Fields of a loose, friable soil are best; the winds and cold frosts produce this effect, and the sturdy delver, stirring his fields to loosen them.

But all those men whom no vigilance escapes first seek out the same sort of soil where, in the first place, the young vines may be prepared for their supporting trees, and one to which they may afterwards be transferred, and planted out at due intervals, lest when set they do not take kindly to the sudden change of parent earth. Moreover, they even note on the bark the quarter of the sky, that, in whatever manner each stood, in whatever part it bore the southern heats, whatever side it turned to the northern pole, they may restore it to the same position. So powerful is habit in things of tender age.

Examine first whether it is better to plant your vines on hills or on a plain. If you lay out the fields of a rich plain, plant close; Bacchus will not be less productive in a densely-planted soil: but should you measure off ground gently ascending with hills and sloping ridges, give abundant space

between your rows; yet so that, your trees being ranged accurately, each passage between the rows may run at right angles with the path that crosses it.[1] As when oftentimes, in a great war, a long legion has deployed its cohorts, and the host has taken up its position on the open plain, and the array of battle has been duly marshalled, and the whole country far and near emits a fiery gleam from the sheen-reflecting bronze: nor as yet do the warriors engage in the dreadful conflict, but Mars hovers undecided between the armies: (so) let all the intervals be marked off at equal distances, not only that the prospect may gratify the uninterested mind, but because in no other way will the earth supply equal nourishment to all, and because the branches will not otherwise be able to extend themselves into an unoccupied space, or into the open air.

Perhaps, too, you may ask what depth is proper for the trenches. I would venture to commit my vine even to a shallow furrow. Trees, again, are sunk deeper down, and far into the ground: especially the æsculus, which shoots downward to Tartarus with its roots as far as it rises with

[1] The meaning of this passage will be best understood by the figure of the *quincunx*, which was so arranged that, no matter in what position a spectator stood, he saw along between the rows in (at least) two different directions without obstruction: thus:—

To make this more plain to the soldier-farmer, he compares it to the mode of drawing up an army by maniples, as in the accompanying figure, in which each parallelogram represents a maniple—

its top to the regions of heaven. Therefore winters do not uproot it, neither storms of wind nor storms of rain—it remains unmoved; and though it passes in review many successive generations of men, and many ages, it outlasts them all; then stretching wide its sturdy boughs and arms this way and that way, itself in the midst sustains a vast circumference of shade.

Nor let the vineyards lie towards the setting sun; nor plant the hazel among your vines; neither seek after the highest twigs, nor break off your sets from the top of the tree, such is their love for the earth;[1] nor hack your shoots with blunted knife; nor plant among them truncheons of olive; for fire is often let fall from the incautious shepherds, which at first secretly lurking under the unctuous bark, catches the solid wood, and springing into the topmost leaves, sends heavenward a loud crackling noise; thence pursuing its victorious career, it reigns supreme among the branches and the towering summits, and involves the whole grove in flames, and, dense with pitchy darkness, throws up a black cloud to heaven; especially if a storm has come down on the woods from overhead, and the wind driving the fire in all directions, whirls it into a centre. When this happens, the vines have no strength at the root, nor can they recover though cut, or sprout up from the deep earth such as they were before; the barren wild olive, with its bitter leaves, alone survives.

Let no authority, however skilled, prevail on you to stir the rigid earth when Boreas blows. Then winter shuts up the fields with frost, and when the slip is planted, it does not allow the frozen root to fasten to the ground. The plantation of the vineyard is best, when in blushing spring the white stork, the enemy of long snakes, arrives; or towards the first colds of autumn, when the strong sun does

[1] *i.e.*, those parts nearest the ground have been assimilated to it; and when planted, will not feel so much the change of the native soil.

not yet touch the winter with his steeds, and the summer is now past. Spring especially is beneficial to the foliage of the groves; spring is beneficial to the woods: in spring earth swells and demands generative seeds. Then almighty father Æther descends in fertilising showers into the lap of his happy spouse, and mighty himself, mingling with her mighty body, nourishes all her offspring. Then the retired brakes resound with the songs of birds, and the herds renew their loves at their appointed times. Then bounteous earth is teeming to the birth, and the fields open their bosoms to the balmy breezes of the Zephyr: in all a kindly moisture abounds; and the herbs safely venture to trust themselves to the early suns; nor do the vine's tender shoots fear the rising south winds, or the shower precipitated from the sky by the violent north winds; but put forth their buds, and unfold all their leaves. I should not readily believe that the days[1] of any other season shone at the first birth of the infant world, or that they had a different character. It was spring indeed, the globe to its full extent enjoyed spring, and the east winds refrained from their wintry blasts; when first the cattle drank in the light, and the iron race of men upreared their heads from the hard soil, and the woods were stocked with wild beasts and the heavens with stars. Nor could the tender productions of nature bear the strain if so great a rest did not intervene between the cold and the heat, and did not a kindly, gentle season visit earth in turn.

As for the rest, whatever trees you plant throughout the fields, give them a coating of rich manure, and remember to cover them up with plenty of earth; and bury about them spongy stones, or rough shells; for thus the rains will trickle through, and a subtle vapour get entrance, and the plants will gain heart. There are some who would lay on them a stone

[1] It was an ancient supposition that the world was created in the spring.

or a large, heavy tile; this would be a protection against the pouring rains, it would shelter them when the sultry dog-star parches the fields and makes them yawn with chinks.

After your settings are planted, it remains to break and loosen the earth at the roots, and to wield the hard hoes; or to work the soil with the plough, and guide your struggling bullocks up and down the very vineyards; then to adapt to the vines smooth reeds, and uprights of peeled rods, and ashen stakes, and strong forked-poles; relying on whose firm support they may learn to shoot up, to disregard the winds, and to follow stage by stage[1] to the summit of the elms.

And while the young plants are putting forth their early leaves you must spare their tender age, and while the shoot gladly springs heavenward, launching freely into the air without restraint,[2] the vine itself must not be attacked with the pruning-hook, but the leaves should be gently caught by the bent hands and be intertwined with the supports. Thereafter, when they have now shot up, clasping the elms with firm stems, then strip off their leaves, then lop their arms Before this they dread the steel; then, and not till then, exercise stern authority, and check the rushing boughs.

Fences, too, should be made, and all cattle be kept off; especially while the leaves are tender and not inured to hardships; which, in addition to severe storms and a scorching sun, the buffaloes and persecuting wild goats baffle in their growth, the sheep and the heifers eat them eagerly. Nor do the colds, condensed in hoary frosts, or the oppressive heat beating upon the scorched rocks, hurt them so much as those flocks, and the poison of their hard teeth, and the scar imprinted on the gnawed stem.

For no other offence is the goat sacrificed to Bacchus on

[1] The stages or storeys were the successive branches of the elm, making a resting-place, as it were, for the young vine.

[2] Literally, "let go with loosened reins."

every altar, and do the ancient plays come upon the stage: and the Athenians proposed prizes to men of talent about the villages and crossways; and joyous amidst their cups, they used to dance in the soft meadows on wine-skins smeared with oil. Moreover, the Ausonian[1] husbandmen also, a race derived from Troy, amuse themselves in impromptu verses and unrestrained mirth; and assume hideous masks made from the hollow bark of trees: and you, Bacchus, they invoke in jovial songs, and in honour of you hang up movable images[2] on the tall pine. Hence every vineyard shows youthful vigour by its goodly crop, and the hollow vales and retiring glens teem with plenty, and all places to which the god has turned his "honest" face. Therefore, in our country's lays, will we sing to Bacchus his praises, well deserved, and offer chargers and the consecrated cakes; and the devoted he-goat led by the horn shall stand beside the altar, and we will roast the fat entrails on hazel spits.

There is also that other toil in dressing the vines, on which you can never bestow pains enough: for the whole soil must be opened up three or four times every year, and the clods must continually be broken with the hoes reversed; the whole vine-grove must be lightened of its leaves. The labours of the husbandman, moving round in order, return to him in regular course, just as the year circles again into itself along its own tracks. And now, when by-and-bye the vineyard has shed its late leaves, and the cold north wind

[1] Ausonian, &c., the inhabitants of Ausonia, an ancient name of Italy, who were supposed to be descended from Æneas.

[2] *Oscillum* was the term applied to faces or heads of Bacchus, which were suspended in the vineyards to be turned in every direction by the wind. Whichsoever way they looked, they were supposed to make the vines and other things in that quarter fruitful. Some interpret *mollia* as movable; others benign, soft, gentle, representing the honest, jolly face of the god. From oscillum we get then the word, *oscillate*.

has shaken from the groves their leafy ornament; even then the active farmer extends his cares to the coming year, and persecutes the fruitless, leafless vine, cropping it with Saturn's crooked knife, and prunes it into shape. Be the first to trench the ground, be the first to carry home and burn the prunings, and the first to put the vine-props under cover: be the last to reap the vintage. Twice the foliage grows dense upon the vines; twice does vegetation overrun the vineyard with matted thorns; each operation is a hard task. Admire large farms; cultivate a small one. Besides all this, the rough twigs of butcher's broom are to be cut throughout the woods, and the reed on the river's banks: and the charge of the self-grown willow gives new toil. Now the vines are tied; now the vineyard lays aside the pruning-hook; now the last vintager sings for joy on finishing his rows: yet must the earth be vexed anew, and the mould be stirred; and now the rain is to be dreaded for the ripened grapes.

On the other hand, the olives require no culture; nor do they look for the crooked pruning-hook and griping harrows when once they have gained a hold in the ground, and have stood the blasts. Earth of herself supplies the plants with sufficient moisture when loosened by the bent prong of the hoe, and yields weighty crops when opened by the share. On this account foster the olive, which is rich and pleasing to the Goddess of Peace. The fruit-trees too, as soon as they feel their trunks vigorous, and acquire their proper strength, quickly shoot up to the stars by their own native powers, and need not our assistance. And no less surely, meanwhile, every grove is laden with produce, and the untended haunts of birds are crimsoned with blood-red berries: the cytisus is cropped; the tall wood supplies torches; and our evening fires are fed, and send forth floods of light. And do men hesitate to plant their trees and bestow care upon them?

Why should I insist on greater things?[1] The very willows and lowly broom supply either foliage for the cattle, or shade for the shepherds, and fences for the crops, and material for honey. It is a pleasure to look upon Cytorus[2] waving with the box-tree, and to see the groves of Narycian pine: it is delightful to behold fields not indebted to the hoes, and not dependent on any care of man. Even the unproductive woods on the top of Caucasus, which the fierce winds are continually breaking and carrying away, yield different products, some one, some another; they give pines, a wood useful for ships, and cedars and cypresses for houses. From such trees the husbandmen turn spokes for wheels; from such they frame solid drums for waggons, and bending keels for ships. The willows are prolific in twigs, the elms in leaves; but the myrtle and the cornel, useful for war, abound in shaft-wood; the yews are bent into Ituræan bows.[3] In like manner the smooth lindens or the lathe-turned box receive shape, and are fashioned by the sharp steel. Thus, too, the light alder, sped down the Po, swims the boiling stream: thus, too, the bees hide their swarms in the hollow bark, and in the interior of a rotten oak. What have the gifts of Bacchus brought us so worthy of record? Bacchus has given occasion even for crime: he quelled by death the maddened Centaurs,[4] Rhœtus and Pholus, and Hylæus threatening the Lapithæ with a huge goblet.

[1] Greater things, that is greater wonders in the tree-world. Even the lower types have all their great uses.

[2] Cytorus (Kidros), a city and mountain of Paphlagonia, on the Euxine. Narycian pitch, from Narycia, a town of the Locrians in Magna Graeca, in the neighbourhood of which were forests of pine, &c.

[3] Ituræan bows, from Ituræa, a province of Syria, whose inhabitants were famous archers.

[4] Centaurs, a people of Thessaly, represented as monsters, half men and half horses. The Lapithæ were also a people of Thessaly, who inhabited the country about Mount Pindus and Othrys. The allusion here is to

Oh, inhabitants of the country, blessed to excess, if they but knew their mercies! to whom, far removed from arms and strife, earth of her own accord most bounteously supplies a ready sustenance. Though a lofty mansion with haughty portals does not pour forth from all its halls a vast flow of early clients, and though men do not gaze with admiration at the door, partly inlaid with beautiful tortoise-shell, and on robes and coverlets bespangled with gold, and on Corinthian brass; and if the white wool is not stained with Assyrian dye, nor their clear and serviceable oil adulterated with casia, yet they have peacefulness free from anxiety, and a life that knows not deceit, rich in varied resources; yet they want not the liberty of the broad and open country, grottos, and natural lakes; yet cool, shady vales like Tempe, and the lowing of the cattle and tranquil sleep beneath the trees are not denied them: there are pasture grounds, and haunts of game, and a youth whose heart is in their work, and who are accustomed to frugality: the sacred rites of the gods are religiously observed, and old age is respected. Justice, when departing from the earth, imprinted her last footmarks among them.

But first before everything, may the dear Muses, whose sacred vessels I bear, smitten as I am with intense love, accept my devotion, and teach me the constellations of heaven and their paths, the various eclipses of the sun and the labours of the moon; what is the cause of earthquakes; by what force of nature it is that the seas are made to swell and burst their barriers, and again sink back into their channels; why winter's suns make haste to dip themselves in ocean, or what delay retards its tedious nights.

the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the celebration of the nuptials of Pirithous, king of the latter, who invited not only the heroes of his age, but also the gods themselves. In the contest that ensued many of the Centaurs were slain, and the rest saved themselves by flight.

But if the cold blood about my heart hinders me from penetrating into these departments of nature, let fields and streams that run among the hills be my delight; though unknown to fame, may I be content with the rivers and the woods. Oh, where are the plains, and Spercheus,[1] and Taygetus,[2] the scene of the Bacchanalian revels of Spartan maids! Oh, that some one would transport me to the cool valleys of Hæmus, and shelter me with a thick shade of boughs? Happy is he who has been able to trace out the causes of things, and who has trodden under foot all idle fears, and inexorable Destiny, and the roar of devouring Acheron?[3] Blest, too, is he who has been intimate with the rural deities, Pan and old Silvanus, and the sister nymphs! him neither popular favour nor the purple of kings is wont to move, nor discord, driving brothers hostile, nor the Dacian descending from the Danube all in arms; nor the great Roman state; and kingdoms doomed to destruction. Such a one is not likely to pine with grief through pity for the poor, nor to be envious of the rich. What food the boughs and what the willing fields spontaneously present he has been wont to gather: nor sees he aught of the unbending laws, and the maddened courts and municipal registers.

Some vex the dangerous seas with oars, or rush into arms, or work their way into courts and the palaces of kings: one marks out a city and its wretched homes for destruction, that he may drink from jewelled cups and sleep on Tyrian purple. Another hoards up wealth, and lies sleepless on his buried gold. One, in bewildered amazement, gazes at the Rostra; another, in open-mouthed delight,

[1] Spercheus, a river of Thessaly.

[2] Taygetus, a mountain of Laconia, on which were celebrated the orgies of Bacchus: it hung over the city of Sparta, and extended from Taenarus to Arcadia.

[3] Acheron, one of the rivers of hell, according to the ancient poets; often used for hell itself.

the plaudits of the commons and the nobles, redoubled along benches, have arrested: some take pleasure in being drenched with a brother's blood; and exchange their homes and dear thresholds for exile, and seek a country lying under another sun. The husbandman cleaves the earth with the crooked plough; hence arise the labours of the year; hence he sustains his home and his children, his herds of kine, and his deserving steers. Nor is there any intermission such as to prevent the year from abounding in apples, or in the offspring of the flocks, or in the sheaf of Ceres' stalk; or from loading the furrows with increase, and out-stocking the barns. Winter comes: the Sicyonian [1] berry is trodden in the oil-presses; the swine come home gladdened with acorns; the woods yield their arbutes; and the autumn sheds its various productions; and the grapes are ripened to mellowness high on the sunny rocks. Meanwhile his sweet children hang on his neck; his faithful wife is pure and chaste; the cows submit their udders full of milk; and the fat kids strive with one another with butting horns on the joyous green. The farmer himself spends holiday; and, extended on a grassy plain, where there is a fire in the middle, and where his companions crown the bowl, invokes you, O Lenæus, with libations; and on an elm sets forth to the shepherds prizes to be contended for with the winged javelin; then they on their part strip their hardy bodies for the rustic games.

Such a life did the Sabines of old follow, such a life did Remus and his brother live, by such a mode of life did Etruria in sooth grow powerful, and Rome became the fairest city on earth, and the Mistress of the World, and with one wall enclosed the circuit of her seven hills. This life, too, golden Saturn led on earth, before the

[1] Sicyonian berry, the olive, with which Sicyonia, a district of Peloponnesus, abounded.

sceptred sway of the Dictæan[1] king, and before an impious race feasted on slain bullocks. Nor yet had mankind heard the warlike trumpets blow, nor yet the swords ring when laid on the hard anvils.

But we have traversed a course immense in its extent; and now it is time to unloose the reeking necks of our steeds.

[1] Dictæan king. Jupiter is so called from Mount Dicte in Crete where he was worshipped, and where he was reared in infancy.

BOOK III.

In the Third Book, after invoking the rural deities, and eulogising Augustus, Virgil treats of the management of cattle, laying down rules for the choice and breeding of horses, oxen, sheep, &c. The Book abounds in admirable descriptions; many passages are inimitably fine.

I will sing of you too, great Pales, and you, far-famed shepherd of Amphrysus:[1] of you, woods and rivers of Arcadia. Other themes that, in poetry, might have entertained frivolous minds, have now become all trite and hackneyed. Who knows not the story of the merciless Eurystheus,[2] of the altars of the infamous Busiris? By what poet has not the boy Hylas been sung, and Latonian Delos?[3] or Hippodame,[4] and Pelops, the keen horseman, memorable for his ivory shoulder? I must try a course whereby I also may soar aloft and hover victorious[5] before the eyes of men.

[1] Amphrysus, a river of Thessaly, on the banks of which Apollo fed the flocks of king Admetus.

[2] Eurystheus, king of Argos and Mycenæ, who, at the instigation of Juno, imposed upon Hercules the most perilous enterprises, well known by the name of the twelve labours of Hercules. Busiris, a king of Egypt, noted for his cruelty in sacrificing all foreigners who entered his country.

[3] Delos, a small but celebrated island of the Ægean Sea, in which Latona gave birth to Apollo and Diana.

[4] Hippodame, a daughter of Œnomaus, king of Pisa in Elis. Her father refused to marry her except to him who could overcome him in a chariot race; thirteen had already been conquered, and forfeited their lives, when Pelops, the son of Tantalus, entered the lists, and by bribing Myrtilus, the charioteer of Œnomaus, insured to himself the victory.

[5] The poet modestly compares himself to Triptolemus, to whom the goddess Demeter (Ceres) gave a chariot with winged dragons and seeds of wheat, and in this he rode over the earth, teaching men the

Returning from the Aonian mount, only provided that my life be spared, I shall be the first to conduct the Muses in triumph to my native home.[1] To you, O Mantua, I shall be the first to bring palms of Idumæa: and on your green plains I will erect a temple of marble, near the stream where the great Mincius winds in slow meanders, and fringes the banks with slender reed. I will place Cæsar in the sanctuary, and he shall be the god of the temple: as a conqueror, and in Tyrian purple, the observed of all, I will drive a hundred four-horsed chariots along the river banks in honour of him. For me, all Greece, leaving Alpheus[2] and the groves of Molorchus, shall contend in races and the untanned cestus. I myself, crowned with a wreath of olive, duly trimmed, will offer sacrifice. Even already, in anticipation, what joy I feel to lead the solemn procession to the temple and see the oxen slain; to note how the scene with changing view revolves, and how the pictured Britons raise[3] the purple curtain. On the doors will I represent, in gold and solid ivory, the battle of the Gangaridæ,[4] and the arms of conquering Quirinus; and

ways and the blessings of agriculture, as Virgil now seeks to do; and as Triptolemus, on his return to Athens, established the worship of Demeter, so Virgil proposes on his return to establish that of his patron Cæsar.

[1] As the first to acquire the fame and name of a poet, he may be justly said to bring the Muses to his native place.

[2] Alpheus (Rufea), a river of Elis, near which the Olympic games were held. Molorchus, a shepherd of Argolis, who kindly received Hercules, and in return the hero slew the Nemean lion which laid waste the country; hence the institution of the Nemean games.

[3] At the conclusion of a piece the curtain rose, and did not fall as with us. The figures of Britons, then recently known by Cæsar's invasion, were interwoven in the curtain in such a position and attitude as to appear to rise gradually, and raise the curtain with them. This is a delicate compliment to Augustus, whom the Britons sued for peace in 727 B.C., when he was in Gaul, preparing to invade them.

[4] Gangaridæ, a people of Asia, near the mouth of the Ganges.

here the Nile swelling with war, and high in flood, and columns decked in tiers with brass of captured ships. I will add the vanquished cities of Asia, and conquered Niphates,[1] and the Parthian, trusting to flight and to arrows shot back [2] against the enemy, and two trophies, wrested in close fight from two widely-distant foes, and nations twice triumphed over in the east and in the west. Here, too, shall stand in Parian marble, life-like statues, the descendants of Assaracus,[3] and the great names of the Jove-descended race; both Tros, our great ancestor, and Cynthian Apollo, founder of Troy. Envy, with baffled look, will quail at sight of the Furies, and the ruthless stream, Cocytus,[4] the wreathed snakes of Ixion, the enormous wheel, and the stone that will not yield.

Meanwhile, let us pursue the Dryads' woods and glades, all virgin though they be, at your request, Mæcenas, a task by no means light. Without you my mind conceives nothing grand; come then, away with doubt and all delay. Cithæron [5] calls with loud halloo, and the hounds of Taygetus, and Epidaurus with high-mettled steeds, and the sound re-echoed by the woods in concert rings out again.

[1] Niphates, a mountain of Armenia, part of the range of Taurus, from which the river Tigris takes its rise.

[2] The Parthians rode off as if in flight, and then, wheeling suddenly round, discharged their arrows at their pursuers.

[3] Assaracus, a Trojan prince, father of Capys, and grandfather of Anchises. Tros, a son of Erichthonius, king of Troy, which was so named after him. Cynthian Apollo: the surname is from Cynthus, a mountain in the island of Delos, where Apollo and Diana were born.

[4] Cocytus, a river of Epirus, called by the poets one of the rivers of hell. Ixion, a king of Thessaly, whom Jupiter is feigned to have struck with his thunder for having attempted to seduce Juno; he was bound with serpents to a wheel in hell, which was perpetually in motion.

[5] Cithæron, a mountain range between Attica and Bœotia, sacred to Jupiter and the Muses. Epidaurus (Epidauro), a city of Argolis, famed for a temple of Esculapius, and for its fine breed of horses.

Yet, by-and-bye, I will gird up my loins to sing of Cæsar's keen contested fights, and to transmit his name with honour through as many years as Cæsar is himself removed from the birth of Tithonus.

Whether any one, coveting the prizes of the Olympian palm, breeds horses, or whether he rears bullocks which shall be strong for the plough, let him study with special care the mothers' points. The ill-looking cow is the best type, whose head is coarse, whose neck is long and brawny, and whose dew-lap hangs down from chin to knee. Then there is no limit to her length of side; everything is on a large scale, even her foot, and she has shaggy ears beside her crumpled horns. And far be it from me to condemn one which is white and spotted, and that refuses the yoke, and is sometimes vicious with her horn, and in general appearance is somewhat like a bull, and which is altogether tall and stately, and which, as she walks, sweeps her foot-prints with the point of her tail.

The age to engage in breeding and legitimate intercourse ends before ten, and begins after four years: the other parts of their life are neither fit for breeding nor strong for the plough. Meantime, while the flocks abound with the desires of youth, let loose the males: be the first to entice your cattle to the joys of love: and by generation raise up one brood after another. All the best period of the life of wretched mortals is the first to fly: diseases and sorrowful old age succeed, and suffering, and the unmerciful decree of inexorable death carrying them off. There will always be some cows which you may wish to change; but indeed be always recruiting your stock, lest after animals have been lost you should feel the want of them; anticipate the risk, and every year carefully select new recruits for the breeding cows.

The same discriminating choice is also necessary in the brood of horses. Only, from their tender age, bestow special

care on those males which you shall determine to use as sires for breeding purposes. From the very first, the thoroughbred colt paces the fields with a statelier step, and sets down his limbs with ease and grace: he is the first that dares to lead the way, and to brave the threatening streams, and to trust himself to an untried bridge; nor is he startled by an idle noise. His neck is lofty, his head is small and elegant, his belly is short and his back plump, and his high-mettled chest proudly swells with brawny muscles. The bright bay and the grey are of generous blood; the worst colours are the white and the dun. Then, if any sound of armour is heard at a distance, he (the thoroughbred) cannot stand still. His ears quiver, and he trembles with excitement in every joint, and snorting he works up, and in his nostrils stores, his breath of fire. His mane is thick, and falls on his right shoulder in loose confusion. But farther, a double ridge[1] runs along his back: he paws the ground too, and heavily sounds his hoof of solid horn. Such was Cyllarus, tamed by the bridle of Amyclæan Pollux,[2] and those which the Grecian poets have told us of, the harnessed pair of Mars, and the team of great Achilles. Aye, such was Saturn too, when quick as lightning, at the coming of his wife, he spread a mane upon his horse's neck, and as he fled, filled lofty Pelion with shrill neighing.

Even him shut up in the home paddock, when he is beginning to fail, being either weakened by disease or stiffened by years, and regard not his old age, now blemished. An old horse has lost the fire of love, and in vain prolongs the unwelcome task; and whenever he

[1] In a horse in good condition, a fulness of flesh near the spine is seen, by which two ridges are formed, one at each side of the bone. This is what the ancients mean by a double spine.

[2] Amyclæan Pollux was the son of Jupiter, by Leda, and the twin brother of Castor; he was so called from Amyclæ, a city of Laconia, where he was born.

comes to an engagement, he is impotently keen, as at times a great blaze in stubble, without strength. On this account you will note the spirit and, in an especial manner, the age of each; then his other qualities, and his pedigree, and what pain he has felt in defeat, and what pride in victory.

Don't you see it,—when the chariots have started in headlong struggle, and rush from the barriers in wild confusion, when the hopes of the youths are at the highest pitch, and palpitating fear drains their bounding hearts? the drivers press on with circling lash, and bending forward give full rein: on flies the wheel, aglow with the speed; and now they are seen low on earth, then again they seem to be borne aloft through the void, and to rise high in air; there is neither delay nor rest, but a cloud of yellow sand is raised; they are soaked with the foam and the breath of those that follow them: such is their love of glory, such the anxiety for success.

Erichthonius[1] was the first who ventured to yoke the chariot and four horses, and though in rapid motion to stand upright in safety on the car. The Pelethronian Lapithæ, mounted on horseback, employed reins and the training-ring, and taught the horseman to prance, and to curvet with proud steps. Both objects[2] are difficult to obtain, and accordingly horse-breeders are equally careful to select a horse that is young, of warm blood and high mettle, and swift of foot, although the other[3] may have often driven the routed enemy before him, and though he claim Epirus or

[1] Erichthonius, a son of Vulcan, and king of Athens: the invention of chariots is ascribed to him. Pelethronian Lapithæ, so called from Pelethronium, a town of Thessaly, at the foot of Mount Pelion, inhabited by the Lapithæ, who were excellent horsemen.

[2] That is, to procure good racers and good chargers; or, according to some, good racers and good stallions.

[3] *Ille*, the other, *i.e.*, the old horse spoken of above in lines 95-96.

the warlike Mycenæ[1] as his birth-place, or trace his pedigree from the stock of Neptune himself.

Having carefully observed these points, the grooms are eagerly attentive at the approach of the breeding season, and devote all their care to fill out with firm flesh that horse which they have chosen to be leader and sire to the flock; and they cut fresh and sappy grass, and give him water from the stream, and corn, that he may not fail to have even a superfluity of vigour for his pleasing task, and that a puny offspring may not perpetuate a meagre sire. But, on the contrary, they purposely reduce the mares to leanness: and, when now the well-known pleasure solicits the first intercourse, they both deny them grass and keep them from the springs. Often, too, they shake them in the race, and tire them in the sun,[2] when beneath the heavy-beaten grain the threshing-floor cries out, and in the rising zephyr the empty chaff is driven before it. This they do that excessive pampering may not deaden the quickness of the generative soil, choking the channels and making them passionless; but that it may with greediness drink in the draught of love, and hide it far within.

The care of the sires, in turn, begins to wane, and that of the dams to take its place. When now, some months elapsed, they rove about, great with young, let no one suffer them to bear the yoke under heavy waggons, or to leap across a path, and wildly scour the meadows, and swim the rapid streams. Men feed them then in roomy pastures and beside full rivers, where there is moss, and where the banks are greenest with the new-grown grass, and where grottos may afford a shelter, and a rock may project its shade.

[1] Mycenæ, a city of Argolis, once the capital of a kingdom, and the residence of Agamemnon.

[2] That is, "they gallop and sweat them." Some think that "tire them in the sun" applies to the cows only, as employed in threshing, while "galloping" refers to the horses.

About the groves of Silarus,[1] and Alburnus, with its evergreen oaks, abounds a flying insect which the Romans name asilus, and the Greeks in their language have translated into œstros (gadfly); vicious, with harsh, shrill notes; by which whole herds affrighted fly from the woods; the air is convulsed and maddened with their bellowings, and the woods and banks of waterless Tanager. With this monster did Juno once exercise her savage passion, having carefully sought out the fellest torture for the Inachian heifer.[2] This danger too, for in the noontide heat it is more furious, you will ward off from your pregnant cattle; and feed your herds when the sun is newly risen, or when the stars usher in the night.

After birth, all attention is transferred to the young, and at once they brand them with marks and names:[3] they also specially note those which they think best suited for keeping up the flock, or to set apart for sacrifice, or to break up the ground, and to plough the soil, rough with broken clods. The rest of the herd grazes on the green pastures.

Those which you would train for the purposes and the occupation of agriculture, teach while calves, and enter on the mode of taming them whilst their young minds are tractable, while their age is pliant. And first harness them with loose collars of slender twigs; and then, when their free necks have become accustomed to bondage, match your bullocks in pairs joined by the twisted ropes themselves, and

[1] Silarus (Silaro), a river of Italy, separating Lucania from the territory of the Picentini. Alburnus, a lofty mountain of Lucania, at the foot of which rises the river Tanager (Negro).

[2] Io, daughter of Inachus, and priestess of Juno at Argos, was changed into a heifer by Jupiter, but afterwards restored to her own form, when she married Telegonus or Osiris, king of Egypt. After death she was worshipped under the name of Isis.

[3] This may mean marks indicating the breed, date of birth, owner's name, &c., or details of individual excellence, or fitness for special purposes, as set forth in the next two lines.

make them walk in step; and now let empty vehicles be often drawn by them along the ground, and let them imprint their tracks only on the surface of the dust.[1] Afterwards let the beechen axle straining under a ponderous load creak, and let the brass-girt pole draw the united wheels. Meanwhile, for the young untamed bullocks you will crop with your hand not only grass, or the small willow and marshy sedge, but also springing corn: nor shall your new-calved cows fill the snowy pails, as was the custom of our fathers, but spend their whole udders on their sweet offspring.

But if your taste should incline you to war and martial troops, or with your wheels to skim along the brink of Pisa's[2] Alphean streams, and drive the flying chariot in the grove of Jove, the first part of the horse's training must be to see the mettle and the arms of warriors, to stand the trumpet, and to bear the rumbling of the wheels in their career, and the rattling bridles in his stall; then more and more to take pleasure in the winning praises of his groom, and to love the sound of his patted neck. And these let him hear as soon as he is weaned from the udder of his dam, and then for a change let him yield his mouth to the soft halters, while still immature and timid, and even unconscious of his strength. But after three full years, when his fourth summer has arrived, let him forthwith begin to tread the ring, and pace with measured steps; and let him learn to trot and to canter. Then let him challenge the winds in swiftness, and flying over the open plains as if in no control, scarce print his

[1] *i.e.*, let there be no load to make the feet of the young oxen or the wheel of the vehicle sink deep. There were three modes of yoking cattle: 1*st*, by the horns; 2*nd*, by the jugum or cross-bar; and 3*rd*, by the *torques*, or twisted rope, or coupling-collar, passed round the necks of a pair of oxen.

[2] Pisa, an ancient city of Elis, on the banks of the Alpheus, near which was the plain of Olympia, where the Olympic games were held.

footsteps on the surface of the sand.[1] Just as when the north wind has come down in concentrated force from the Hyperborean regions, and dispels the storms and dry clouds of Scythia; then (at first) the high corn and waving fields ripple under the gentle breeze, the tops of the woods give forth a moaning sound, and the lengthened waves press onwards to the shore: (next) it (the N. wind) flies at headlong speed, sweeping in its course both land and sea. Such a steed will at the goals of Elis and its lengthened course contest the prize with keenest effort, and from his mouth emit the bloody foam: or will better bear the Belgian war-car on his obedient neck. Then at last, when they are broken, let their bodies grow large with fattening mash; for if fattened before breaking, they acquire an excess of mettle, and when caught will refuse to bear the pliant whip and obey the knotted bit.

But no treatment, however persisted in, more confirms their strength than to remove temptation from them, and the incentives to blind love, whether any one prefers the rearing of bulls or of horses. And therefore they banish the bulls to a distance, and to lonely pastures, behind some intervening hill, or beyond some broad rivers, or keep them indoors at satisfying stalls; for the female insensibly consumes their vigour, and frets them when in sight, and does not

[1] In this passage, very difficult to translate with precision and elegance, the four main motions of a horse are set forth. First we have the walk in the ring; then the amble, or perhaps the prance, "sound with measured tread," then the trot itself, "to bend the arching curves of his legs alternately"; then the canter, "to be like one toiling;" and last, the gallop—"challenge the winds in swiftness, and fly over the open plains." If one observes the gait of a horse in trotting, he will at once see the appropriateness of Virgil's description, and will observe how the foreleg of the horse is bent into a curve as it is lifted, and how this is done by one side of the horse and then by the other (*alterna*). In the canter a horse raises the forepart of his body and throws it somewhat back, as if the rider were reining him in, and he were struggling or toiling against the restraint—"labouring" against some difficulty. So we speak of a ship "labouring" in the sea.

allow them to attend to the groves and pastures; and she indeed, by her sweet attractions, often impels her haughty lovers to decide their quarrel with their horns. The beauteous heifer feeds in the great wood of Sila; they with "changing blows" engage in battle with great vehemence and with many wounds; black blood drenches their bodies and with loud roars their opposing horns are dashed into the enemy; the woods and even the wide heavens give back the awful sound. Nor is it usual for those at enmity to stall together, but the one that is vanquished retires and lives a wanderer in distant regions, much bewailing his defeat and the wounds inflicted by the proud victor, and besides, the loved object he has lost without revenge; and often casting a lingering look at the stalls, he leaves his ancestral home. Therefore with the utmost care he exercises and trains his powers, and lies the live-long night among the hard rocks in an unlittered lair, feeding on coarse leaves and bitter sedge: He tests himself, and by butting against the trunk of a tree he learns to concentrate his wrath in his horns, and challenges the winds with his blows, and as a prelude to the fight he spurns the sands. Afterwards, when his sturdy muscle has been regained, and his powers recruited, he starts at once,[1] and rushes headlong on his unwary foe, as a wave, when it begins to whiten in the midst of the sea, draws on its lengthening curve from far, and from the deeper water, and as it rolls to land, with awful roar among the rocks it falls in thunder like a mountain peak; but the depths of the water seethe up in foaming eddies, and toss on high the sable sand.

In truth, every kind on the earth, both of men and wild beasts, the fish, the cattle, and plumaged birds, rush to the frenzy and the fire of love: in all there is the same love. At no other time does the lioness, forgetful of her whelps, range the plains in fiercer fury; nor do the unshapely bears cause

[1] Literally, "strikes the tents."

deaths to so many, and such havoc in the woods; then is the boar ferocious, then is the tiger most vicious. It is then, alas! dangerous to wander in the lonely fields of Libya. See you not how tremor thrills through the horse's whole body if the well known scent is wafted on the breeze? And now neither bridles of men, nor the cruel lash, nor cliffs, nor hollow rocks, and rivers in his path oppose him, even such as seize and sweep away whole mountains in their course. Even the Sabellian boar madly rushes about, and whets his teeth, and with his feet tears up the ground, rubs his flanks against a tree, and on this side and that hardens his shoulders to wounds. What does the youth do in whose vitals relentless love stirs the powerful flame? Why, late in the dark and dangerous night he swims the strait, upturned with sudden gusts; over him the great gate of heaven thunders, and the seas dashing against the rocks remonstrate with him. Neither can his distressed parents recall him, nor the maiden about to perish "on the head of it" by a cruel fate. What of the spotted ounces of Bacchus, and the fierce race of wolves and dogs? what of the dreadful battles which the timorous stags wage? Of a truth, the mad love of mares is notable above all others; and this passion Venus herself gave, when his four Potnian mares tore the limbs of Glaucus[1] to pieces with their jaws. Love drives them across Gargarus, and roaring Ascanius:[2] they scale mountains, and ford rivers. And forthwith, when desire is secretly kindled in their eager marrow, chiefly in spring, for in spring the heat returns into their bones, they all, with their faces turned towards the Zephyr, stand on cliffs and catch the gentle gales; and often, wondrous to relate! impregnated by the wind, without any male intercourse, they fly over stones

[1] Glaucus, a son of Sisyphus, king of Corinth, who was torn to pieces at Potnia, in Bœotia, by his own mares.

[2] Ascanius, afterwards called the Hylas, a river of Bithynia, in Asia Minor, flowing into the Propontis (Sea of Marmora) near Cios.

and rocks and deep-sunk valleys, not towards your rising-place, O Eurus, nor to that of the sun, but towards Boreas and Caurus,[1] or whence pitchy Auster rises, and shrouds the heaven with his rainy cold. Here at length a viscous humour distils from their groins, which the shepherds call "hippomanes" by its proper name, and which wicked step-mothers often gather, and to noxious herbs add no unharmful spells.

But meanwhile Time, Time that cannot be recalled, is fleeting, while enamoured of my theme I enter into all details.

Enough on herds: a second part of my task remains, to treat with care of woolly sheep and rough-haired goats. In this let your occupation be: from it hard-working farmers hope for due reward. And I am well aware how difficult it is to master these things in language, and to add the dignity of verse to lowly subjects: but my cherished desire to do so hurries me along the untrodden heights of Parnassus: it delights me to go on those summits, where no track of previous poets turns down to Castalia[2] with a gentle incline.

Now, adorable Pales, now must I sing in lofty strain. In the first place, I advise you shepherds to feed your sheep on fodder in well-littered pens, till by-and-bye the leafy spring return: and to strew the hard ground under them with plenty of straw and with handfuls of fern, lest the icy cold hurt the tender flock, and bring on the mange and filthy foot-rot. Next, leaving them, I bid you to provide the goats with leafy arbutes, and to supply them with water from the stream; and, avoiding winds, to turn their stalls towards the south, and make them face the winter sun, when cold Aquarius[3]

[1] Caurus, the north-west wind; Auster, the south wind.

[2] Castalia, a celebrated fountain of Mount Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

[3] Aquarius, one of the signs of the Zodiac, rises in January, and, as its name imports, is frequently accompanied with rain.

now at length sets, and in the extremity of the year pours forth his rains. Nor are these goats to be tended by us with less care; nor will their profit be less, though Milesian fleeces, that have drunk the Tyrian dye, be sold for a great price; from these is a more numerous breed, from these a greater quantity of milk; the more the pail froths with their exhausted udder, the more will abundant streams flow from their pressed teats. Meanwhile, men are no less careful to clip the beards and hoary chins and long waving hair of the Cinyphian [1] he-goats, for military purposes and for clothing to sailors in their life of hardships. And then they find pasture from the woods, from the summits of Lycæus, from the rough brambles, and from thickets that love the craggy rocks; and the goats of their own accord return home, watchful of the time, and bring their young with them, and scarce can pass the threshold with their laden udders. Therefore, the less they need the attention of man, the more careful must you be to defend them from the cold and the snowy winds; and you must ungrudgingly bring them food, and leafy boughs; and shut not up your hay-lofts during the whole winter.

But when the summer, rejoicing in the inviting Zephyrs, shall send forth both sheep and goats into the lawns and pastures, at the first appearance of Lucifer, let us make for the cool fields, while the morning is young, while the grass is hoary, and the dew, most grateful to the cattle, is still on the tender blade. Then, as soon as the fourth hour of day has accumulated the heat, and the plaintive grass-hoppers shall burst the groves with their notes, I will bid the flocks at wells or deep pools to drink from oaken troughs the water of the stream; but in the noontide heats, I will

[1] Cinyphian he-goats, from Cinyphus, a river and country of Africa, near Tripolis. Goats' hair was used largely in the manufacture of cloth for the covering of tents, and military engines such as the plutei, for sailors and soldiers' dress, ropes, &c.

advise the shepherd to seek out a shady vale, wherever Jove's stately oak with its strength of years extends its huge boughs, or wherever a dark grove of dense holms lies near in peace with hallowed shadow. Then give them once again the limpid streams, and once again feed them at the setting of the sun, when cool Vesper moderates the temperature, and the dewy moon now refreshes the lawns, and the shores resound with the kingfisher, and the bushes with the goldfinch.

Why should I go on to tell you in verse of the shepherds and pastures of Libya, and their settlements with few and thinly scattered huts? Their flocks often graze both day and night, and for a whole month together, and repair into deserts without any shelter; such an extent of plain lies open to them. The African shepherd carries his all with him, his house and his home, his arms, his Amyclean dog, and Cretan quiver: like the vigorous Roman, when equipped in his country's arms, he takes his way under his load, and having pitched his camp, stands in array of battle before he is expected by the foe.

But not so, where are the Scythian nations, and the Mæotic sea,[1] and the turbid Ister, whirling his yellow sand; and where Rhodope retires,[2] and then bends back directly underneath the pole: there they keep their herds shut up in stalls; nor is either any grass to be seen in the fields or leaves on the trees, but the country lies featureless with mounds of snow and deep ice far as the eye can reach, and rises seven ells in height. It is always winter, always north-west winds, with their chilling blast. Then further, the sun never dissipates the dingy shades, either when borne on his steeds he climbs the lofty sky, or when he bathes his

[1] Mæotic waves, *i.e.* Palus Mæotis, now the Sea of Azov or Azof.

[2] Rhodope is a chain of mountains in Thrace, which extends eastward, and is then joined with Hæmus, and parting from it, *returns* northward.

swift chariot in the reddened plain of ocean. Sheets of ice suddenly are congealed in the running river: now on its surface the water sustains the iron-shod wheels; that water formerly the home of ships, now of broad and clumsy waggons. Vases of brass burst everywhere, clothes are congealed on the body, they cut with axes the liquid wine, and whole pools turn to solid ice, and the icicles grow hard and lumpy on their uncombed beards. Meanwhile, with no less vehemence does the snow fall from the whole heavens; the small animals perish; the huge bodies of oxen stand encased in hoar-frost; and the deer, huddling together for heat, lie benumbed under the unusual load, and scarcely overtop it with the tips of their horns. These they hunt not with hounds let loose, nor with any toils, nor do they drive them in a state of terror, through fear of the crimson feathers;[1] but coming close up they slay them with their weapons as they struggle and push with their breasts against the opposing wreath of snow, and they cut them down as they roar piteously; and with loud acclamation bear them off triumphant. The inhabitants themselves, in caves dug deep under ground, enjoy undisturbed leisure, and roll to their hearths piled oaks, and whole elms, and give them to the flames. Here they spend the night in play; and joyous, counterfeit the juice of the grape with their beer and acid cider. Such is that wild race of men lying under the northern Bear, who are buffeted by the Rhipæan east wind, and whose bodies are clothed with the tawny furs of beasts.

If the preparation of wool be your object, first let prickly shrubs, such as burrs and caltrops, be avoided; shun rich pastures; and from the very first choose animals that are white and that have soft wool. The ram, however, though in his body he is pure white, reject if he has only a black tongue in his moist mouth, lest the fleeces of the young

[1] On the "formido" here spoken of, see note on Æn. iv. 121.

lambs be marked with dark spots; and look out for another in the well-stocked field. Thus it was that Pan, the god of Arcadia, if the story be worthy of credit, deceived you, O moon, captivated by the gift of a snow-white ram, inviting you into the deep groves; nor did you scorn his invitation.

But let him who desires abundance of milk carry to the cribs with his own hand the cytisus, and plenty of water-lilies and salt herbs. After this food the animals take more delight in water, and distend their udders the more, and give milk with a slightly saltish taste.

Many keep the new-fallen kids from their dams, and fasten muzzles with iron spikes on their noses. What they milk at sunrise and during the day, they press at night; what they milk when the darkness is now coming on and the sun is setting, they press and carry forth in baskets (the shepherd goes to town with it), or sprinkle it with a little salt and lay it past for winter.

Nor let your care of dogs be the last; but feed at once with fattening whey the swift hounds of Sparta, and the fierce mastiff of Molossis.[1] While these are your guards, you need never fear the nightly robber for your stalls, the inroads of the wolves, or the restless Iberians coming upon you by stealth. Often, too, with your dogs you will pursue the timorous wild asses in the chase, and will hunt the hare and the hinds. Often by the barking of your dogs you will rouse the boar from his marshy lair, and pursue him in wild confusion, and on the lofty mountains will force the giant stag to the nets with loud halloo.

Learn also to burn fragrant cedar in the folds, and to drive away the noxious water-snakes with the scent of galbanum. Often under the mangers, when not cleaned out, either the viper of pernicious touch lies concealed, and

[1] Molossis, a district in the south of Epirus, celebrated for its fierce breed of hounds, much used as watch-dogs.

flies the light of day through fear; or that snake, the direful pest of kine, which is wont to shelter itself under cover, and shed its venom on the cattle, keeps close to the ground.[1] Take stones, shepherd, take clubs; and while he rears his threatening head, and swells his hissing neck, knock him down: and now in flight he has hidden deep in earth his coward head, when the wreaths of his body and the train of his far distant tail are relaxed, and the last coil drags out its slowly moving folds. There is also that baneful snake in the Calabrian brakes,[2] rolling up his scaly back, with breast erect, and long belly speckled with broad spots; which, so long as waters burst from the wells, and so long as the lands are moist with the rainy spring and watery south winds, keeps to the pools, and lodging in the banks, gorges his horrid maw with fish and the croaking frogs. When the fen is dried up, and the soil is rent with drought, he darts forth on dry ground, and, rolling his fiery eyes, wildly scours the fields, made savage by thirst, and in terror from the heat. Forbid that I should then indulge soft slumbers in the open air, or lie on the grass on a wooded hill, when, after casting his slough, he springs forth fresh and bright in youthful vigour, leaving his young or his eggs in his den, and sunward rears his head, and makes his three-forked tongue to dart and quiver in his mouth.

I will also teach you the causes and the signs of their diseases. The filthy scab attacks the sheep when the chilling shower has sunk into the quick, and winter, crisp with hoary frost; or when the sweat, not washed away, has adhered to them after they have been shorn, and prickly briers have torn their bodies. On this account the shepherds dip the whole flock in pure and sweet streams,

[1] Or "always lives under ground," *i.e.* has a light covering of earth over him.

[2] Calabria is a country in the south of Italy, anciently part of Magna Græcia.

and the ram, to drench his fleece, is plunged into the pool, and then is set to float down stream; or they besmear their bodies after shearing with bitter lees of oil, and mix with it litharge of silver, native sulphur, pine-tar, and rich wax, with oil commingled, squills too, rank smelling hellebore, and black bitumen. But there is not any more efficacious remedy for their sufferings than if one could open the head of the ulcer with a lance: the disease is fostered and kept alive by being unopened, while the shepherd refuses to apply the healing hand to the sores, or sits idly by praying the gods for better omens.

Moreover, when the "trouble," penetrating into the inmost bones of the moaning sheep, becomes acute, and the parching fever wastes away their bodies, it has been found useful to drive out the aggravated inflammation, and in the lower part of the foot to open a vein throbbing with blood; just as the Bisaltæ [1] do, and the vigorous Gelonian, when he flies to Rhodope, and the deserts of the Getæ, and drinks mares' milk, thickened with the blood of horses.

Whatever sheep you see either at a distance from the rest, or retiring frequently under the soothing shade, or listlessly cropping the tops of the grass, and following in the rear and feeding, as it lies, in the open plain, and returning by itself late at night, at once kill that faulty one with the knife, before the dire contagion spreads among the unwary flock.

Not so numerous are the whirlwinds which drive before them the wintry storm, and descend with vehemence on the ocean, as are the plagues [2] which attack cattle; and diseases seize not individual sheep alone, but all the summer folds,

[1] Bisaltæ, a people of Macedonia or Thrace. Getæ, a people of European Scythia, inhabiting that part of Dacia near the mouth of the Danube.

[2] Virgil is much indebted to Thucydides and Lucretius throughout the following description, as those who have read these authors will remember.

both the young and their dams alike and in fact the whole stock, root and branch. Then may one know it as soon as he sees, even long afterwards, the ' soaring Alps,' and the Noric strongholds on the heights, and the pastures of the Iapidian Timavus, and the haunts of the shepherds now abandoned, and the glens and glades with not a hoof for miles and miles. Here, once upon a time, a direful season occurred, through a pestilential atmosphere, and the air burned with all the force of autumn's heat, and did to death all kinds of tame and savage beasts. It both polluted the waters and tainted the fodder with disease. Nor were the symptoms and the character of the malady of one kind only, but when the burning fever, coursing through every vein, had shrivelled up their wretched bodies, again the diseased watery humour became excessive, and absorbed the bones which melted into it piecemeal. Often in the midst of the sacrifice, the victim standing at the altar, while the woollen wreath is being entwined with the snowy fillet, has dropped down in the agonies of death among the hands of the lingering attendants. Or if the priest had slaughtered any one before it fell, neither do entrails, when laid on the altars, burn, nor is the augur, when consulted, able from it to give responses ; and the knives, though driven upwards, are scarcely tinged with blood, and the surface of the sand hardly stained with the thin and watery gore. Hence the calves in great number expire in the midst of abundant pastures, and give up their dear lives at the full cribs. Hence the kindly dogs are seized with madness ; and wheezing cough shakes the diseased swine, and suffocates them with swollen throats. The horse that often won the prize, unprofited by former honours, and heedless of his grass, now loathes the streams, and with his foot oft beats the ground ; his ears are drooped, there, too, a fitful sweat appears, and that indeed is cold in those about to die ; his skin is dry, and as one handles it, presents no softness to the touch.

In fatal cases they show these symptoms in the early days of their illness; but when the disease in its progress gets more severe, then indeed their eyes are fiery red, and their long-drawn breathings sometimes are weighted with a groan, and they distend and contract their remotest flanks with a deep sob; black blood oozes from their nostrils, and the rough tongue presses against their closed-up jaws. It has been found useful to pour wine into them through a horn inserted in the mouth; this appeared the sole remedy for the dying: soon after, this very thing proved their destruction; and being reinforced with frenzied fever they became frantic, and they themselves, now in the agonies of death—may the gods allot better things to the good, and give such madness to our foes!—tore and mangled their limbs with teeth all bare. Lo, the bull, too, reeking under the oppressive share, drops down, and vomits forth blood mixed with froth, and heaves his latest groans. The ploughman, unyoking the steer saddened by his comrade's death, departs with heavy heart, and in the midst of his work leaves the plough fixed in the earth. But him, neither the shades of the deep groves nor the soft meadows then affect, nor the rivulet, which, wending its way among the rocks, seeks the plain, purer than amber. Moreover, the extremities of his sides grow flaccid, a stupor dulls his listless eyes, and his neck droops to the ground, down-borne by weight. What do their labours or kind services now profit them? what avails it to have turned the heavy lands with the share? Yet they were never injured by the rich gifts of Bacchus, or by banquets of many courses. They feed on leaves and the nourishment of plain grass; the crystal springs and rapid running rivers are their drink; and no anxiety breaks their healthful slumbers. It is said that at no other time were cattle sought in vain in those regions for Juno's sacred rites, and that chariots were drawn to her lofty shrine by ill-matched buffaloes. Therefore with difficulty men

furrow the ground with hoes, and bury the seed with their very nails, and with straining necks drag the creaking waggons over the high hills. The wolf meditates no raids upon the folds, nor prowls about the flock by night; a sterner care subdues him. The timorous deer and bounding stags now saunter among the dogs and about the houses. Now, too, the waves wash out upon the beach the produce of the boundless ocean, and fish of all kinds, like shipwrecked bodies; and the seals, contrary to their wont, fly to the rivers. The viper, too, in vain seeking protection in her winding burrow, expires; and the water-snakes, whose scales erect betoken their dismay. Even to the very birds the air is fatal; and falling headlong, they leave their lives beneath the lofty cloud.

Besides, it is now of no avail to change their food, and remedies carefully devised prove hurtful: Chiron,[1] son of Philyra, and Melampus, son of Amythaon, masters in the healing art, both baffled, gave it up; Tisiphone,[2] sent from the Stygian glooms to light, ghastly with rage, gives way to deeds of cruelty: diseases and affright she drives before her, and towering aloft, she raises higher day by day her devouring head. With bleating of the sheep, and constant lowing of the cattle, the rivers, the withered banks, and sloping hills resound; and now in heaps she deals destruction, and in the very stalls piles up carcases putrefying in foul corruption, till men learn to bury them in the ground, and cover them in pits. For neither were their hides of any use, nor could they remove the taint and fit the flesh for food by washing or by boiling, or by roasting it with fire; nor durst they so much as shear the fleeces corrupted with

[1] Chiron, one of the Centaurs, son of Saturn and Philyra, was famous for his skill in music, physic, and gymnastics. Melampus, a celebrated soothsayer and physician of Argos.

[2] Tisiphone, one of the Furies, who was the minister of divine vengeance, and punished the wicked in Tartarus.

disease and filthy discharge, or touch the infected yarn. But, moreover, if any one risked the loathsome garments, fiery pustules and disgusting sweat overspread his fetid limbs, and then, in no long time, the sacred fire[1] devoured his body all diseased.

[1] "Sacred fire," *sacer ignis*, was a disease something similar to erysipelas.

BOOK IV.

The subject of the Fourth Book is the management of bees: their habits, economy, polity, and government, are described with the utmost fidelity, and with all the charm of poetry. The Book concludes with the beautiful episode of Aristæus recovering his bees.

In pursuance of my plan, I will now treat of the divine gift of aerial honey.[1] Look with favour, O Mæcenas, on this part also of my work. I will place before you the marvellous exhibition of a miniature republic, and will tell of high-spirited chiefs, and, in due order, of the national character and habits of the whole race, and of their pursuits, their tribes, and their wars. Upon a common-place subject is the labour spent, but not small will be the renown, should unpropitious deities permit me, and should Apollo, when invoked, bend an ear to my prayers.

In the first place, a good locality must be sought for the bees, and a site for the hives, where, on the one hand, the winds may not have access—for the winds interfere with them in carrying home their food—and where, on the other, neither sheep nor frisky kids may tread upon the flowers, or a heifer, straying from the plain, may brush off the dew and bruise the springing grass.

Also let the speckled lizards with scaly backs be far from the well-stocked hives, and woodpeckers, and other birds; and the swallow,[2] whose breast is stained with her bloody hands. For they devastate all around, and in their mouths bear away the bees themselves while on the wing, a sweet morsel for their merciless young. But let clear springs and

[1] Aerial honey: the theory was, that the honey was derived from dew; it was only the wax that was got from flowers.

[2] Procne, the wife of Tereus, king of Thrace, was feigned to have been changed into a swallow. See note on Ecl. 6, line 79.

pools edged with green moss be near, and a rivulet coursing with shallow stream through the grassy meads; and let a palm or stately wild olive overshade the entrance; that, when the new chiefs lead forth the first swarms in the favouring spring, and the young bees, issuing from the hives, indulge in sport, the neighbouring bank may invite them to withdraw from the heat, and the tree facing them may receive them with its leafy shelter. Into the midst of the water, whether it be still or briskly running, throw willows crosswise, and huge stones, that they may rest upon frequent bridges, and spread their wings to the summer sun, if perchance an eastern blast has wet those that lag behind, or immersed them in the flood. Near these surroundings let green casia, and fragrant wild thyme, and a supply of strong-scented savory grow in abundance, and let beds of violets drink a welling[1] fountain.

But as for your hives themselves, whether they be made of hollow bark or woven with pliant osier, let them have their inlets narrow; for winter congeals the honey with its cold, and heat melts it and causes it to run: both agents are equally dreaded by the bees: nor is it for nothing that they smear with wax[2] the small crevices in their "caps," and fill up the edges with fucus and flowers, and collect and preserve for that very purpose a glue which is more tenacious than bird-lime, or the pitch of Phrygian Ida. Often also, if the report be true, they make a comfortable home under ground, having excavated hiding-places, and they have been found deep down in hollow pumice-stones, and the cavity of a rotten tree. Be careful, however, to smear their chinky hives all round with smooth mud to keep them warm, and strew them thinly over with leaves. And suffer not a yew

[1] Observe the active force of "irriguos," viz., welling and watering the flowers.

[2] Called *propolis*, or bee-glue, a resinous gum obtained from the buds of certain trees, such as the birch, the willow, and the poplar.

near their homes, nor burn in the fire the reddening crab-shells, and do not allow them to be near a deep fen, or where there is a noisome smell of mire, or where the vaulted rocks resound on being struck, and the tones of the voice return in echo.

For what remains, when the golden sun has overcome the winter and driven it under ground, and opened the earth and sky with summer light, they forthwith roam through the lawns and woods, and reap the harvest of bright-hued flowers, and lightly sip the surface of the streams. Hence, rendered joyous by some sweet influence or other derived from them, they cherish their offspring and their home; hence they form with cunning art the fresh-gathered wax, and shape the clammy honey. Upon this, when now you see a swarm, after emerging from the hives into the open air, float through the serene summer sky, and marvel at the blackening cloud driven about by the wind, mark it well: they are always seeking for waters and leafy coverts: in this direction, sprinkle the juices prescribed, bruised balm and the common herb of honey-wort; ring bells, and beat all around the cymbals of mother Cybele.[1] They of themselves will settle on the seats prepared; they of themselves, after their manner, will retreat into the inmost cells.[2]

But if they shall have gone forth to battle—for a feud, with violent excitement, often arises between rival chiefs—then you may at once, and at a distance, discover the spirit that animates the multitude, and know that their hearts are panting for war. For that well-known call to arms of the hoarse trumpet chides the lingerers, and a sound is heard like the broken and fitful notes of the bugle horn. Then they meet in great commotion, they flash forth defiance with

[1] Cybele, called the Mother of the Gods, was the daughter of Cœlus and Terra, and wife of Saturn.

[2] *i.e.*, the inmost cells of the new "beescap" made ready to receive the swarm.

their wings and sharpen their stings upon their proboscis, and get their arms ready for action, and, flocking to his pavilion, they crowd around their chief, and with loud buzzing murmurs call forth the foe to battle.

As soon, therefore, as they find the clear spring day and the stormless sky, they rush impetuous from their gates: in middle air they meet in shock of battle; a din is heard; closing in fight they mingle in a whirling mass, and fall headlong to the ground: hail rains not thicker from the air, nor acorns in such quantity from the shaken oak. The chiefs themselves, moving between the hosts, distinguished by their wings, wield mighty souls in tiny bosoms; obstinately determined not to yield till the undisputed victor has compelled either these or those to turn their backs in flight. Such excitements of passion, aye, and such threatening contests, are checked and lulled to rest by the flinging of a little dust.

But when you have recalled both leaders from the battle, put him that seems inferior to death, lest he may damage the hive, being a superfluous chief; and suffer the better one to reign in the palace without a rival. The one will glitter with scale-like spots of gold: for there are two sorts: this is the better, distinguishable both by his mien, and conspicuous with glittering scales; the other is unsightly through sloth, and quite unfit for deeds of glory he drags along a massive paunch.

As there are two styles of the chiefs, so there are two makes of their subjects.[1] For the one set are disgustingly squalid, as the thirsty wayfarer is when he comes from his journey on a road deep with dust, and spits forth the sand from his parched mouth: the others shine and sparkle with brightness, ablaze with gold, and having their bodies spangled with uniform spots. This is the better breed: from these at

[1] This, like many other of Virgil's statements respecting bees, is erroneous.

stated seasons of the year you will press the sweet honey; yet not so much sweet as pure, and calculated to correct the harsh taste of wine.

But when the swarms fly about aimlessly and sport in the air, lose interest in their hives, and leave their cells cold, you will restrain their light-purposed minds from their idle play. Nor is there great difficulty in preventing them: just disable the wings of their chiefs; not one will dare, while they stay behind, to fly aloft, or to depart from the camp.

Let gardens fragrant with saffron flowers invite them; and let the Hellespontian Priapus, who with his willow pruning-bill wards off thieves and birds, be their guardian. Let him whom these things concern be careful to bring thyme and pines from the high mountains, and plant them all around; let him wear his hands with the hard labour; let him himself plant fruit-bearing shoots in the ground, and make a channel for the kindly water.

And indeed, were I not just furling my sails at the end of my toilsome journey, and hastening to turn my prow to land, perhaps I might sing both what method of culture would adorn rich gardens, and the rose-beds of twice bloom-Pæstum;[1] and how endive and banks green with parsley delight in drinking the rills; and how the melon[2] winding through the grass grows into a globe-shape: nor had I passed in silence the late-flowering daffodil, or the stalks of the drooping acanthus, or the pale ivy, and the myrtles that love the shores. For I remember that, under the lofty turrets of Œbalia,[3] where black Galæsus waters the yellowing fields,

[1] Pæstum, a town of Lucania, on the Gulf of Salerno.

[2] This is not our common cucumber, but *Concomero serpentino*, which is twice its length, has a crooked neck and swollen belly, and tastes like the melon. Some count it a sort of melon.

[3] Œbalia, *i.e.* Tarentum. It was so called because built by a colony under Phalanthus, who came from Œbalia, a name given to Laconia, in Greece, from a mythical king called Œbalus. Galæsus, a river of Calabria, flowing into the Bay of Tarentum.

I saw an old Corycian,[1] to whom belonged a few acres of unclaimed land; and that soil was not rich enough for the plough, nor suitable for flocks, nor adapted to vines. Yet here among these brambly brakes, planting a few pot-herbs, and white lilies round them, vervain, and small-grained poppies, he equalled in his contentment of mind the wealth of kings; and returning late at night, he loaded his board with unbought dainties. He was the first to gather the rose in spring, and apples in autumn; and even when dreary winter was splitting the rocks by its cold, and was bridling up the current of the rivers with ice, at that very time he was gathering the leaves of the soft acanthus, taunting the summer for its lateness and the west winds for their delay.

He, therefore, was the first to have queen-mothers and their numerous progeny, and to squeeze and strain the frothing honey from the pressed combs; he had limes and pines in great abundance and luxuriance; and as many apples as the fertile tree had been clothed with in early blossom, so many it retained to ripeness in autumn. He too transplanted and arranged in order the elms, even though late, and hard pear-trees, and blackthorns now bearing engrafted plums, and the plane already affording shade to drinkers. But these I for my part pass over, prevented by limited space, and leave them to be taken up by others after me.

Now, come, I will lay clearly before you those natural qualities and instincts which Jupiter imparted to bees as an extra gift: (I will show) for what a noble hire it was that, following the sounds of the Curetes,[2] and their tinkling cymbals, they fed the king of heaven in the Dictæan cave. They alone have an offspring in common; they alone share the buildings of their city with equal rights, and pass their lives under inviolable laws; and they alone know what "native

[1] A native of Corycus (a town of Cilicia), who had settled in Italy.

[2] Curetes, or Corybantes, the priests of Cybele, who inhabited Mount Ida in Crete.

country" means, and "settled household gods." And, mindful of the coming winter, they engage in toil in summer, and store their acquisitions in a common stock. For some have the charge of the food, and by a settled arrangement busy themselves in the fields; some within the inclosure of their hives lay Narcissus'[1] tears, and clammy gum from bark of trees, for the first foundation of the combs, and then build downwards[2] the viscid wax; others lead out new hives, the hope of the race; others pack the crystal honey, and distend the cells with its liquid nectar. There are some to whom the charge has been assigned to guard the outer entrance, and taking it by turns they look for rain and observe the clouds of heaven; or they who receive the loads of those who return; or who, in marshalled band, drive from the hives the drones, an inactive horde. The work goes on apace, and the honey smells rich of thyme.

And as when the Cyclopes hasten to forge thunderbolts from the ductile masses, some receive the air in bull-hide bellows and give it forth again; some dip the hissing brass in the trough: Ætna groans under the weight of the mounted[3] anvils: they alternating one with the other, raise their arms in concert and with giant strength, and turn the iron with the griping pincers: just so, if we may compare small things with great, does the innate love of gain prompt the Cecropian bees,[4] each in his proper function. The older bees have the care of their cities, both to build

[1] Narcissus, a beautiful youth, who, on seeing his image reflected in a fountain, became enamoured of it, thinking it to be the nymph of the place. He died of grief, and was changed into a flower, which still bears his name. Narcissus' tears, *i.e.* the honey juice.

[2] Bees attach their combs to the roof of the hive, and then build downwards.

[3] "Mounted," *i.e.* placed on their blocks.

[4] That is, Attic or Athenian bees, from Cecrops, the founder and first king of Athens. Mount Hymettus, in Attica, was famed for its thyme.

the cells, and fashion their cunningly-wrought homes. But the younger return fatigued late at night, their thighs laden with thyme-honey; they feed at large on arbutes and grey willows, on casia, and golden-hued crocus, on the gummy lime, and deep-coloured hyacinths. All have one rest from work, all one common labour; in the morning they rush out of the gates: nowhere is there delay; again, when the evening at length has warned them to return from the fields after feeding, then they seek their homes, and then refresh their bodies: a noise arises, and they hum about the borders and the entrance of their hives. Soon after, when they have composed themselves in their cells, silence reigns during the night, and well-earned sleep enfolds their weary limbs. Nor do they remove to a great distance from their abode when rain impends, or trust the sky when east winds approach; but in safety supply themselves with water around their stations near the walls of their city, and attempt but short excursions; and often take up little stones, as unsteady vessels do ballast in a tossing sea; with these they steady themselves through the unsubstantial vapour.

You will marvel that this custom in particular has been adopted by the bees, that they neither indulge in conjugal intercourse, nor relax and effeminate their bodies in love, nor bring forth young with throes of travail. But they themselves gather their progeny with their mouths from leaves and fragrant herbs: they themselves provide a sovereign and tiny subjects, and repair and replenish their palaces and waxen realms.

Often, too, in wandering among the flinty rocks, they tear their wings, and voluntarily yield up their lives under their burden: so powerful in them is the love of flowers, and so strong is their ambition to collect honey. Well, then, though the term of a short life awaits individual bees themselves—for not more than the seventh summer is passed by them—yet the race remains imperishable, and the fortune of the

house abides unshaken, and grandsires of grandsires are reckoned.

Besides, not Egypt's self, nor great Lydia, nor the tribes of the Parthians, nor the Medes by Hydaspes'[1] banks, pay such homage to their chief; whilst he is safe, one spirit animates them all: when he is gone, they break the bond of union, and they themselves plunder and carry off the piled honey, and break up the network of their combs. He safeguards their labours: they look to him with respect and awe, and they all surround him with unanimous applause, and attend him in crowds, and often raise him on their shoulders, and expose their own bodies to the fight and seek a noble death by wounds.

Some, judging from these indications, and led by these proofs of wisdom, have said that bees possess a portion of, or an emanation from, the Divine intelligence; that the Deity pervades the whole earth, the realms of sea, and the depth of heaven; that hence the flocks, the herds, men, and all the race of beasts individually derive at their birth the tender thread of life; that, moreover, all things in dissolution return and are restored to that original source; and that there is no place for death, but that they soar, still alive and conscious, each to count as a star, and mount to lofty heaven.

If at any time you wish to open their narrow home and uncover the honey hoarded in their storehouses, having first washed your body, foment your mouth with draughts of water, and with your hand thrust forward the persecuting smoke. Men twice collect the heavy produce; there are two seasons for their harvest: as soon as the Pleiad Taygete[2]

[1] Hydaspes, a river of the Punjaub, in India, now called Jelum. It rises in one of the Paropamisus range, which extends into Ancient Persia; and so, as the Medes and Persians were closely associated, Virgil takes a liberty with geographical accuracy.

[2] Taygete, a daughter of Atlas and Pleione, who became one of the Pleiades after death.

has shown her kindly face to the earth, and has spurned with her foot the discarded streams of ocean; or when she, flying before the star of the watery Pisces, descends from heaven into the wintry waters, with a saddened look. They are wrathful above measure; and when provoked, instil venom with their stabs: fastening viciously on the flesh, they leave behind their invisible stings, and lay down their lives in the wound.

If, however, you shall fear a severe winter, and wish to spare their future support, and have pity on their broken spirits and disabled state, yet who will hesitate to fumigate their hives with thyme, and remove the empty wax? for often the combs are eaten away by the undetected lizard, and by cellsful of cockroaches that shun the light, and by the unprofitable drone which "coolly" eats another's food; or the fierce hornet has rushed upon their ill-matched weapons; or the moths, a horrid crew; or the spider, hateful to Minerva, has suspended her loose nets in the doorways. The more exhausted they shall be, the more vigorously will they all set themselves to repair the ruins of their fallen fortunes, to fill up the rows of combs, and construct their cells with pollen.

If, however, since life has on bees too entailed our misfortunes, their bodies shall languish with a sore disease,—which you may know by undoubted signs,—immediately the sick change colour; ghastly leanness alters their appearance; then they carry the bodies of the dead out of their houses, and conduct the mournful funerals; or clinging together by the feet, hang about the entrance, and stay within the closed hive, all being both spiritless from want of food, and benumbed with pinching cold. Then a dullish noise is heard, and they hum continuously; as at times the south wind murmurs through the woods; as the troubled sea resounds under the retreating waves; as the quick-burning fuel roars in closed retorts. In this case,

now, I would advise you to burn odoriferous galbanum, and to put honey into their troughs, through pipes of reed, encouraging and coaxing them, weakened as they are, to their favourite food. It will be of service also to mix with it the flavour of pounded gall-nuts and dried roses, or must boiled down over a slow fire, or raisins from the Psithian vine, Cecropian thyme, and strong-smelling centaury. There is also in the meadows a flower, to which the husbandmen have given the name of amellus; an herb easy to be found; for from one tangled root it shoots a forest of stalks, the central disk of golden hue; but on the leaves, which spring forth thickly around, the purple of the dark violet shows slightly. The altars of the gods are often decked with festoons made from it. Its taste is bitter in the mouth; the shepherds gather it in valleys that have been grazed on, and near the winding streams of Mella.[1] Boil the roots of it in high-flavoured wine; and place it in full baskets at the door, as food for them.

But if any one shall have suddenly lost his whole stock, and shall have no means to recover a new brood, it is time both to lay before you the memorable invention of the Arcadian shepherd, and how the putrid gore of bullocks slain has often heretofore produced bees: I will unfold the whole story, tracing it far back from its original source. For where the favoured people of the Pellæan Canopus[2] dwell hard by the Nile, which expands into a lake with its overflowing stream, and are carried round their fields in painted canoes; and where a contiguous territory of quiver-armed Parthia[3] adjoins [the Egyptian country] and the

[1] Mella, a small river of Cisalpine Gaul, falling into the Ollius, and with it into the Po.

[2] Canopus (near Aboukir), a city of Egypt, 12 miles east from Alexandria. It is here called Pellæan, in allusion to the conquest of the country by Alexander the Great, who was born at Pella.

[3] The Parthian empire is often spoken of as Persia, as it is in the text.

river borne down from the swarthy Indians (*i.e.* Ethiopians) fertilises verdant Egypt with its black and unctuous mould, and as it rushes on, separates into seven distinct mouths, the entire region confidently alleges that there is a never-failing safeguard in this plan. First, a space of ground of small dimensions, and narrowed for this purpose, is chosen; this they cover in with the tiling of a narrow roof and with confining walls; and add four openings with a slanting light turned towards the four points of the compass. Then a bullock, just arching his horns on his forehead of two years old, is sought out: whilst he struggles fiercely, they close up both his nostrils and his mouth; and when they have beaten him to death, his battered carcase is macerated within the hide which remains unbroken. Then they leave him in the pent-up chamber, and lay under his sides fragments of boughs, thyme, and fresh casia. This is done when first the zephyrs stir the waves, before the meadows blush with new colours, before the twittering swallow suspends her nest upon the rafters. Meanwhile, the animal juices, warmed in the softened bones, ferment: and living things of wonderful aspect, first devoid of feet, and in a little while buzzing with wings, swarm together, and more and more take to the thin air, till they burst away like a shower poured down from summer clouds; or like an arrow from the impelling string, when the swift Parthians first begin the fight.

What god, ye Muses, what god devised for us this art? whence took this new invention of men its rise?

The shepherd Aristæus,[1] hastening from Peneian Tempe,[2]

[1] Aristæus was the son of Apollo and Cyrene. He became enamoured of Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus. He was the first who taught mankind the culture of olives, and the management of bees; after death he was worshipped as a god.

[2] Peneian Tempe, a celebrated vale in Thessaly, between Mount Olympus and Ossa, through which the river Peneus flows into the

after losing his bees, as it is said, by disease and want of food, stopped, sad of heart, at the far distant and sacred source of the river, and with many complainings addressed his mother as follows: Mother, mother Cyrene, who inhabit the depths of this fountain, why did you bring me forth, with evil destiny, from the illustrious race of the gods, if indeed, as you allege, Thymbræan Apollo is my sire? or whither has your love for me fled? why did you bid me hope for heaven? Lo, I, though you are my mother, am abandoning this present crown of my mortality, which a watchful care of flocks and of crops had wrought out for me after many trials. But come, with your own hands uproot my fruit-bearing trees, fling the destructive fire into my stalls, and destroy my harvest: blast my nurseries, and wield the strong axe against my vines, if such disgust at my success has possessed you.

But his mother heard the sound down below in the chamber of the deep river: her nymphs around her were spinning the Milesian fleeces, dyed with rich glass-green tincture, Drymo [1] and Xantho, Ligea and Phyllodoce, their hair trim and glossy, flowing over snow-white necks; Nesæe and Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce, Cydippe and flaxen-haired Lycorias, the one a virgin, the other having just experienced the first labours of Lucina; Clio and her sister Beroe, both daughters of Oceanus, both decked with gold, both in spotted skins arrayed; Ephyre and Opis, and Asian Deïopeia; and swift Arethusa, her darts being at length laid aside: among whom Clymene was relating Vulcan's watchful jealousy, and the wiles and sweet intrigues of Mars, and was

Ægean. Thymbra, a plain in Troas, through which the river Thymbrius flowed in its course to the Scamander. Apollo had there a temple, and thence he is called Thymbræan.

[1] Drymo, &c. These were sea-nymphs, the attendants of Cyrene, daughter of the river Peneus, who was carried by Apollo to that part of Africa which was called Cyrenaica. There she became the mother of Aristæus.

recounting the many amours of the gods, down from Chaos. Whilst the nymphs, charmed with the song, unroll their woolly tasks from the spindles, the lamentations of Aristæus again struck his mother's ears, and all were amazed on their crystal seats: but Arethusa, looking forth before her other sisters put out her golden head from the water; and from afar she cried, O sister Cyrene, not in vain alarmed by such piteous wailing, your own darling Aristæus is standing in distress and tears beside the waters of Father Peneus, and naming you, calls you hard-hearted. To her, mother Cyrene, her soul thrilled with strange dread, cries, come bring him, bring him quickly to me: to him it is permitted to touch the courts of the gods. At the same time she commands the deep river streams to divide on all sides from the place where the youth was to approach. And the water, curving like a mountain side, stood round about him, and received him into its ample bosom, and wafted him beneath the river. And now, admiring his mother's palace and humid realms, the lakes pent up in caverns, and the sounding groves, he passed along, and, amazed at the vast flow of waters, surveyed all the rivers gliding under the great earth, widely distant in locality: Phasis[1] and Lycus, and the source whence deep Enipeus first bursts forth, whence father Tiberinus, and whence Anio's[2] streams, and Hypanis[3] thundering o'er the rocks, and Mysian Caïcus, and Eridanus, his bull-front decked with gilded horns, than which no river rushes through the fertile fields with greater force into the dark blue sea.

After he had arrived under the roof of her chamber,

[1] Phasis (Phaz or Rioni), a river of Colchis, rising in Mount Caucasus, and falling into the Euxine. Lycus, a river of Armenia. Enipeus, a river of Thessaly, falling into the Peneus.

[2] Anio (Teverone), a river of Italy, which falls into the Tiber.

[3] Hypanis (Bug), a river of European Scythia, which runs into the Euxine. Caïcus, a river of Mysia, falling into the Ægean.

formed of pendent pumice-stones, and Cyrene found that the causes of her son's lamentations were trifling, the sisters in due course present fresh-water for his hands, and bring towels with close cut pile. Some load the board with viands, and put down full cups. The altars burn with incense fires. Then mother Cyrene thus speaks: Take bowls of Mæonian wine, let us offer a libation to Ocean. At the same time she herself addresses Ocean, the parent of all things, and the sister nymphs, a hundred of whom guard the woods, a hundred the rivers. Thrice she sprinkled the blazing Vesta with the pure wine: thrice the flame, mounting to the top of the roof, flashed again: with which omen encouraging his mind, she thus begins: In Neptune's Carpathian gulf there dwells a seer, cœrulean Proteus,[1] who traverses the great sea drawn by fishes, and riding in a chariot with two-legged steeds. He now is revisiting the ports of Emathia and his native Pallene:[2] him both we nymphs adore, and even old Nereus[3] himself; for the prophet knows all things, both those that are and those that have been, and those that are coming on in slow futurity. For such is the will of Neptune; whose monster-herds and ugly seals he feeds under the deep. He, my son, must first be caught by you with chains, that he may explain the whole cause of the disease, and make the issue prosperous. For no instructions will he give without compulsion, nor can you move him by entreaty; when you have caught him employ brute-force, and tighten fast his bonds; by these

[1] Proteus, a sea-deity, son of Oceanus and Tethys. He is represented by the poets as usually residing in the Carpathian Sea, between Crete and Rhodes. He possessed the gift of prophecy, and also the power of assuming different shapes. He was represented as drawn by hippopotami, whose front part resembled a horse, and their hinder a fish; hence they are called "two-legged steeds."

[2] Pallene, a small peninsula of Macedonia, on the Ægean Sea.

[3] Nereus, a sea-god, son of Oceanus and Terra, and husband of Doris, by whom he had fifty daughters, the Nereids.

means all his wiles will at length be baffled and rendered unavailing. As soon as the sun has kindled the blaze of noon, when the herbs are parched, and the shade becomes more grateful to the cattle, I myself will conduct you into the private abode of the aged god, whither he retires from the waves when fatigued, that you may easily assail him while lying asleep. But when, having seized him, you shall hold him fast with your arms and chains, then various forms and features of wild beasts will parry your efforts. For suddenly he will become a bristly boar, a savage tigress, a scaly dragon, and a lioness with tawny neck; or he will turn himself into a blazing fire, and then slip from your bonds; or he will vanish into thin water and escape. But the more he shall change himself into all shapes, do you, my son, still closer pull hard the griping chain, until, with altered form, he shall become the same as when you saw him close his eyes in early sleep.

So she speaks; and sheds all around the streaming scent of sweet ambrosia, with which she overspread the body of her son. Now from his well-trimmed hair a delicious fragrance breathed, and sprightly vigour came upon his limbs. In the side of a hollowed mountain there is a spacious cave, into which many a wave is driven by the wind, and divides itself into receding curves; at times a most secure anchorage for sailors overtaken by a storm. Within, Proteus hides himself behind the barrier of a huge rock. Here the nymph places the youth in concealment, so that the light may not strike upon him; she herself, hid in mist, remains hard by. Now the scorching dog-star, roasting the parched Indians, was blazing in the sky, and the sun like a ball of fire had finished half his course; the grass was parched; and the rays warmed the shallow[1]

[1] Shallow, literally hollow, suggesting that the water is no longer up to the banks, but that the upper part being evaporated, there remains only an empty hollow where the water had been.

streams to the mud, and made them boil in their dried-up channels, when Proteus went forth from the waves, making for his grotto. The watery race of the vast ocean, gambolling around him, scatter the briny spray far and near. The sea-calves lay themselves down to sleep here and there along the shore. He himself takes his seat in a central position on a rock and counts again their numbers, just as at times a shepherd does in the mountains, when evening brings home the bullocks from the pasture, and the lambs with noisy bleatings whet the hunger of the wolves. And when a favourable opportunity of seizing him presented itself to Aristæus, he scarcely suffers the aged god to lay his weary limbs to rest, but rushes upon him with a great shout, and anticipating him, secures him with shackles as he lies. He, on the other hand, not forgetful of his wiles, transforms himself into all extraordinary sorts of things: fire, and a frightful wild beast, and a flowing river. But when no tricky device could find him a means of escape, being baffled, he returns to his former self, and at last spoke with the voice of a man: For who, pray, desired you, most presumptuous of youths, to come to my abode? or what do you want from me? says he. But he replied, You know it, O Proteus, you know it of yourself; nor is it possible to deceive you in anything: but do you cease to try to deceive me. Following the advice of the deities, I have come to seek from you divine counsel in regard to my ruined affairs. Thus much he spoke. Upon this the seer, at length under the powerful influence of inspiration,[1] rolled his eyes,

[1] When the influence of deity was beginning to inspire the seer, it showed itself by strange excitement, convulsive spasms, and similar tokens. Some interpret *magna vi* "with great violence"; as if the flashing of the eyes and the gnashing of the teeth indicated great passion, a rather undignified attitude for a sage old deity, who begins very quietly. It may mean "under great compulsion," as Aristæus had used so much force.

flashing with azure light, and gnashing his teeth fiercely, opened his mouth to disclose the oracles.

It is the vengeance of no insignificant deity that pursues you: you are paying the penalty of grievous sins. Orpheus, wretched to a degree which he by no means merited, is instigating this vengeance on you, did not your destiny oppose it, and is grievously enraged for his wife being torn from him. She, indeed, poor girl, soon to die, when escaping from you in headlong flight along the river's side, did not see before her feet a huge water-serpent, "keeping close" on the bank in the deep grass. But the whole company of her comrade Dryads filled the summits of the mountains with their shrieks of woe: the heights of Rhodope wept, and the lofty Pangæa,[1] and the martial land of Rhesus. Orpheus himself, soothing the anguish of his love with his concave shell, sang of you, sweet spouse, of you on the lonely shore at the dawn of day, of you at the day's decline. He, entering even the jaws of Tænarus, Pluto's lofty[2] gate, and the grove darkling with gloomy horror, visited the Manes, and their dreaded king, and those hearts that know not to relent at human prayers. But the airy shades and phantoms of the dead, moved by his song, came crowding forth from depths of Erebus,[3] as numerous as the birds that hide themselves by thousands in the woods, when evening or a wintry storm drives them from the mountains; matrons, and men, and ghosts of gallant heroes gone, boys and unmarried girls, and striplings laid on funeral piles before their parents' eyes; whom the black mud and unsightly reeds of Cocytus, and the unlovely lake

[1] Pangæus, or Pangæa, a mountain on the confines of Macedonia and Thrace. Land of Rhesus, *i.e.* Thrace.

[2] This may apply to the height of the rocks at the entrance of the cave, or to the depth of the passage downwards.

[3] Erebus, a god of hell; often used to signify hell itself. Cerberus, a dog with three heads, that watched the entrance into the infernal regions.

with the sluggish flood, confine, and Styx encircles with a ninefold stream. The very habitations and inmost dungeons of death were astonished, and the Furies too, their hair with azure snakes entwined, and Cerberus in act of yawning, held fast his triple mouth, and by the lulling of the wind, the circle of Ixion's wheel stood still. And now retracing his steps, he had escaped all mishaps, and Eurydice, restored to him, was just approaching the regions above, following behind him, for Proserpine had imposed this condition, when a sudden infatuation seized the unwary lover, pardonable indeed, if the Manes knew how to pardon: he stopped, and on the very verge of light, forgetful, alas! and not master of himself, he looked back on his Eurydice: in that act, all his toil was thrown to the winds, and the terms of the relentless tyrant broken; and thrice a crash as of thunder was heard from the Avernian lake. Orpheus, she says, what foolish fondness, what powerful infatuation, has ruined both me, wretched, and you too? See once more the relentless Fates call me back, and sleep closes my swimming eyes. And now farewell; I, alas! no longer yours, am borne away, encompassed with pitchy darkness, and stretching forth to you my hands, now powerless. She ceased to speak; and suddenly fled from his sight in the opposite direction, as it were smoke blended with the unsubstantial air; nor afterwards did she see him vainly grasping at the shades, and wishing to say many things; nor did the ferryman of Orcus suffer him again to cross the intervening lake. What was he to do? whither was he to turn himself, now that his love had twice been torn from him? with what tears was he to move the Manes, with what words the nether gods? She indeed, already cold in death, was now floating in the Stygian boat. For seven whole months in succession, they say, he mourned beneath a weather-beaten rock by the streams of lonely Strymon, and unfolded these his woes under the cold caves,

softening the very tigers, and leading the oaks after him by his song: as the sorrowing nightingale, under cover of a poplar, bemoans her lost young, which some unfeeling ploughman noticing in the nest has stolen unfledged; but she laments the livelong night, and, perched upon a bough, renews again and again her doleful notes, and far and near fills every region with her mournful plaints. No love passion, no hymeneal joys could alter his resolve. Alone he traversed the northern fields of ice, the snowy Tanais, and the plains never free from Rhipæan frosts, deploring the loss of his Eurydice, and Pluto's fruitless gifts; by which tribute of affection[1] the Ciconian women feeling themselves slighted, tore the youth in pieces amidst the sacred service of the gods and nocturnal orgies of Bacchus, and scattered his limbs far and wide over the fields. And even then, whilst Œagrian Hebrus, bearing on its surface his head, wrung from a neck like marble, was carrying it down in middle stream, the lifeless voice itself, and tongue now cold, with latest breath called "Eurydice, ah, poor Eurydice": the banks re-echoed Eurydice all down the river. Thus Proteus sang, and plunged with a bound into the deep sea; and where he plunged, he tossed up the foaming water under the seething eddy.

But not so Cyrene: for, unasked, she addressed Aristæus in a state of awe: My son, you may ease your mind of vexatious cares. This is the whole cause of the plague; on account of this the nymphs, whose choral dances she shared in the deep groves, have sent this melancholy annihilation on your bees; but, penitent for your fault, present offerings and ask reconciliation, and worship the easily appeased nymphs of the wood, for they will pardon you in answer to your prayer, and will forego their anger. But first will I

[1] *Munere* seems to mean here "duty to the dead." It is frequently used to signify the last service to the dead, burial and accompanying offices.

show you in order what must be your manner of worship. Pick out four bulls, conspicuous for beauty of form, which are now grazing, at your service, on the heights of green Lycæus; and as many heifers, whose necks have not felt the yoke. For these erect four altars beside the lofty temples of the goddesses: draw the sacred blood from their throats, and leave the carcases of the oxen in the leafy grove. Afterwards, when the ninth morn has shown her rising beams, you will give Lethæan poppies as funeral offerings to Orpheus, and you will sacrifice a black ewe, and revisit the grove. You will worship and appease Eurydice by a heifer offered in sacrifice.

He delays not, but instantly executes the orders of his mother: he repairs to the temple; he raises the altars as directed; he leads forward four bulls, conspicuous for beauty of form, and as many heifers, whose necks never felt the yoke. Thereafter, when the ninth morning had ushered in her dawn, he presents the funeral offerings to Orpheus, and revisits the grove. But here they behold a prodigy unexpected, and wonderful to tell: bees humming through the macerated flesh of the oxen over the entire length of the belly, and bursting forth from the riven sides, and floating aloft in enormous clouds, and now swarming together on the top of a tree, and hanging down in a grape-like cluster from the bending boughs.

These poems about the culture of the fields, and the treatment of flocks and of trees, I was engaged in composing whilst great Cæsar is thundering in war by the deep Euphrates, and as a conqueror is administering justice among willing nations, and is treading the road to Olympus. At that time the charming Parthenope[1] was nursing me,

[1] Parthenope, the modern Naples. It received the name of Parthenope from one of the Sirens who was buried there.

Virgil, luxuriating in the occupations of a fameless leisure; me, who to amuse myself wrote songs of shepherds, and being bold through youth, I sang of you, O Tityrus, beneath the covert of a spreading beech.

THE AENEID.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Æneid is an Epic Poem in twelve Books, having for its subject the fate of Æneas, the founder of a second Ilium, and indirectly of Rome, and the ancestor of the Julian family. It is said to have occupied ten years of the poet's life, from probably 29 B.C. to 19 B.C., but at his death it was still incomplete. Virgil seems to have conceived at an early date the idea of writing an Epic Poem, as his expressions in Ecl. VI. 3, VIII. 7, and Geo. III. 46 show. It is probable that at first the design was to sing the praises of Octavianus (Augustus), but it was afterwards extended so as to include the legendary origin and much of the actual history of the Roman people. There does not seem to be any authority for the statement that the work was begun by the command of Augustus; but no doubt the Emperor, with whom Virgil was a favourite, would encourage him in the composition of a great poem which might rival the Iliad of Homer, and shed lustre on Rome and her Ruler. The fame which the poet had gained by the publication of the Eclogues and Georgics would naturally lead his friends and admirers to entertain the highest expectations of a more ambitious effort on a theme giving fuller scope for his poetic fancy, and would justify them in urging him to undertake such a task.

It has been already said in the Introduction to the Eclogues that it was considered a merit rather than otherwise to imitate or even copy from the great writers of Greece. We have seen that Theocritus was Virgil's model for the Bucolics, and Hesiod for the Georgics. So now we find that Homer is the

great source from which he derives his ideas and his materials. Thus the romantic adventures of Æneas in his wanderings by land and sea are the counterpart of those of Ulysses in the Odyssey; and the war with Turnus after his arrival in Italy owes its grandeur and its thrilling interest to the Iliad, and the battles there described. The great outlines and prominent features of the Iliad and the Æneid are largely similar. As in the Iliad the wrath of Achilles was to the Greeks the "direful spring of woes unnumbered," so in the Æneid was the "never dying enmity" of Juno to the Trojans. In the Odyssey, again, Ulysses pays a visit to the infernal regions, and in the Æneid a similar journey is performed by Æneas, under the guidance of the Sibyl, to hold converse with his father and learn the fortunes and the fate of his posterity. Besides these, there are very many minor imitations, such as the description of the shield of Achilles made by Vulcan, and that of Æneas by the same master-hand. The storm in Book V. of the Odyssey is reproduced with variations in Book I. of the Æneid: the adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclops Polyphemus suggests that of Æneas with the same cruel monster. Many of the most splendid passages in the Æneid are borrowed closely from Homer, as also the finest similes, images, and epithets. But it is beyond the purpose of this brief notice to enlarge on these. Virgil has likewise drawn freely from the Greek Tragedians, from Apollonius Rhodius, and from the Cyclic poets, who described the return of the Grecian Chiefs from Troy and their after fortunes.

While using the materials which these earlier authors supplied, Virgil has shown consummate skill in the arrangement of incidents, and has added a charm to them by the beauty of the language in which he reproduces them to his countrymen, and by the polish and the rhythmical perfection of his verses. The episodes which he introduces are of that exquisite kind which have been already seen in the Georgics. What sweeter specimen of tender pathos can there be than the story of Camilla? or that of Nisus and Euryalus? or where can we find more powerfully portrayed than in the character of Dido the furious passion of disappointed love, conjoined with the unselfish fondness of woman and the noble generosity of a queen? And who

can read unmoved the deeply touching meeting of Æneas and Andromache? the death of King Priam? the untimely fate of Pallas, and the overwhelming sorrow of his aged father? And who can withhold a sigh or even a tear from the savage Mezentius, who with the ferocity of a wild beast united that instinct of nature which kindled in his heart the warmest affection for his son?

The character of Æneas, the hero of the poem, has been spoken of by some critics as disappointing. They allow that though he possesses many virtues, and is the embodiment of filial devotion and general goodness, yet he does not command that admiration which a Hector, an Achilles, or a Diomede calls forth: that though he is brave and patient, submissive to the will of heaven, to which he refers all his troubles in perfect faith, yet he is selfish, mean, unmanly, and heartless. Our ideas derived from the author of the Iliad are somewhat to blame for this unjust estimate. The scenes in which Homer makes Æneas figure do not certainly represent him as a first-class hero, but that should not affect our opinion of his appearances in Virgil. The Homeric heroes were cast in an old and an essentially different mould from that of the Virgilian and newer one, and what was deemed justifiable in the one is not approved of in the other. Thus the conduct of Æneas to Dido differs little from that of Ulysses to Calypso, and yet the latter is excused and the former is blamed. In Homer the goddess is ordered to let Ulysses go, while in Virgil Dido receives no such divine command, and thus the whole odium is thrown on Æneas, who is obliged not only to justify himself for departing, but also to explain the imperative orders of the gods. Such desertions of females were by no means uncommon in the heroic age, and it is only the intense interest which Virgil himself has excited in the forsaken queen that leads us to judge Æneas by a severer standard. From Homer Dido would have probably received little pity.

Virgil has perhaps given to Æneas too much of his own nature—has made him too soft-hearted, too prone to tears, too accessible to noble feelings, and requiring too much to be pushed on by a god or a fellow-mortal. Æneas, as the destined

progenitor of a noble race, is not made to run such risks as Ulysses freely ran, and thus the Æneid is deficient in those thrilling incidents which impart so much life and so much interest to the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer possessed ample stores of national tradition on which to draw abundantly, but of these Virgil was almost entirely destitute, and so was thrown back on his own reflection and his own inventive genius. Virgil's perception of the defects of his great poem is the best proof that he considered it only a rough draft. Death unfortunately prevented its thorough revisal, and perhaps its entire recasting; but when the rough draft has been found so beautiful, what might not the poem have been made after the contemplated polish of three long years, to be spent amid the scenery and the other associations of the story of the Æneid? Virgil's attitude towards his own work largely disarms criticism, and takes the sting out of many ill-natured and unfair remarks of commentators.

To Virgil, notwithstanding all his indebtedness to Homer and other poets, we must ascribe a prolific genius and an extraordinary power of amplification. And this must necessarily be the case since the poet's great aim was to exalt the Roman people and state, and the Julian family, and to introduce into his Epic notices, more or less extended, of all the most glorious events and noble characters in his country's history. For this task he was particularly well fitted, from his great study of the older writers and his warm admiration of the ancient forms and morals of the "good old times." We see this reverence for what was national and old in his archaism, whether in reference to manners and customs, to religious ceremonial and priestly functions, to archæology, to matter of antiquarian curiosity, or to obsolete forms of words and disused expressions.

Throughout the Æneid, as in the Eclogues and Georgics, Virgil gives abundant proof of his warm sympathy with nature, and with all that is beautiful, gentle, and refined, as we might expect from him who conceived and drew the character of the "Pious Æneas." In poetic art he surpassed all Roman poets; and whether we regard the truthfulness of his pictorial descriptions, the dignified majesty of his language, or the polish and

easy flow of his hexameters, we are bound to pronounce him to be, as a poet, *primus inter primores*, and to regard the Æneid, with all its faults and shortcomings, as the most pleasing of Latin poems. No other work of antiquity has been more generally read; none has delighted more human hearts; and none has had a greater influence for good on the literature of every country in the civilised world.

THE AENEID.

BOOK I.

In the First Book Æneas is introduced in the seventh year of his expedition. Sailing from Sicily he is shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, where he is kindly received by Dido, queen of Carthage. The description of the storm in this book is particularly admired.

I sing[1] of arms, and of the man who, being driven from his country by the decrees of Fate, first came from the coasts of Troy to Italy, even to the Lavinian shore,[2] much harassed both on sea and land by the violence of heaven, because of the unforgotten grudge of relentless Juno; suffering much in war too, while he strove to found a city, and to establish his gods in Latium; from him sprang the Latin race, the Alban fathers, and the walls of lofty Rome.

Rehearse to me, O Muse, the causes,—for what insult to her divinity,[3] or by what act aggrieved, did the queen of

[1] Respecting the four verses usually prefixed to the Æneid, see Conington.

[2] Lavinium (Pratica), a city of Latium, built by Æneas, and called by that name in honour of Lavinia, his wife.

[3] *i.e.*, *quo numine* may mean what wish or purpose of Juno was frustrated, referring to her desire to make Carthage the "Mistress of the World," instead of Rome; "aggrieved by what" may point to the favour shown to Paris and Ganymede.

heaven force a man noted for his goodness[1] to pass through so many trials, to undergo so many hardships. Is it possible that such resentment can exist in the minds of deities?

There was in olden times a city, Carthage by name, occupied by settlers from Tyre, facing Italy and the mouth of the Tiber, though far away, rich in its resources, and devoted to the stern pursuits of war; a city which Juno is said to have regarded with special favour more than all other lands, Samos even being second to it.

Here were her arms; here was her chariot; it, even at that early day, she purposes to be the capital of the earth, and she cherishes it with that intent, if by any means the Fates permit. But she had heard that a race is being derived from Trojan blood which shall one day overturn the Tyrian towers: that a people of extended sway, and formidable in war, should spring from it, to the ruin of Africa; that this the wheel of Fate is bringing round. This the daughter of Saturn dreaded, and well remembered the long protracted war which she, with special bitterness, had carried on at Troy in behalf of her beloved Argos; for not even yet had the causes of her anger and her keen pangs of resentment faded from her recollection; the judgment of Paris dwells deeply lodged in her mind, the affront offered to her slighted beauty, and the detested race, and the honours conferred on Ganymede,[2] to heaven borne. Enraged to fury because of these things, she chased over the whole ocean those of the Trojans whom the Greeks and the merciless Achilles spared, and kept them far from

[1] "*Pietas*" properly means *natural affection*, as from a child to a parent or near relative, and so includes the performance of all duties to gods, parents, kinsmen, friends, and country.

[2] Ganymede, son of Tros, king of Troy, was fabled to have been taken up to heaven by Jupiter, where he became the cupbearer of the gods in place of Juno's daughter Hebe.

Latium; and thus, hounded by the fates, for many years they roamed round every sea. So hard it was to found the Roman State.

Scarcely were the Trojans, clearing Sicily, fairly out to sea, and with their prows were joyously driving before them the briny foam, when Juno, nursing in her heart her never-dying wound, thus muttered to herself: To think of me abandoning my purpose as one baffled, and that I should not be able to divert from Italy this Prince of Troy! I am forbidden by the fates, forsooth! Was not Pallas Minerva able to burn the Grecian ships, and drown their crews in ocean, for the crime of one, and the mad passion of Ajax,[1] Oïleus's son? She, in person, hurling from the clouds Jove's swift lightning, both scattered their ships and upturned the sea with the winds: him, too, breathing flames from his pierced breast, she caught in a whirling eddy,[2] and impaled him on a pointed rock. But I, who walk in my majesty as the queen of the gods,—I, both the sister and the wife of Jupiter, am still carrying on war for so many years with a single nation; and after that, can men worship Juno's deity any longer, and lay offerings on her altar?

The goddess, brooding over such thoughts in her excited breast, comes to Æolia,[3] the native land of storms,

[1] Ajax, the son of Oileus, king of Locris, one of the Grecian chiefs in the Trojan war. He was surnamed Locrian, to distinguish him from Ajax, the son of Telamon. He had violated Cassandra, daughter of Priam, in the very temple of Minerva.

[2] Some think that an eddy of wind (not water) is meant, caused by the force of the thunderbolt.

[3] The Æolian Islands, situated between Italy and Sicily, were seven in number. Here Æolus, the son of Hippotas, reigned, reputed king of the winds, because, from a course of observations, he had acquired some knowledge of the weather, and was capable of foretelling at times what wind would blow for some days together, as we learn from Diodorus and Pliny. There is a physical reason for calling Aeolia the native

regions full of boisterous blasts. Here, in a vast cave king Æolus controls by tyrant sway the struggling winds and whistling tempests, and confines them in his prison bounds. They, impatient of restraint, range round their enclosure with loud rumblings of the mountain. Æolus is seated on a lofty throne, with a sceptre in his hand, and soothes their passions and moderates their fury. Did he not do so, no doubt they in headlong course would carry away with them the sea and the earth and the lofty heaven, and sweep them through the empty void. But almighty Jove, guarding against this, has pent them up in gloomy caves, and piled on them a mass of mountains, and appointed them a king, who, acting on established laws, should know both when to tighten and when to ease their reins. To him thus Juno, in entreating voice, addressed these words: Æolus, for the father of gods and king of men has given you power both to smooth the waves and to raise them by the wind, a race detested by me is now sailing over the Tuscan Sea, carrying into Italy Ilium and its conquered gods. Put fury in the winds, capsize and sink their ships, or drive them far apart, and scatter their bodies on the deep. I have twice seven nymphs of surpassing beauty, the fairest of whom, Deïopeia, I will join to you in firm wedlock, and assign her to be your own for ever, that with you she may spend all her years for so great a service, and make you the father of a beautiful offspring.

Æolus in turn replies: 'Tis your part, O queen, to examine well what you would have done: it is my duty to execute your commands. It is you who have granted to

land of storms. As one of them at least, (Stromboli, the "Lighthouse of the Mediterranean,") is always in a state of eruption, the strata of air in its neighbourhood are necessarily highly heated, and so the colder and heavier air of remote regions rushes in to displace the warmer and lighter air over the islands, and thus produces strong currents and storms.

me whatever sovereignty I possess: you have procured for me my sceptre and the favour of Jupiter: you have gained for me a seat at the table of the gods, and have made me lord over storm-clouds and tempests.

Thus having spoken, he struck the vaulted mountain's side with his inverted spear, and the winds, as if with one accord, rush forth at every vent, and o'er the earth in hurricane they blow. They fall upon the ocean, and at once east and south, and south-west with his endless gusts, upheave the whole sea-plane from the lowest depths, and roll vast billows to the shores. There follows both the shouting of men and the creaking of cordage. All at once the clouds remove both heavens and daylight from the Trojans' eyes: black night broods upon the sea; the thunder roars from pole to pole, and the sky is lit up with repeated flashes; and all things threaten immediate death to the men. Forthwith Æneas' limbs are relaxed with chilling fear; he groans, and, stretching his clasped hands to heaven, he thus exclaims: O thrice, aye four times happy they whose lot it was to die before their parents' eyes, under the high walls of Troy! O you, bravest of the Grecian race, great Tydeus'[1] son, why was I not destined to fall on the Trojan plains, and pour out this life of mine by your right hand? where fearless Hector lies prostrate by the sword of Achilles; where mighty Sarpedon[2] lies; where Simois[3] rolls along so many shields, and helmets, and bodies of heroes drawn beneath its waters.

While he is uttering these laments, a tempest-squall sent howling by the north wind strikes the sail right in front, and raises billows high as heaven! The oars are

[1] Diomedes, the son of Tydeus and Deïphyle.

[2] Sarpedon, a son of Jupiter by Europa, and brother to Minos, went to the Trojan war to assist Priam, and was slain by Patroclus.

[3] Simois, a river of Troas, which rose in Mount Ida, and fell into the Scamander below Troy.

shattered: then the ship's head is turned round, and her broadside exposed to the storm. A broken-crested mountain-swell follows upon them in a mass. Some hang on the top of the billow; to others the sea, gaping to its utmost depth, discloses the earth between the waves; the surge boils madly with sand commingled. Three other ships the south wind carries away and hurls on hidden rocks[1]—rocks which are in the midst of the ocean, the Italians call Altars,—a vast reef rising almost to the surface of the water. The east wind drives three of them from the deep water on shoals and shifting banks, a piteous spectacle! and dashing them on the shelves, surrounds them with mounds of sand. Before the eyes of Æneas himself, a heavy sea, falling from on high, strikes the stern of the one which bore the Lycians, and faithful Orontes:[2] the pilot is thrown overboard and rolls headlong into the tide; but the surf whirls her rapidly round three times in the same spot, and the sweeping eddy engulfs her. Then are seen floating here and there on the vast abyss men, armour, planks, and Trojan treasures, all over the waters. Now the storm overpowered the stout vessel of Ilioneus,[3] now that of brave Achates, and that in which Abas sailed, and that of old Aletes; all receive the hostile flood in the loose joinings of their sides, and yawn with chinks.

Meanwhile Neptune perceived with great alarm that the deep is being lashed into commotion with roaring loud, that a storm had been sent forth, and that the under waters had been upheaved from their lowest depths, and looking out over the waves he put forth his peace-bring-

[1] These rocks are said to be the Ægrimœræ islands opposite the bay of Carthage.

[2] Orontes commanded the Lycian fleet, which, after the fall of Troy, accompanied Æneas in his voyage to Italy.

[3] Ilioneus, son of Phorbas, was distinguished for his eloquence. Achates, a friend of Æneas, whose fidelity was so exemplary, that Fidus Achates became a proverb.

ing head. He sees the fleet of Æneas scattered over the ocean, the Trojans overpowered by the billows, and the downfall of the sky; nor were the wiles and the hates of Juno unknown to her brother. He calls to him the east and the west winds, and then thus addresses them: And do you thus presume upon your semi-divine origin? dare you, winds, without my sovereign leave, to embroil heaven and earth, and raise such mountains? Whom I——[1] But first it is right to lay the troubled billows. Another time you shall pay the penalty of your fault by a very different punishment. Speed your flight, and bear this message to your king: That not to him but to me have been allotted the empire of the sea and the dreaded trident. He holds those unsightly rocks, your proper abode, Eurus: in that palace let him glory, and lord it as a sovereign in the pent-up prison of the winds.

So he speaks; and, sooner than said, he calms the swollen seas, and disperses the collected clouds, and brings back the day. With him Cymothoë[2] and Triton with straining effort shove off the ships from the pointed rock; he himself raises them with his trident; makes channels in the vast sands, and smoothes the sea; and in his light chariot skims over the surface of the waves. And as when a civil broil has, as often happens, arisen in a crowded concourse of people, and the minds of the ignoble rabble are in wild excitement; now firebrands, now stones fly—fury supplies them with weapons—: if then, by chance, they espy a man loved for his reverence of the gods and his good deeds, they are hushed and stand riveted with ears erect; he by

[1] This ἀποσιώπησις, or sudden break in speaking, is a very remarkable one, and is often referred to by grammarians.

[2] Cymothoë, one of the Nereids. Triton, a powerful sea-deity, son of Neptune and Amphitrite. Many of the sea-gods were called Tritons, but the name was generally applied to those only who were represented as half man and half fish.

his words rules their passions, and soothes their minds. Thus all the raging tumult of the ocean subsided as soon as father Neptune, surveying the seas, and wafted through the open sky, guides his steeds, and in rapid flight gives reins to his smoothly running chariot.

The weary Trojans hasten to make for the nearest shores, and head towards the coast of Libya. In a deep retiring bay there is a place of shelter; an island forms a harbour by its projecting sides, against which every wave from the ocean is broken up, and so retreats into the recesses of the loch. On either side huge rocks and twin-like cliffs rise towering towards heaven, sheltered by whose summits the seas are calm and still to a great distance round. Moreover, there is above a back-ground view of light-flashing woods, and a dark grove overhangs, with an awe-inspiring gloom. Beneath the brow of the cliffs, and facing those entering and sailing up the bay, there is a grotto formed of pendent rocks, within which is a spring of sweet water and seats of natural stone—the home of the nymphs. No cable, no anchor with its biting fluke, moors the weather-beaten craft. To this retreat Æneas brings seven ships, collected from all his fleet; and the Trojans, longing much for land, disembark and occupy the wished-for shore, and stretch upon the beach their bodies, dripping with brine. Then first Achates struck a spark from a flint, and received the fire in leaves, and round it applied dry nutriment, and quickly raised a blaze in the fuel. Then weary of their misfortunes, they bring forth their grain, damaged by the water, and the implements of Ceres; and prepare to roast and to grind the corn which had been saved from the sea. Meanwhile Æneas scales a rock, and scans the deep all round, to try if anywhere he can discover Antheus tossed by the wind, and the Phrygian galleys, or Capys,[1] or the arms of Caicus,

[1] Capys. This brave Trojan was one of those who, against the

on the lofty stern. He sights no ship, but he sees three stags straying on the shore: behind these the whole herd follow, and feed through the valley in a long-extended line. Upon this he stopped short, and snatching his bow and swift arrows, the weapons which faithful Achates bore, first he prostrates the leaders, carrying high their heads with branching horns; next the general herd; and as he shoots, he drives them all in wild confusion through the leafy woods. Nor does he desist till he succeeds in bringing down seven huge deer, and provides one carcase for each ship. Then he makes for the landing-place, and shares the booty with all his companions. Thereafter he divides the wine which the generous Acestes[1] had stowed away for them in jars in Sicily, and had given them when they left, and with these words he cheers their sorrowing hearts: O companions, O you who have borne severer ills than these,—for we are not strangers to former days of adversity,—to these, too, the Deity will grant a termination. You have risked both Scylla's fury, and those rocks roaring far within; you have had experience of the crags of the Cyclopes; pluck up, then, your courage, and away with dismal fears. Perhaps you will take pleasure some day in remembering even these trials. Through various disasters, through so many critical dangers, we are making for Latium, where the Fates hold out the hope of peaceful settlements. There it is heaven's will that the Trojan kingdom should rise again. Hold out, and cheer your minds for prosperous days. So speaks he, and sick at heart with overpowering cares, he assumes a hopeful look, and in his bosom crushes down his deep and bitter anguish.

advice of Thymœtes, wished to destroy the wooden horse, which proved the destruction of Troy.

[1] Acestes, a king of Sicily, who assisted Priam in the Trojan war, and who afterwards kindly entertained Æneas when he landed on his coast.

They, on their part, address themselves to the spoil and the coming feast; they tear the skin from the ribs, and lay bare the flesh. Some cut up the carcase into parts, and stick it on spits while still quivering; others place the brazen caldrons on the shore, and kindle fires. Then they recruit their strength with food, and, scattered on the grass, they take their fill of rich old wine and fatted venison. After their hunger had been satisfied by feasting, and the viands had been removed, in long conversation they recall with sorrow their lost companions, wavering between hope and fear, as to whether they should believe them yet alive, or should conclude that they have finished their course, and no longer hear when called. With especial sorrow the tender-hearted Æneas inwardly laments the loss of the fearless Orontes, then the fate of Amycus, and the cruel lot of Lycus—the valiant Gyas, too, and the brave Cloanthus.

At length they ceased; when Jove, looking down from the lofty sky upon the sea with all its sails, and the regions of earth outstretched beneath his view, and the coasts and wide-extending peoples, thus stood on the pinnacle of heaven, and on the realms of Libya fixed his gaze. Him, revolving such cares in his mind, Venus, sadder than her wont, her bright eyes bedimmed with tears, thus addresses: O Father, who, with never-ceasing government, rule the universe, and overawe men with your thunderbolts, what so heinous offence could my Æneas and the Trojans commit against you, that to them, after having suffered so many deaths, the whole world is closed, all on account of Italy? You certainly promised that from them, after the lapse of years, the Romans should arise, and that from the revived blood of Teucer[1] chiefs should spring, who should rule both sea and land with undisputed sway. Father! why is your purpose changed? I, indeed, was solacing myself with

[1] Teucer, a king of Phrygia, son of Scamander. Troy was called from him Teucria, and the Trojans Teucri.

this promise for the fall of Troy and her sad ruin, balancing evil fates with good ones. Now the same fortune still pursues them, harassed though they have been by so many calamities. O mighty Ruler, what end do you fix for their toils? Antenor, escaping from the very midst of the Greeks, was able to sail round the Illyrian gulf, and in safety to reach the far up kingdom of the Liburnians,[1] and to pass by the springs of the Timavus, from which, with loudest mountain din a whole sea bursts forth through nine mouths, and covers the fields with its roaring tide. Yet there he built the city of Patavium,[2] and established a Trojan settlement, and gave the nation a name, and hung up the arms of Troy, and now enjoys in peace a calm repose.[3] We, your own progeny, to whom you promise heavenly honour, our ships being lost, alas, are abandoned by you, all for the wrath of one individual, and are kept far away from the coasts of Italy. Is this the reward of a dutiful life? Is it thus that you reinstate us in our sovereign rights?

The father of gods and men smiling upon her with that look by which he clears the sky and the weather, gently kissed his daughter's lips; then thus replies: Cytherea,[4] cease from fear: unchanged to you remain the fates of your friends. You shall see the city and promised walls of Lavinium, and you shall raise magnanimous Æneas aloft to the stars of heaven; nor is my purpose altered. Here, for your comfort—for I will tell you, since this care lies gnawing at your heart, and I will reveal the secrets of fate, unfolding them

[1] Liburnia (Croatia), a province of Illyricum, at the head of the Adriatic.

[2] Patavium, now Padua, celebrated as the birth-place of Livy.

[3] Some understand this as referring to Antenor's death, and not to a peaceful reign.

[4] Cytherea, a surname of Venus, from Cythera (Cerigo), an island on the southern coast of Laconia in Peloponnesus, which was sacred to her, and on the coast of which she was said to have risen to life from the sea-foam.

farther than is wont—he shall wage a great war in Italy; he shall crush its bold nations and establish civil government and found cities for his subjects, till the third summer shall see him reigning in Latium, and three winters pass over the conquered Rutulians.[1] But the boy Ascanius,[2] surnamed Iülus—he was Ilus while the Trojan state remained in unbroken strength—shall complete thirty long years of rule and their circling months, and shall transfer the seat of his empire from Lavinium, and in his might of power shall build and strengthen Alba Longa. Here now, for full three hundred years Monarchs shall reign of Hector's line, until Ilia,[3] a royal priestess, shall bear two infants at a birth to Mars their father. Then Romulus, wearing with grateful pride the tawny skin of the wolf, his foster-mother, shall take up the nation, and shall build a city sacred to Mars, and from his own name shall call the people Romans. For them I assign limits neither to the extent nor to the duration of their empire; dominion have I given them without end. Nay, Juno, relentless though she be, who now through jealous fear compasses sea and earth and heaven, shall change her counsels for the better, and join with me in fostering the Romans, masters of the world,—and yet a people clothed in the gown of peace. Such is my pleasure. An age shall come, after a course of years, when the house of Assaracus shall bring under subjection Phthia[4] and renowned Mycenæ, and shall lord it over vanquished Argos. Cæsar, of Trojan blood, shall be born from an illustrious race, who is destined to

[1] Rutulians, a people of Latium. They supported Turnus their king in the war which he waged against Æneas.

[2] Ascanius, called also Iülus, was the son of Æneas by Creusa; he accompanied his father to Italy, succeeded him in the kingdom of the Latins, and built the city of Alba Longa.

[3] Ilia, or Rhea, priestess of Vesta, was the daughter of Numitor, king of Alba, and the mother of Romulus and Remus by Mars.

[4] Phthia, a city of Thessaly, celebrated as the birth-place of Achilles; it gave name to the surrounding district.

bound his empire by the ocean, his fame by the stars,—Julius, a name derived from great Iūlus. By and by, freed from all anxieties, you shall receive him in heaven, laden with the spoils of the East: he, too, shall be invoked by vows and prayers. Then wars shall cease, and fierce nations shall lay aside their hate. Hoary Faith, Vesta, and Quirinus,[1] with his brother Remus, shall lay down rules of law. The gates of War,[2] grim with iron bolts, shall be closed. Within the temple godless Fury, seated on horrid arms, his hands bound behind him with a hundred brazen chains, shall roar with bloody mouth in hideous rage.

He said, and from on high sent down the son of Maia,[3] in order that the coasts of Libya and the towers of infant Carthage might be open to receive the Trojans in hospitality; lest Dido,[4] ignorant of heaven's decree, should forbid them her dominions. He flies through the vast heaven with oary-wings, and in rapid flight descended on the coasts of Libya. At once he performs his commission; and as the god so willed it, the Carthaginians lay aside the fierceness of their hearts: the queen in a special manner conceives a kindly feeling towards the Trojans, and a generous spirit.

But pious Æneas, by night pondering many things, as soon as cheerful day arose, resolved to go forth and to reconnoitre the unknown country, and to find out what coasts he had been driven to by the storm; who are the occupants, whether men or wild beasts—for he sees that the ground is untilled—and to report to his friends the

[1] Quirinus, a name given to Romulus after he was deified.

[2] Referring to the Temple of Janus, which was shut in times of peace, but open when Rome was at war.

[3] The son of Maia, Mercury.

[4] Dido, called also Elisa, or Elissa, the daughter of Belus, king of Tyre, and the wife of Sychæus, whom her brother Pygmalion murdered for his riches.

result. Within a retired and wooded creek, under shelter of a hollow rock, he secretly disposes his fleet for concealment amid trees and gloomy shades: he himself sallies forth, attended by Achates alone, having in his hand two javelins with broad blades. In whose way his mother threw herself in the midst of the wood, having the features, wearing the dress, and bearing the armour of a Spartan maiden, or such as is Harpalyce[1] when she presses her horses to their speed, and outstrips the swift Hebrus in her flight. For being out a-hunting, she had slung a handy bow upon her shoulders, as was her wont, and had allowed her hair to be tossed by the breeze; bare to the knee, and having her amply flowing robes gathered up in a knot. Then first: Hark! my lads, she says, Tell me if you have chanced to see one of my sisters strolling this way, equipped with a quiver, and the skin of a spotted lynx, or show me which way she went pursuing in full cry a foaming boar. Thus Venus; and thus Venus' son replied: No one of your sisters has been heard or seen by me, O virgin, by what name shall I address you? for you wear not the looks of a mortal, nor is your voice that of a mortal. O, a goddess surely! Are you the sister of Phœbus? or are you one of the race of the nymphs? Oh! be propitious; and whoever you are, relieve our anxiety, and inform us, pray, under what sky, or in what region of the globe we are cast. We stray at hazard, knowing not where we are or whom among, having been driven here by furious winds and mountain waves: as offerings to you shall many a victim fall before the altar by my right hand. Then Venus thus: I, indeed, do not deem myself worthy of such honour. It is the custom for the Tyrian maidens to wear a quiver, and bind the leg thus high with a purple buskin. You see the kingdom of

[1] Harpalyce, a daughter of Harpalycus, king of Thrace, represented in mythology as a woman of undaunted courage.

Carthage, a Tyrian people, and Agenor's city,[1] but the territory is that of the Libyans, a race invincible in war. Dido holds the sceptre, who fled from the city of Tyre, escaping from her brother: Tedious is the story of her wrongs, the tale is long and intricate; but I will recount in order the principal points of it.[2] Her husband was Sychæus, the richest of the Phœnicians in land, and fondly loved by his ill-fated wife: to him her father had given her, a virgin bride, and had united her in her first espousals. But her brother Pygmalion then possessed the throne of Tyre, a monster of iniquity before all others. Between them a bitter quarrel arose. Defiant of religion, and blinded by avarice, he took Sychæus by surprise and slew him before the altar, regardless of his sister's great affection! and long did he conceal the deed, in his wickedness; with many a false excuse and with hollow hopes he mocked her pining love. But the shade of her still unburied husband appeared to her in sleep, raising to her view his face, now ghastly pale: he revealed to her the merciless deed at the altar, and showed the sword-thrust in his breast, and disclosed the dark domestic crime in all its guilt. Then he exhorts her to fly in haste, and quit her native land; and, to aid her flight, unearths before her treasures stored of old, an unknown mass of gold and silver. Roused to action by these revelations, Dido at once prepared for escape, and gathered friends. All assemble who held the tyrant in vengeful hate or mortal dread. The wealth of the greedy Pygmalion is borne off to sea—a woman foremost in the deed. They came to the spot where now you see the giant walls and rising towers of infant Carthage, and bought as much ground—called Byrsa,[3]

[1] Agenor's city: Carthage is so called, as being built by Dido, who was the descendant of Agenor, king of Phœnicia.

[2] Literally "the chief heads."

[3] Byrsa is a corruption for Bosra, the Phœnician name for the citadel of Carthage. In Greek the word means a "hide." Hence the legend.

in commemoration of the deed—as they could enclose with a bull's hide. But, pray, who are you? or from what coasts have you come, or whither are you bound? To these her inquiries he made reply, sighing heavily, and drawing his words from the depths of his heart: O goddess! if I should tell my story throughout from the very beginning, and if you had leisure to listen to the tale of our afflictions, ere I had done the evening star would close Olympus' gates and end the day. After we had sailed far over various seas from ancient Troy—if, perhaps, the name of Troy has reached your ears,— a storm, by special chance, has driven us on the shores of Libya. I am the "Pious Æneas," renowned by fame above the skies, who am carrying with me in my fleet the gods I rescued from the enemy. I am bound for Italy, my home—for my forefathers[1] sprang from Jove supreme. With twice ten ships I embarked on the Phrygian Sea, following the oracles vouchsafed, my goddess-mother pointing out the way; scarce seven are left, sore shattered, too, by waves and wind. Myself, a stranger, poor and destitute, wander in the deserts of Africa, hunted from Europe and from Asia. Venus, however, did not allow further complaints, but thus interrupted him in the midst of his mournful story: Whoever you are, I believe you live not unbefriended by the powers of heaven, inasmuch as you have arrived at this Tyrian city. Only go forward, and hold on your course to the palace of the queen. For I tell you that your friends are restored to you, and that your fleet has returned and been brought into a place of safety by the change of the north wind, unless my parents, by empty fancies led, have taught me augury in vain. See those twelve swans in joyous order ranged, which Jove's own bird with sudden swoop from heaven was lately driving in

[1] Æneas here refers to his ancestor Dardanus, son of Jove, who went from Italy and founded Troy, and not to his descent from Jupiter through Venus.

dismay through the open air: now in a long train they seem either to be choosing their ground, or to be hovering over the place already taken by others. As they restored to safety disport with whirring wings, and in a body circle round the heaven and utter notes of joy; just so your ships and youthful crew either already occupy the harbour, or are entering its mouth in full sail. Onward, then, and pursue your way where this path directs.

She spoke, and as she turned aside a gleam of splendour burst from her rosy neck, and from her head ambrosial locks a heavenly perfume breathed; her robe hung flowing to the ground, and by her gait she showed the goddess every whit. As soon as he recognised his mother, he pursued her with these accents as she fled: Why do you so often mock your son with form disguised, cruel like the rest? why am I not allowed to clasp hand in hand, and to hear and to return true words of real life? So he chides her, and directs his course to the walls. But Venus covered them in a mist, as they went, and with power divine shrouded them in vapour, that none might see them, or touch them, or interpose delay, or inquire the reasons of their coming. She herself, aloft in air, departs to Paphos, and with joy re-seeks her loved abode, where in her honour her temple and her hundred altars smoke with Sabean incense, and breathe forth fragrance from garlands freshly plucked.

Meanwhile, they started on their way, following the beaten path. And now they were ascending the hill which hangs with its huge mass over the town, and from its heights looks down upon the towers opposite. Æneas admires the vast size of the buildings, once mere huts:[1] he admires the gates, he marvels at the bustle and the din, and the pavement of the streets. The Tyrians eagerly press on the work: some lengthen the walls, and build a citadel, and

[1] Mere huts, as opposed to the massive buildings.

roll up stones with their hands; some choose sites for houses, and enclose them with a trench. Some are framing a code of law, and are selecting magistrates and a sacred senate.[1] Here some are excavating a harbour; there others are laying the deep foundations of a theatre, and are quarrying huge columns from the rocks, gigantic ornaments of future scenes. Their labour is such as that which employs the bees in the first bright days of summer in the flowery fields when they lead forth the mature young of the race, or when they stow away the liquid honey and distend their cells with sweet nectar, or receive the burdens of the incomers, or in marshalled band drive from their courts the drones, a useless herd. The work goes on with glee, and the fragrant honey is redolent of thyme. O happy you, whose walls now rise! Æneas says, and lifts his eyes to the battlements of the city. Shrouded in a cloud, strange to tell! he passes amidst the multitude, and mingles with the throng, nor is he seen by any. In the centre of the city was a grove with rich embowering shade, where first the Carthaginians, tossed by hurricane and wave, dug up the head of a high-mettled courser, an omen which royal Juno had given, for by this she signified that the nation would be renowned in war, and would enjoy abundance and security for ages. Here Sidonian Dido was building to Juno a stately temple, enriched by offerings, and by the especial presence of the goddess; to the brazen threshold of which a flight of steps led up; the posts were made fast to lintel and threshold with brass, and the hinge creaked beneath doors of brass. In this grove a strange circumstance first abated the fear of the Trojans: here Æneas first dared to hope for ultimate safety, and to have more faith in his fortunes, though now

[1] In *legunt* there is a zeugma, in this sense: "they enact laws, and choose magistrates, and a sacred senate:" or rather, perhaps, they select or pick out laws from the codes of other nations, as the decemviri did at Rome, to which Virgil is probably referring.

depressed. For while he surveys everything beneath the dome of the spacious temple, waiting for the queen; while he wonders what good fortune attends the city, and is filled with admiration by the handiwork of the artists, harmonising with one another,[1] and the elaborate finish of the work, he sees the Trojan battles all in order, and the war now spread by fame over the whole world; the sons of Atreus,[2] and Priam,[3] and Achilles implacable to both. He stood still; and with tears he says: What place, Achates, what country on the globe, is not already full of our sorrows? see there is Priam! Even here merit meets its due reward; here are tears for human casualties, and hearts of men are touched by others' woes. Dismiss your fears: this knowledge of our deeds will bring us some relief. Thus he speaks, devouring the unsubstantial picture, with many a sigh, and bathes his face with floods of tears. For he beheld how, in one place, the invading Greeks were flying round the walls of Troy, while the Trojan warriors were in close pursuit; in another, the Trojans were in flight, while plumed Achilles pressed them hard in his chariot; and not far from this, with tears he recognises the tents of Rhesus,[4] and their snow-white coverings, which, left unguarded in the first and heavy sleep, the cruel Diomede laid waste with many a death, and drove away the fiery steeds to the Grecian camp, before they had tasted the pasture of Troy or had drunk of the Xanthus.[5] In another part, Troïlus,[6] flying,

[1] *Inter se*, some copies read *intra se*, *i.e.* wonders within himself, which is very insipid indeed. *Manus inter se* seems to mean either each strove to rival his neighbour's work, or they all strove to produce harmony in the different parts.

[2] Sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus.

[3] Priam, the son of Laomedon, and the last king of Troy.

[4] Rhesus, a warlike king of Thrace, who went to the assistance of Priam.

[5] Xanthus, a river of Troas, in Asia Minor, rising in Mount Ida, and falling into the sea at Sigæum. It is the same as the Scamander.

[6] Troïlus, a son of Priam and Hecuba, slain by Achilles.

his armour lost, ill-fated youth, and an unequal match for Achilles, is run away with by his horses, and having fallen backward, he clings to the empty car, but still he holds the reins; his neck and his hair trail along the ground, and the sand is furrowed by the inverted spear. Meanwhile Trojan matrons with hair dishevelled were marching in procession to the temple of the unpropitious Pallas, and in guise of suppliants, sad of look, were bearing a robe, and were smiting their breasts with their hands. The goddess, with averted look, kept her eyes fixed on the ground. Thrice had Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Troy, and was in the act of selling his lifeless corpse for gold. Then, indeed, Æneas uttered a deep groan from the bottom of his breast when he saw the spoils, the chariot, and the very body of his friend, and Priam stretching forth his unarmed hands. Himself, too, he recognised, mingled with the Grecian leaders, and the Eastern bands, and the arms of swarthy Memnon.[1] Penthesilea,[2] in wild excitement, leads on her troops of Amazons with their crescent shields, and boldly mixes in the midst of thousands, buckling a golden belt beneath her uncovered breast, woman-warrior as she was, and though a maiden, dares to fight with men.

While the Dardan Æneas examines these things with astonishment, and while bewildered he remains riveted to the spot in one steady gaze, Queen Dido in surpassing beauty advanced to the temple, escorted by a numerous body-guard. Such she looked as does Diana, when on the banks of the Eurotas or on the summits of Mount Cynthus she trains her choirs, and when on this

[1] Memnon, a king of Ethiopia. He came with a body of 10,000 men to assist his uncle Priam in the Trojan war, where he displayed great courage, and killed Antilochus, Nestor's son, but was himself afterwards slain by Achilles in single combat.

[2] Penthesilea, a queen of the Amazons, daughter of Mars.

side and on that the mountain nymphs attend around her; on her shoulders she bears her quiver, and as she walks in her majesty she overtops them all, though goddesses: unuttered feelings of joyful pride thrill through the bosom of Latona.[1] Such was Dido, and such with cheerful grace and bearing did she move onward in the midst of them, intent upon the work, and eager for her kingdom soon to be. Then at the gate of the goddess beneath the temple's central dome she took her place, surrounded by her guards, and seated on a lofty throne. She was dispensing justice and giving laws to her subjects, and, in equal portions, was distributing their tasks, or was settling them by lot; when suddenly Æneas sees, advancing with a vast concourse, Antheus, Sergestus, brave Cloanthus, and other Trojans, whom a hurricane had scattered over the sea, and had driven far away to other parts of the coast. Paralysed at once by joy and fear, he stood astonished, and good Achates too; they burned with eagerness to clasp their comrades' hands, but the uncertainties of the situation perplex their minds. They check their feelings, and enveloped in the hollow cloud they strive to find how fare the men, where they leave their fleet, and why they come; for deputies from each ship were on their way to pray for grace, and were now making for the temple midst a mingled din.

When they had entered, and permission was given to speak before the queen, Ilioneus, their aged chief, thus began with calm address: O queen, to whom Jove has granted to found this rising city, and to curb lawless nations by impartial government, we Trojans, objects of your pity, tossed by the winds over every sea, implore you, ward off from our ships the hideous flames; spare a gentle race, and more propitiously regard our state. We have not come either to devastate with the sword your Libyan homes, or to carry your goods as plunder to our ships. No such violence is in

[1] Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana.

our minds, nor do the vanquished feel such thoughts of wrong. There is a country called by the Greeks Hesperia,[1] a land of ancient story, powerful by warlike bravery and fertile soil: men of Œnotria[2] once tilled it: now it is said that later generations have called it Italia, from the name of a chief. To it our course was shaped, when tempestuous Orion rising with a sudden swell drove us on hidden shallows, and by boisterous south winds dispersed us, o'ermastered by the sea, far away both over waves and pathless rocks without a channel. From there a few of us have drifted to your shores. What race of human beings is this? or what home of men is so barbarous as to allow this treatment? We are denied the welcome of the beach. They levy war, and forbid us to set foot on the edge of their land. If you disregard the human race and the arms of men, yet expect the gods, who remember the right and the wrong. Æneas was our chief, than whom no one was more righteous, no one was more conspicuous for his sense of duty, no one was more valiant in war and in battle. And if the Fates preserve this noble man, if he still breathes the air of heaven, and lies not yet among the heartless dead, we fear not: and as for you, O queen, grudge not to be first to vie with him in acts of kindness. We have likewise cities and arms in Sicily, and the illustrious Acestes of Trojan extraction. Permit us to draw up on shore our shattered ships, to select in the forests timbers suitable for our purpose and dress wood for oars; that if it be granted us to steer our course for Italy, upon the recovery of our chief and our friends, we may in joyful confidence make for Italy and the Latian shore; but if our Preserver has been taken from us, and if

[1] Hesperia, a name applied to Italy by the Greeks, and to Spain by the Romans.

[2] Œnotrians, the inhabitants of Œnotria, or that part of Italy which was afterwards called Lucania. Œnotria is sometimes applied to Italy in general.

the Libyan sea contains you, best father of the sons of Troy, and no further hope of Iülus remains, we may at least repair to the straits of Sicily, and the settlement there awaiting us, whence we were driven hither, and in Acestes seek another Chief. So spoke Ilioneus: the Trojans all with one accord murmured their assent.

Then Dido, with downcast looks, thus briefly replies: Trojans, banish fear from your breasts, lay your cares aside. Hardship and the infancy of my kingdom compel me to take such strict precautions, and to protect my frontiers in their whole extent with armed guards. Who is a stranger to the race of the Aeneadæ, who knows not of the city of the Trojans, of their noble qualities, and their famous men, and the devastations of so great a war? We Carthaginians do not possess minds that are so lost to feeling, nor does the sun yoke his steeds so far away from our Tyrian city. Whether you choose the great Hesperia, and the home where Saturn dwelt, or the territory of Eryx[1] with Acestes as your king, I will let you go, protected by my assistance, and I will help you with my resources. Or are you inclined to settle in this realm on equal terms with me? The city which I am building is at your service: draw your ships ashore; Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated by me with no distinction. And would that your chief Æneas, too, were forcibly driven here by the same gale! I will, indeed, send trusty messengers in different directions along the coasts, and I will bid them search the utmost bounds of Libya, to find if cast ashore he strays an outcast in some wood or city.

Stirred by these words, brave Achates and father Æneas were erewhile burning with impatience to break from the cloud. Achates first addresses Æneas: Goddess-born, what purpose now arises in your mind? You

[1] Eryx, a king of Sicily, son of Butes and Venus; also a town and mountain of Sicily, near Drepanum. On the summit of Mount Eryx (Giuliano) stood a famous temple of Venus, who was hence called Erycina.

see that all is safe; your fleet and friends restored. One alone is missing, whom we ourselves saw perishing amidst the waves: all else agrees with the predictions of your mother. He had scarcely spoken, when suddenly the cloud that hid them breaks, and clears away into the open blue. Æneas stood forth to view and shone resplendent in the crystal light in countenance and form a very god: for Venus herself had adorned her son with graceful locks, had given him the rosy bloom of youth, and had imparted to his eyes a gleaming lustre: such beauty as the artist's hand imparts to ivory, or such as when silver or Parian marble is enchased with yellow gold.

Then he thus addresses the queen, and, hitherto unseen by all he says: I whom you seek am present before you, Trojan Æneas, rescued from the Libyan waves. O lady, you who alone have pitied the unutterable woes of Troy, you who would associate with you in your city, in your home, us, sole survivors from the Grecian sword, us, who are worn out by every calamity both of land and sea and deprived of every resource, it is not in my power, O Dido, nor in that of all the Dardan race,[1] which is scattered everywhere over the world, to return you the gratitude which you deserve. May the gods give you a worthy reward, if there are any deities which with special care regard the righteous, if justice and a "conscience void of offence" be anywhere held in esteem. What ages have been so blessed as to give you birth? What mortals so endowed as to be your parents? So long as the rivers shall flow into the sea, so long as the shadows shall play upon the mountain sides, so long as the stars shall feed on æther, your honour, and your name, and your praises shall live in my memory, to whatever land fate may summon me. So speaking, he

[1] Dardan race, that is, the Trojans, as descended from Dardanus, the son of Jupiter and Electra, who fled to Asia Minor, where he built the city of Dardania, and became the founder of the kingdom of Troy.

grasps Ilioneus with his right hand and Serestus with his left, and then the others, the valiant Gyas, and the brave Cloanthus.

At once Sidonian Dido was entranced, first by the hero's mien and then his dire disasters, and thus she spoke: O goddess-born, what evil fortune pursues you through such fearful perils? what malign power drives you to these savage coasts? Are you that famed Æneas whom, by Phrygian Simois' stream, the gracious Venus bore to Trojan Anchises? And now, indeed, I remember Teucer, an exile from his native land, coming to Sidon in quest of a new kingdom by the aid of Belus. My father Belus then was laying waste the wealthy Cyprus, and having conquered it, held it in complete subjection. Ever since that time I have been acquainted with the fate of Troy, with your name, and with the Grecian kings. He, enemy though he was, extolled the Trojans with especial praise, and delighted in tracing his descent from the ancient Trojan race. Come then, youths, enter my home. Me, too, harassed by many afflictions, a similar fate has destined to settle down at last in this land. Being myself not unacquainted with misfortune, I learn to succour the distressed.[1]

So she speaks. At once she leads Æneas to the palace, and orders sacrifice to be offered in the temples of the gods, and in the meantime, with no less thoughtful care, she sends to the shore for his companions twenty bullocks, a hundred bristly carcases of huge boars, a hundred fat lambs with the parent-ewes, and gladdening gifts of wine. But the inner rooms are splendidly furnished with regal pomp, and banquets are prepared in the middle of the palace. The coverlets were of princely purple, skilfully embroidered; the tables groaned with massive plate; and vessels,

[1] "Taught by that power which pities me, I learn to pity them."—*Goldsmith.*

gold-embossed, recorded the brave deeds of her ancestors—a very long series of events carried on by so many heroes from the first origin of the family. Æneas—for a father's love did not allow his mind to be at ease—hastily despatches Achates to the ships to tell this news to Ascanius, and to conduct him to the city. All the care of the fond parent centres in Ascanius. He bids him bring, moreover, as presents, saved from the ruins of Troy, a mantle stiff with figures and with gold, and a veil bordered with leaves of the yellow acanthus, the ornaments of Grecian Helen,[3] her mother Leda's wondrous gift, which she had brought with her from Mycenæ, when she was hastening to Troy and lawless nuptials; a sceptre too, which once Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, bore; a pearl necklace, and a coronet with a double row of gems and gold. Hastening to obey his orders, Achates bent his way to the ships.

But Venus revolves in her mind new wiles, new designs: that Cupid should come in place of the darling Ascanius, assuming his shape and features, and by his gifts kindle in the queen all the rage of love, and in her very marrow lodge the flame; she dreads, forsooth, the family of doubtful faith and the double-tongued Tyrians. The implacable spirit of Juno galls her, and at the approach of night her anxiety returns with greater force. To winged Love, therefore, she addresses these words: O son, my strength, my only mighty power; my son, who can defy the Typhœan bolts of Jove supreme, to you I fly, and suppliant implore your power. 'Tis known to you how round all shores your brother Æneas is tossed from sea to sea by the spiteful hate of bitter Juno, and in my grief you have often grieved. Phœnician Dido entertains him and stays him with smooth

[3] Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, was the most beautiful woman of her age. In the absence of her husband, Paris, son of king Priam, carried her away, which was the cause of the ten years' war against Troy.

speech; and I fear what may be the issue of the hospitalities of Juno: she will not be idle at such a crisis. Wherefore, I propose to capture the queen beforehand by subtle means, and to encircle her with the flame of love, that she may not be altered by the power of any deity, but that she may be enchained like me by an overpowering fondness for Æneas. Now hear my plan how you may effect this. The royal boy, my chief care, is preparing to visit the Sidonian city at his father's call, bearing presents saved from the sea and from the fires of Troy. Him, lulled to sleep, I will lay down in some sacred retreat on Cythera's tops, or above Idalium,[1] that he may not know the plot, or interrupt it in fulfilment. You will artfully counterfeit his person for one night only, and, yourself a boy, assume the boy's familiar looks; that when Dido shall take you to her bosom in the height of her joy at the royal table and during the serving of the wine, when she shall embrace you and imprint sweet kisses, you may breathe into her the secret flame and poison her unobserved. Love obeys the dictates of his dear mother, and lays aside his wings, and in joyful glee imitates the gait of Iülus. Meanwhile Venus pours the dews of balmy sleep on the limbs of Ascanius, and when she had fondled him in her lap she conveys him to Idalium's lofty groves, where soft marjoram, perfuming the air, envelops him with flowers and fragrant shade.

Now, in obedience to his mother's instructions, Cupid was tripping along, delighted with Achates as his guide, and was bearing the royal presents to the Tyrians. On his arrival he finds that the queen was already seated on a golden couch under a rich canopy and had taken her place in the middle. Now Father Æneas and now the Trojan youth assemble, and disperse themselves on the cushioned

[1] Idalium, a town of Cyprus at the foot of Mount Idalus, with a grove sacred to Venus, who was hence called Idalia.

benches. The attendants supply water for the hands, bring forth and serve the bread from baskets, and hand round towels with close cut pile. Within are fifty handmaids, whose charge it was to lay out provisions in long array, each in her assigned place, and to kindle fire on the altars of the household gods. There were another hundred maidens and as many men-servants of equal age to load the tables with dishes, and to set on the wine-cups. Moreover, the Tyrians bidden to the feast assembled in great numbers and reclined on the broidered couches. They view with admiration the presents of Æneas: and they admire Iülus and the glowing looks of the god, his well-dissembled words and the mantle and the veil bordered with leaves of the saffron acanthus. But in an especial manner the unhappy queen, given over to a passion destined to be her bane, cannot satisfy her feelings by gazing, and becomes more enamoured as she looks, and her spirit is moved within her alike by the boy and by the gifts. When he has hung for some time in the embrace and on the neck of Æneas, and has satisfied the great love of his supposed father, he makes for the queen. She dotes on him with her eyes, with her whole soul, and sometimes fondles him in her lap,—Dido, alas! unaware what an irresistible god is insinuating himself for her ruin. Meanwhile he, mindful of his Acidalian mother begins insensibly to efface the memory of Sychæus, and by a living flame tries at once to occupy her now long inactive affections and her heart unused to love.

As soon as there was a pause in the banquet, and the tables were removed, they bring forward brimming goblets and wreathe them with garlands. A buzz of conversation arises in the halls, and the sound of voices swells through the ample courts. The lamps, now lighted, hang from the gilded panels, and torches overpower the darkness of the night. Upon this the queen called for a beaker richly adorned with gems and gold and filled it to the brim

with pure wine, a cup which Belus and all from Belus down were wont to use; then silence was proclaimed throughout the palace. She says: O Jove, for you are said to have given men the laws and rights of hospitality, grant that this festive day may be one of happy omen to the Tyrians and to my Trojan guests, and may our posterity ever bear it in mind. Let Bacchus, the joy-giver, and the bountiful Juno be in our midst; and you, my Tyrians, with right good will this meeting make renowned. She said, and on the table poured an offering of wine, and, after the libation first gently touched the cup with her lips, then gave it to Bitias,[1] inviting him to drink it off: without delay he drained the foaming bowl and from the brimming gold he drank his fill. So drank the other chiefs. Long-haired Iopas whom Atlas the mighty Master taught, fills the halls with his golden lyre. He sings of the revolutions of the moon and the toilsome labours of the sun: whence the race of men arose, and whence the beasts: whence water and whence fire: of Arcturus: whence the rainy-Hyades, and whence the Great and the Little Bear: why winter hastens so much to dip her suns in ocean, and why he makes his nights so slow and drear. The Tyrians applaud again and again, and the Trojans follow in accord.

Moreover, ill-fated Dido prolonged the night with varied conversation and drank in long draughts of love, asking much about Hector and much about Priam; at one time, in what arms Aurora's son had come; again, what kind were the horses of Diomede, how terrible in war was Achilles. Nay, rather come, my guest, she says, and from the very beginning relate to us the stratagems of the Greeks, the disasters of your friends, and your own wanderings; for now the seventh summer brings you to our coasts, still roaming over every land and every sea.

[1] Bitias and Iopas, African chiefs, and suitors of Queen Dido.

BOOK II.

In the Second Book, Æneas, at the desire of Queen Dido, relates the fall of Troy, and his escape, through the general conflagration, to Mount Ida.

In a moment all were hushed in silence, and with eager interest fixed on him their gaze in rapt attention. Then father Æneas thus began from his raised couch:

Too cruel to be told, O queen, is the sorrow which you bid me to revive, how the Greeks overthrew the Trojan power and kingdom in a piteous ruin: those scenes which, most woful as they were, I with these eyes beheld, and those calamities which in great part fell upon myself. What Myrmidon,[1] or what Dolopian, or what soldier of the stern Ulysses' band can, in the very telling of such woes, refrain from tears? and already moist night is hastening down heaven's slope, and the sinking stars are inviting us to sleep. But since you are so eager to know our misfortunes, and briefly to hear the last struggles of Troy, though my mind shudders at the remembrance of them, and through grief recoils from the recital, I will yet attempt it.

The Grecian leaders, beaten in war and baffled by the Fates, now that so many years are running on, build by the divine skill of Pallas a horse high as a mountain, and form its sides of planks of fir. This they pretend to have vowed, in order to propitiate a safe return; such is the story they spread. Within the dark sides of this horse they secrete and shut a chosen band of men whom they had picked out, and

[1] The Myrmidons and Dolopians inhabited Thessaly and the borders of Epirus.

entirely fill the capacious caverns of its womb with armed soldiery.

There lies in sight of Troy, Tenedos,[1] an island well known by fame, and rich in its resources so long as Priam's kingdom stood: now there is but a bay and an insecure anchorage for ships. Sailing out to it they conceal themselves on its deserted shore. We thought that they had departed, and that they had set sail for Mycenæ with a favouring wind. All Teucria, therefore, makes holiday after its long-continued sorrow: the gates are opened wide; with joy we issue forth, and view the Grecian camp, the deserted plains, and the abandoned shore. Here were the Dolopian bands, we say; there stern Achilles was wont to pitch his tent; here were the ships drawn up; here was the battle-ground. Some view with amazement the ruin-causing offering to the virgin Minerva, and wonder at the monster horse; and Thymœtes[2] first advises that it be dragged within the walls and lodged in the citadel, whether through treachery, or that now at last the fates of Troy would have it so. But Capys, and those who entertained more prudent sentiments, insist that we should either throw headlong into the sea the crafty device and the suspected gift of the Greeks, or destroy it by fire, or else that we should probe and search the hollow recesses of the womb. The wavering crowd are divided in their opinions.

Upon this Laocoon,[3] taking the lead, runs down in eager haste from the top of the citadel, with a large attendant throng, and from afar cries aloud, O wretched countrymen, what desperate infatuation is this? Do you really believe

[1] Tenedos, a small and fertile island of the Ægean Sea, opposite Troy.

[2] Thymœtes, a Trojan prince, whose wife and son were put to death by Priam; it was said that, in revenge, he persuaded his countrymen to bring the wooden horse into the city.

[3] Laocoon, a son of Priam and Hecuba, and priest of Apollo.

that the enemy are gone? or do you suppose that any gifts of the Greeks can be free from guile? Is that all you know of Ulysses? Either Greeks lie hiding within this wood, or it is an engine framed against our walls, to overlook our houses, and to come down upon our city from above: some deceit or other is under it. Trojans, put no faith in this horse. Whatever it be, I dread the Greeks, even when they offer gifts. Thus he said, and with powerful strength he hurled his massy spear against the side and the belly of the monster with its curving joints; the weapon stood quivering, and by reason of the rebound the deep recesses echoed and gave forth a heavy groan. And had the decrees of heaven so willed it, had our minds been free from infatuation, Laocoon had led us at once to attack with the sword the lurking-place of the Greeks, and Troy would now be standing, and you, O lofty citadel of Priam, would still remain!

In the meantime, some Trojan shepherds with loud shouts were dragging to the king a youth, whose hands were bound behind him; who had voluntarily thrown himself in their way, stranger though he was, to effect this very thing,[1] and to open Troy to the Greeks; undaunted in mind, and prepared for either event, whether to carry out his wiles, or to meet a certain death. The Trojan youth crowd around him from all sides, in eagerness to see him, and they vie with one another in mocking the captive. Now hear the treachery of the Greeks, and from the guilt of one learn what they all are. For as he stood full in view, agitated and unarmed, and slowly cast his eyes around the Trojan bands: Alas! says he, what land, what seas can now receive me? or what now remains for a wretch like me, for whom there is no shelter anywhere among the Greeks? and, moreover, the Trojans also seek satisfaction along with my blood. By which lamentation our feelings

[1] That is, to be brought before King Priam.

towards him were changed, and every attempt at violence was checked. We encourage him to speak: we urge him to tell his race and origin, what he has to say for himself: on what does he, as a prisoner, rely? He speaks as follows:

I, indeed, O king, will tell all truly, says he, whatever the result shall be to myself; and I will not deny that I belong to the Greek nation: this first I will acknowledge; for though fortune has made Sinon miserable, she shall not be malicious enough to turn him into a faithless man and a liar. If, perchance, in the course of conversation, there should have reached your ears any mention of Palamedes,[1] descendant of Belus, and his renown made glorious by fame,—whom, under false information, the Greeks, because he dissuaded them from war, put to death, guiltless though he was of the infamous crime laid to his charge; but whom they lament now that he is dead:—as I was related to him by blood, my father, being a poor man, sent me with him to the war at its first commencement. So long as he retained

1 Palamedes was the son of Nauplius, king of Eubœa, descended from Belus, king of Africa, by his grandmother Amymone, the daughter of Danaüs. The story here referred to is briefly this: When Ulysses, to be exempt from going to the Trojan war, under pretence of madness was ploughing up the shore and sowing it with salt, Palamedes laid down his son Telemachus in his way, and observing him turning his plough aside that he might not hurt the boy, by this stratagem discovered the madness to be counterfeited. For this Ulysses never could forgive him, and at last wrought his ruin by accusing him of holding intelligence with the enemy; to support which charge he forged letters from Priam to Palamedes, which he pretended he had intercepted, and conveyed gold into his tent, alleging it was the bribe given him for his treason. Upon this presumption Palamedes was condemned by a council of war, and stoned to death. *See* Ovid. Met. xiii. 56. That Palamedes was thus taken off through a stratagem of Ulysses was a fact probably well known to the Trojans, though they might be ignorant of the colour for his being killed. Sinon, therefore, to secure the attention and belief of his hearers, very artfully pretends that Palamedes was murdered, because he had dissuaded the Greeks from continuing the war against Troy.

his royal dignity undiminished, and possessed influence in the assemblies of the princes, so long I, too, enjoyed some reputation and respect. When he departed from upper earth through the spitefulness of the artful schemer, Ulysses —I say what all men know—distressed in mind I dragged on my life in retirement and in grief, and in solitude bemoaned the unmerited disaster of my guiltless friend. Nor did I hold my peace, fool that I was, but vowed revenge if any chance should offer, if ever I should return victorious to my native Argos; and by my words I provoked his bitter hatred. Hence arose the first downward step of my misfortune; henceforth Ulysses was always terrifying me with new accusations; henceforth he began to spread doubtful hints among the people, and sought accomplices in his guilt. Nor, indeed, did he rest till, with Calchas as his tool——But why do I for no purpose unfold these painful facts? or why do I detain you if you place all the Greeks on the same footing, and if it be enough to hear that I am one? Even now take vengeance: this the prince of Ithaca would wish, and the sons of Atreus would liberally reward you for your service.

Then, indeed, we grow impatient to know and to inquire into the reasons, unable to conceive such depth of villany and of Grecian cunning. He proceeds with trepidation, and speaks from a heart false to the core. The Greeks often desired to leave Troy and to arrange for flight, and to separate to their homes, wearied with the long protracted war: and would that they had done so! Often did the stormy state of the sea prevent them, and the south wind deterred them on the point of starting. In an especial manner, when the horse, formed of maple planks, was standing all complete, thunder clouds roared from every part of heaven. In perplexity we send Eurypylus to consult the oracle of Apollo, and from the sacred shrine he brings this dismal response: You appeased the winds,

O Greeks, with the blood of a virgin slain,[1] when first you steered for the Trojan coast; by blood must your return be sought, and atonement must be made by the life of a Greek. And as soon as this response reached the ears of the multitude, their minds were stunned, and a chilling shudder ran through their very bones, in anxious fear as to whom the Fates mark out, and whom Apollo demands. Upon this Ulysses drags forth Calchas the seer with much bluster: he demands to know what these indications of the god mean: and now many warned me of the heartless villany of the plotter, and quietly watched the progress of events. He for twice five days is silent, and close shut up, refuses to betray any one by name, or to expose him to death. At length, being with difficulty hounded on by the loud demands of the Ithacan, he breaks silence, as was concerted, and devotes me as the sacrifice. All assented, and what each dreaded for himself, that he permitted to be turned to the ruin of one poor wretch. And now the dreadful day came; the sacred rites were being prepared for me, the salted cakes, and fillets for my temples: I ran away from death, I own, and broke my bonds; and in a slimy fen all night I lurked, screened by the sedge, while they might be setting sail, if by chance they should do so. And now I have no hope of seeing the dear old country, nor my sweet children, and my much-loved sire; whom they,

[1] When the Grecian army had arrived at Aulis, ready to sail to Troy, Diana, incensed against Agamemnon for killing one of her favourite deer, withheld the wind. Calchas, having consulted the oracles, reported that Iphigenia, Agamemnon's daughter, must fall a victim to appease Diana's wrath. Ulysses went and fetched her from the tender embraces of her mother, under colour of her going to be married to Achilles. She was brought to the altar, and was on the point of being sacrificed, when Calchas informed them that Diana was satisfied with this act of submission, and consented to have a deer substituted in room of Iphigenia; but that she must be transported to Tauris, there to serve the goddess for life in quality of priestess.

perhaps, will demand for vengeance on account of my escape, and will atone for this offence of mine by the death of my wretched friends. But I conjure you by the powers above, by the gods who take cognisance of truth, by whatever uncontaminated faith there still remains among men, compassionate such grievous afflictions, compassionate one suffering undeserved treatment.

On this tearful appeal we grant him his life, and pity him, contrary to what might be expected. Priam himself first gives orders that the manacles and strait bonds be removed, then thus addresses him in kindly words: Whoever you are, now henceforth discard and forget the Greeks; be one of us; and give me an honest reply to these questions: For what purpose did they raise this monster horse? who suggested it? or what do they aim at? what was the religious object? or perhaps it is an engine of war? He ceased to speak. The other, well schooled in fraud and Grecian artifice, lifted up to heaven his hands, loosed from the bonds: Bear witness, everlasting orbs of fire, he says, you and your inviolable divinity; bear witness, altars, and horrid swords, which I escaped; and you fillets of the gods, which I a victim wore: I am free to violate my oath of fealty to the Greeks; I am free to hold these men in abhorrence, and to reveal all their secrets; nor am I now subject to any of my country's laws. Only, O Troy, abide by your promises, and preserve faith with your preserver, provided I disclose the truth, provided I make you large amends.

The whole hope of the Greeks, and their confidence in beginning the war, always rested on the aid of Pallas; but when the godless Diomede, and Ulysses, the contriver of all wicked designs, attempted to drag down from her holy temple the fate-bearing Palladium,[1] and having slain the

[1] Palladium, a celebrated statue of Pallas, which was said to have fallen from heaven, and on the preservation of which depended the safety of Troy.

guards of the citadel, seized her sacred image, and with bloody hands dared to touch the unpolluted fillets of the goddess; from that moment the expectation of the Greeks began to fail, and, losing its hold and sliding backward, was borne to its former state of despair: their powers were weakened, the mind of the goddess was alienated; and Tritonia[1] gave proof of that by unmistakable prodigies; for scarcely was the statue set up in the camp when flashes of fire darted from her wildly-staring eye-balls, and a briny sweat flowed over her limbs; and, wonderful to tell, of herself she leaped thrice from the ground, armed as she was with her shield and her spear all quivering. Forthwith Calchas declares that we must attempt the seas in flight, and that Troy can never be destroyed by the Grecian sword unless they take the omens anew at Argos, and bring back the goodwill of the goddess, which they at first bore with them over the sea in their curved ships. And now that they have sailed for their native Mycenæ with the wind, they are providing themselves with fresh forces and propitiated gods to accompany them; and having re-traversed the sea, they will come upon you before you are aware. Thus Calchas interprets the omens. By his advice they have erected this image instead of the Palladium, to make amends for the offence to the goddess, and that it might atone for their sad act of sacrilege. But Calchas bid them rear this structure to a huge size with jointed beams, and raise it to the sky, that it might not be able to be admitted into the gates, or be dragged into the city, and that it might not protect the people under their ancient religious shelter. For he said that if your hands should violate Minerva's sacred offering, then signal ruin—which augury may the gods sooner turn against himself!—awaited Priam's empire and the Trojans. But if by your hands it

[1] Tritonia, a surname of Minerva, from Tritonis, a lake and river of Africa, near which she had a temple.

should mount into the city, that Asia, contrary to all expectation, would advance in formidable war to the very walls of Pelops, and that a like fate would overtake our posterity.

By such a well-laid plot, and by the cunning skill of perjured Sinon, the story was believed; and we were ensnared by wiles and overcome by forced tears, whom neither Diomede, nor Larissæan[1] Achilles, nor a ten years' siege, nor a thousand ships had subdued.

Upon this another scene, greater in import and much more fearful, is presented to us in our wretchedness, and bewilders our blinded intellect. Laocoon, chosen by lot as Neptune's priest, was sacrificing a huge bullock at the holy altars, when, lo! two serpents, twin in form, coming from Tenedos over the peaceful deep, lie "prone upon the flood, extended long and large" in circles infinite—I shudder as I tell it—and side by side make straight for shore; their breasts "uplift above the waves," and their blood-stained manes o'ertop the waters; the remaining part sweeps the sea behind them, and curls their enormous bodies into sinuous folds. A rushing noise is heard by reason of the foaming sea. And now they were gaining the fields, and were licking their hissing mouths with darting tongues, their glaring eyes suffused with blood and fire. Half-dead with fear we scattered helter-skelter at the sight. They, in undeviating course, make for Laocoon; and first each serpent entwines in his embrace the bodies of his two sons, and preys upon the limbs of the wretched boys. Afterwards Laocoon himself, coming to the help of his children, and bringing weapons of defence, they seize and pinion with their huge spiral-coils; and now twice encircling his waist, twice winding their scaly bodies around his neck, they overtop him by their heads and lofty necks. He,

[1] Larissæan: an epithet applied to Achilles, who came from Larissa, the capital city of Thessaly.

his fillets drenched with venom-tainted blood, strives to loosen the knots with his hands, and at the same time raises to heaven heartrending shrieks: such is the mournful bellowing of the bull when he rushes wounded from the altar, and endeavours to shake off from his neck the erring axe. But the two serpents glide safely to the summit of the temple, and seek the tower of stern Tritonia, and shelter themselves beneath the feet of the goddess, and under the orb of her buckler. Then, indeed, an altered feeling of terror diffuses itself through the quaking hearts of all; and they say that Laocoon has deservedly suffered for his crime, inasmuch as he violated the sacred wood with his javelin, and hurled his impious spear into its sides. They demand with one voice that the image should be taken to its proper site, and that the favour of the goddess should be implored. We make a breach in the walls, and lay open the inner fortifications of the city. All bestir themselves for the work; and under the feet of the horse they place rolling wheels, and fasten hempen ropes upon its neck. The fate-bearing machine scales the walls, filled with armed men; boys and maidens crowding around sing hymns, and are delighted if they but touch the rope with their hands. Up, up it goes, and with menacing aspect slides into the heart of the city. O country, O Ilium, home of the gods, and ye walls of Troy in war renowned, four times it stopped on the very threshold of the gate, and four times was heard the clank of armour in its womb; yet we heedless and blind with frantic zeal urge on, and plant the ill-starred monster in the sacred citadel. Then besides our other warnings, Cassandra,[1] in order to declare approaching destiny, opens those lips of hers, which by order of the god were never believed by the Trojans. Unhappy we, to whom

[1] Cassandra, the daughter of Priam and Hecuba. According to the poets, she had the gift of prophecy; but having slighted Apollo's love, she was punished by him in not having her prophecies believed.

that day was to be the last, adorn the temples of the gods throughout the city with festive boughs.

Meanwhile the heaven revolves, and night springs up from ocean, wrapping in deep gloom the earth and the sky, and the stratagems of the Myrmidons. The Trojans abed throughout the city were still: deep sleep fast binds their weary limbs. And now the Grecian host was on its way from Tenedos with ships in due array, making for the well-known shore, under the favouring stillness of the silent moon, when the flagship suddenly raised the signal-fire; and Sinon, protected by the hostile deities, at once unbars the pinewood prison stealthily, and lets out the Greeks shut up within: the opened horse restores them to the air; and they gladly issue from the hollow wood, Thessandrus and Sthenelus the foremost and dire Ulysses sliding down by a suspended rope, and Athamas and Thoas, Neoptolemus, the grandson of Peleus, and Machaon first among men, with Menelaus, and Epeus the deviser of the fraud. They assault the city buried in sleep and wine. The sentinels are slain; and through the opened gates they receive all their friends, and join their kindred bands. It was the time when sleep comes first and soundest upon wearied men, and, by the kindness of heaven, steals upon them with most grateful influence. In my dreams, lo! Hector, in deepest sorrow, seemed to be present before my eyes, and to be shedding floods of tears; after being dragged by the war-chariot, as he formerly was, begrimed with blood and dust, his swollen feet still fastened by the reins. Ah me! what a sight he was! how changed from that Hector whom I can at this moment see returning, clad in the armour of Achilles, or hurling Phrygian torches against the ships of the Greeks! He shows a beard still squalid, and hair with blood defiled, and even yet he bears those many wounds he had received beneath his native walls. I thought that I myself, too, in tears, addressed the hero

first, and uttered these mournful words: O light of Troy, O Trojans' firmest hope! what causes of delay have so long kept you from us? O, long-looked-for Hector! from what regions do you come? With what joy we see you after the many deaths of your friends, after the various disasters to men and to the city, exhausted as we are! What unworthy cause has marred the calm beauty of your face? or why do I behold these wounds? He makes no reply, and stays not to answer my useless inquiries; but, with a heavy sigh from the depths of his breast, Ah! fly, goddess-born, he says, and save yourself from these flames: the enemy is in possession of the walls; Troy is falling from its stately height. Enough for Priam and your country have you done. If Troy could now be saved by hand of man, by mine it had ere this been saved. Troy commends to you her sacred things and her gods: these take, companions of your fate; for these provide a city, great and strong, which, after many wanderings o'er the sea, you yet at length shall build. So speaking, from the inner sanctuary he brings dread Vesta and her fillets, and the fire which ever burns.

Meanwhile the city, in its several parts, is filled with mingled scenes of woe; and though the house of my father Anchises stood retired, and surrounded by trees, the sounds become more and more distinct, and the horrid clash of arms rolls nearer and still nearer. I start from sleep, and mount in bounding haste the summit of the roof, and stand with listening ears. As when a spark has fallen amid standing corn in boisterous wind, or as a whirling torrent from a mountain stream overwhelms the fields, lays low the thriving crops, the oxen's weary toil, and downward sweeps the woods in seething flood, the shepherd, standing on some lofty rock, bewildered hears the roar, but knows not what it is. Then, indeed, this truth is clear, and the crafty plans of the Greeks are made known. Now the spacious house of Deiphobus falls with a crash, the fire gaining the

mastery, and now his neighbour Ucalegon is ablaze; the wide Sigæan[1] strait is lit up by the fires. There arise the shouts of men and the clang of trumpets. Distracted I take my arms; but when armed I have no fixed plan; yet I am eager to collect a band for war, and to rush with them to the citadel: wild excitement and indignation hurry me to a rash resolve, and I feel that it is a glorious thing to die under arms.

But lo! Panthus having escaped from the sword of the Greeks, Panthus, son of Orthrys, priest of Apollo on the citadel, carries in his hand the holy utensils, and the conquered gods, and drags along his little grandson, and rushes for our house in his distraction. Panthus, how stands the common-weal? what place of strength do we hold? I had scarcely spoken when, with a sigh, he thus replies: Troy's last day has come, and her inevitable doom. Trojans we once were: Ilium once existed; and the renown of the Trojans once was great! Jupiter, in relentless anger, has transferred all to Argos. The Greeks carry all before them in the burning city. The horse, standing proudly erect in the midst of our fortifications, pours forth its armed warriors, and Sinon, insolently triumphing in his success, applies torches in all directions. Some are crowding at our wide-opened gates, as many thousands as ever came from great Mycenæ: others with arms have blocked up the lanes to oppose our passage. The unsheathed sword-blade is raised with glittering point, ready for the work of death: hardly do the foremost wardens of the gates attempt a contest, and resist in the blind rage of battle. By these words of Panthus, and by the instigation of the gods, I rush into the midst of the flames and the

[1] Sigæum, a famous promontory of Troas, at the entrance of the Hellespont, where the Scamander fell into the sea. Here was the tomb of Achilles, and near it were fought many of the battles between the Greeks and the Trojans.

carnage, where the fell War-Fiend calls me and the din of battle and the shouts that rend the sky. Rhipeus and Epytus, mighty in arms, and Hypanis and Dymas, discovered to us by the light of the moon, join us as companions and close in beside us, and also the youthful Corœbus,[1] son of Mygdon. As it happened, he had come to Troy in those days, being madly in love with Cassandra, and, as a son-in-law, was bringing help to Priam and the Trojans; ill-fated youth, who heeded not the warning of his inspired bride.

And when I saw that they formed into a compact band were prepared to dare the fight, to encourage them farther I address them as follows: Brave youths, hearts more than brave—for nought; since your determination is fixed to follow me in this desperate attempt, you see in what condition our affairs are; all the gods by whom this kingdom was upheld have departed, and have abandoned their shrines and their altars; you come to the relief of a city in flames: let us die, and let us boldly face the death. The only safety for the vanquished is to expect no safety. Thus a feeling of reckless daring was imparted to their minds. Then, like ravenous wolves in a dark fog, which the insatiable rage of hunger has driven forth blindly to prowl, and whose whelps left behind long for their return with thirsting jaws, through arms, through enemies, we march to certain doom, and hold on our way to the middle of the city: sable Night hovers around us with her vaulted shade. Who can describe in words the disasters of that night, or who can tell its deaths? or who can furnish tears enough to wail its woes? An ancient city, which ruled with sovereign sway for many years is falling to the ground: corpses, now still for ever, are strewn in countless numbers and in places wide apart, in streets and houses, even in the sacred temples of the gods. Nor do the Trojans alone pay the penalty with their blood: valour returns sometimes to the hearts

[1] Corœbus, a Phrygian, son of Mygdon, the brother of Hecuba.

even of the vanquished, and the victorious Grecians fall: everywhere is heartless grief and awful dread, and death in many a shape. Androgeus first confronts us, accompanied by a numerous throng of Greeks, in his simplicity believing us to be a band of his fellow-countrymen, and he unexpectedly addresses us in friendly words: Make haste, my lads. For what remissness keeps you thus so late? Others are tearing down the fired towers of Troy, and are carrying off the spoil: you are only now on your way from the lofty ships. He spoke; and as no assuring answer was returned he felt that he had fallen into the midst of enemies. He was stupefied, and at once halted and was silent. As one who, with heavy foot has trodden on a snake in the rough thicket unobserved, and in terror has suddenly recoiled from him as he works up his wrath and swells out his azure neck, just so Androgeus, trembling at the sight of us, was endeavouring to escape. We rush upon them, and enclose them in a dense ring of weapons, and we slay them flank and rear, ignorant as they were of the place, and panic-stricken. Fortune favours our first effort. Upon this Corœbus, exulting in success, and emboldened in heart, says: Comrades, where Fortune first points out the path of safety, and where she shows herself propitious, let us follow. Let us change shields, and let us assume the Grecian armour. In case of an enemy, who cares whether guile or valour wins the day? they themselves will supply us with weapons. This said, he puts on the crested helmet of Androgeus, and his richly emblazoned shield, and buckles to his side a Grecian sword. The same does Rhipeus, the same does Dymas too, and likewise all the rest, with glee: each arms himself with the recent spoils. So we go, mingling with the Greeks, but under auspices not our own;[1] in many a skirmish we engage

[1] That is, Greek armour claimed the favour of Grecian deities, not Trojan.

during the dark night, and many of the Greeks we send down to Hades. Some fly this way and that way to the ships, and racing seek the trusty shore; some through dastard fear scale once more the monster horse, and skulk in hiding in the well-known womb.

Alas! no man can safely trust the gods against their will! Lo! Cassandra, virgin daughter of Priam, was being dragged with hair all streaming loose from the temple and shrine of Minerva, raising in vain to heaven her wildly glaring eyes; her eyes—for cords held tight her tender hands. Corœbus, his mind enraged to madness, could not stand the sight, and flung himself upon the very centre of the band, to certain death. We all follow, and rush upon them in close array. Hence our first reverse: we are overwhelmed by the darts of our friends from the high summit of the temple, and a most piteous slaughter ensues, through the appearance of our arms, and the mistake of our Grecian crests. Then the Greeks, through vexation and wrath for the rescue of the virgin, rally from all sides and fall upon us; fiercest of all, Ajax, most fierce the two sons of Atreus, and the whole band of the Dolopians: as, at times, a hurricane having burst, both Zephyrus and Notus, and Eurus exulting in his eastern steeds, with opposing blasts strive fiercely together; the woods moan, and Nereus rages wildly with his trident, and rouses the seas to foam from their lowest depths. They, too, whom in the darkness of the dusky night we by stratagem had routed, and chased all through the city, make their appearance; they are the first to discover our shields and our counterfeiting arms, and from our voice take note of our appearance, which agreed not thereto. In fine, we are overpowered by numbers; and first Corœbus sinks in death by the hand of Peneleus at the altar of the warrior-goddess: Rhipeus too falls, the very justest man among the Trojans, and the strictest guardian of the right: but to the gods it seemed

otherwise. Hypanis and Dymas die, slain by their friends; nor did your signal piety or the fillets of Apollo save you, Panthus, as you fell. Ashes of Troy, expiring flames of my country! I call you to witness, that in your fall I shunned neither darts nor any risks from the Greeks; and that had it been fated that I should fall, I deserved it by my acts of bravery. Then we are forced to separate, being attracted to Priam's palace by the shouts of battle, Epytus and Pelias remaining with me, and of these Epytus was well advanced in years, and Pelias was disabled by a wound from Ulysses. Here, indeed, we behold a deadly struggle, as if there were no contests elsewhere, as if none were being killed throughout the whole city, so stubborn a battle do we see raging, and the Greeks rushing to the palace, and the gates besieged by an advancing testudo. Scaling ladders are fixed against the walls, and close to the very door-posts they mount by the ladder-steps, and with their left hands they present their shields to the weapons to protect themselves, and with their right they grasp the battlements. On the other hand, the Trojans try to tear down the turrets and highest roofs of their houses: with such weapons as these, since they see it is the end, they seek to defend themselves, now in their last death-struggle, and tumble down the gilded beams, those stately ornaments of their ancestors: others with drawn swords have beset the gates below; these they guard in a compact band. Our ardour is rekindled to relieve the royal palace, to support our friends with aid and impart fresh strength to the vanquished. In the rear of the building there was an entrance and a secret door and a passage which afforded communication between the different parts of Priam's palace, and also an unguarded postern, by which way the ill-fated Andromache,[1] while the kingdom remained secure, would often go

[1] Andromache, the daughter of Æetion, king of Thebes, in Mysia, and the wife of Hector, by whom she had Astyanax.

to her parents-in-law without retinue, and take the boy Astyanax to his grandfather. I mount to the summit of the highest battlement, whence the Trojans in their despair were hurling unavailing darts: a wooden tower standing on the precipitous ledge of the building, and raised high in air, with very lofty pinnacles, from which all Troy, and the ships of the Greeks, and the Achæan camp were wont to be seen, having attacked on every side with iron weapons, where the highest storeys rendered the joinings less firm, we wrenched from its elevated position and hurled forward on the foe. It, suddenly giving way, comes down with a crash, and in its fall spreads far over the ranks of the Greeks. But others take the place of the slain; and meanwhile neither stones nor any kinds of missiles cease to fly.

Just before the porch, and at the outer gate, Pyrrhus bounds forward in the joy of triumph, brilliant by the brazen sheen of his armour: such he is as when a snake, fed on noxious herbs—which the cold of winter kept covered beneath the ground in a swollen state—now fresh, with slough cast off, and bright in youthful beauty, all coiled shoots forth to light of day his slippery body, with breast erect, and head that seeks the heat, and in his mouth darts to and fro his three-forked tongue. Along with him the great Periphas, and the charioteer of Achilles, armour-bearer Automedon, and all the youth from Scyros attack the roof and fling torches to its summits. Pyrrhus himself in the front, snatching up a battle-axe, breaks the stubborn gates, and tries to tear from the hinges the plated doors. And now having hewn away the beam, he cleft the solid planks, and made a huge opening with a wide breach. The interior of the palace is now seen, and the long courts are exposed to view. The private apartments of Priam and of the old kings are disclosed, and the Greeks see armed men standing in the entrance.

But from the interior of the palace is heard the mingled

noise of sobs and pitiable groans and wild confusion, and the vaulted halls resound with women's shrieks: the wailings strike the golden stars. Then the matrons in terror wander through the great palace, and embracing the doorposts, cling to them and imprint kisses. Pyrrhus[1] presses on with all his father's vehemence, and neither bolts nor guards themselves are able to offer resistance. The gate totters by repeated blows of the ram, and the doorposts, prised from their hinges, tumble to the ground. A passage is made by sheer force: they burst open an entrance, and having gained admittance, they mercilessly slay the first they meet, and fill all parts of the palace with their soldiery. Not with such resistless force does a river pour into the fields with surging flood and sweep over all the plains both stalls and herds, when in foaming spate it has o'erleaped its broken banks, and with its seething waters has overcome opposing barriers. I myself beheld Neoptolemus revelling in blood, and the two sons of Atreus at the entrance: I saw Hecuba, and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam polluting with his blood, on all the altars, those fires which he himself had consecrated. Those fifty bed-chambers, with so many hopes of descendants, those doors that proudly shone with barbaric gold and spoils, were levelled to the ground: where the flames fail, the Greeks take place.

Perhaps, too, you are curious to hear what was Priam's fate. As soon as he saw the capture and fall of the city, and his palace gates demolished, and the enemy in the very midst of his sacred hearths, old as he was, he vainly girds on his tottering body his arms long time disused, and takes his sword, now useless, and goes against the serried foe, to certain death. In the centre of the palace,[2] and under

[1] Pyrrhus, also called Neoptolemus, was the son of Achilles and Deidamia, daughter of King Lycomedes.

[2] The *impluvium* is meant, Priam's palace forming a square court.

the bare canopy of heaven, stood a large altar, and an aged bay tree near it, overhanging the altar, and encircling the household gods with its shade. Here Hecuba and her daughters, like pigeons driven headlong from the sky by a lowering storm, were sitting crowded together, and embracing the shrines of the gods, all in vain. But as soon as she saw that Priam himself had assumed the arms of his youth, unhappy spouse, she cries, What infatuation has prompted you to put on these arms? or whither are you hurrying? The time needs far other help, far other defenders. No! these would be useless, even if my own Hector himself were here. Come to us, I pray you; this altar will protect us all, or you shall die along with us. Having thus said, she took the old man beside her, and placed him on the sacred seat.

But, lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, having escaped death at the hands of Pyrrhus, in the midst of darts and of enemies flies through the long galleries, and wounded traverses the empty courts. Pyrrhus, in burning eagerness, pursues him close with deadly aim; and now, even now, he holds him in his grasp, and now touches him with his spear: when he at length came within sight and into the presence of his parents, he fell and poured out his life in a stream of blood. Upon this, Priam, though death is all around him, did not forbear, and did not restrain his words or his wrath: Ah, but, exclaims he, if there is any sympathy in heaven which cares for such things, may the gods return to you in full measure a worthy retribution, and pay you the rewards you so richly merit,—you who have caused me to see in my presence the death of a son, and have defiled a father's eyes with his corpse: yet that great Achilles, from whom you say, liar as you are, that you are descended, did not so behave to Priam, though an enemy: but he paid respect to the rights and the faith of a suppliant, and he restored for burial Hector's lifeless body,

and sent me safely back to my home. So speaking, the old man hurled his feeble dart, without inflicting a wound, for it was at once checked by the dull-sounding brass, and hung down harmlessly from the extremity of the boss of the shield. To whom Pyrrhus replies: Well, then, you will go as a messenger to my father Achilles, and will let him know of these doings: don't forget to tell him fully of my shocking deeds, and of his degenerate Neoptolemus: now die. With these words he dragged him to the very altar, trembling and sliding in the copious blood of his son: and with his left hand grasped his hair, and with his right he raised aloft his flashing sword, and plunged it into his side up to the hilt. Such was the end of Priam's fate; this was the final doom allotted to him, beholding Troy on fire, and its towers laid in ruins—him who once reigned in majesty over so many nations and countries of Asia. A large trunk lies on the ground—and a head torn from the shoulders—and a body without a name.

But then a dread feeling of horror took hold of me. I was paralysed: the image of my dear father arose to my mind when I saw the king, of equal age, breathing out his life by a shocking wound; Creüsa,[1] forsaken, came to my thoughts, and my rifled house, and the danger of the little Iülus. I look around and examine what force there is at hand. All have left me, utterly exhausted, and have either leaped to the ground, or, sick of life, have dropped into the flames.

And now I was positively the only survivor, when I espy Helen occupying the temple of Vesta, and silently lurking in that secluded spot; the bright flames give me light as I wander about and cast my eyes on every object. She, feeling that the Trojans would detest her on account of the fall of Troy, dreading punishment at the hands of the Greeks and wrath on the part of the husband whom she had left,

[1] Creüsa, daughter of Priam, and wife of Æneas.

common pest of Troy and of her country as she was, had hid herself, and now sat crouching like a hated thing at the altars. The fires of indignation were kindled in my heart: a wrathful impulse prompted me to avenge my falling country, and take the satisfaction her guilt deserved. Shall she, forsooth, again behold Sparta and her native Mycenæ in safety? shall she go in procession as a queen after a triumph gained, and shall she see her marriage rites restored, her home, her parents, and her children, accompanied by a retinue of Trojan matrons and Phrygian men-servants? Shall Priam have fallen by the sword? Shall Troy have been burned by fire? Shall the Trojan shore so often have reeked with blood? It must not be. For though there be no lasting reputation in the punishment of a woman, and though a victory like that brings no glory, yet I shall be commended for having removed an abomination from the earth, and for having exacted due satisfaction, and it will afford me pleasure to think that I had taken my fill of burning vengeance, and had brought solace to the ashes of my friends. Such thoughts was I discussing, and was being hurried on with maddened mind, when my benign mother presented herself to my view with such brightness as I had never seen before, and amidst the gloom she was lit up with a brilliant halo,—every whit the goddess, as beautiful and as majestic as she is wont to show to the immortals: then she seized and held me by the right hand, and added these words, with her rosy mouth: My son, what so bitter provocation kindles your ungoverned rage? why are you thus infuriated? or whither has your regard for me fled? Will you not first see in what state you have left your father Anchises, weak from age? whether your wife Creüsa and the boy Ascanius are alive, around whom the Grecian troops from every quarter roam? and did not my care even now interfere, the flames would have already carried them off, or the cruel sword

would have drunk their blood. It is not the hated person of the Laconian Tyndaris, nor is it the much-blamed Paris,—it is the unrelenting decrees of the gods —of the gods, I say—that have overthrown for you this kingdom, and that are now levelling Troy from its highest pinnacle. Look here; for I will dissipate all the mist which now intervening bedims your mortal sight, and spreads its darkening fog around you: doubt not the commands of your mother, and do not refuse to obey her orders: here, where you see scattered masses of masonry and stones torn from stones, and smoke mingled with dust, ascending in waves, Neptune is shaking the walls and foundations prised up by his mighty trident, and is razing the whole city from its basis. Here Juno, foremost, and in her fiercest mood, guards the Scæan[1] gates, and, girt with her sword, in frantic haste calls from the ships her allied band. Look round: Tritonian Pallas has now seated herself on a lofty turret, conspicuous to view by the halo cloud, and by the dread Gorgon.[2] Father Jove himself gives freely to the Greeks increased supplies of courage and of force, and personally enlists the gods against the arms of Troy. Secure your escape, my son, and put an end to your toils. At no place will I be far from you, and I will bring you in safety to your father's door. She ceased to speak, and hid herself in the thick shades of night. Awful forms and mighty powers of heaven appear, all bent on Troy's destruction.

Then indeed Ilium in its every part seemed to be settling down into the flames, and Neptune-built Troy to be razed from its lowest foundations; even as when in the mountain summit rustics attack an aged ash, and vie with

[1] Scæan gate, one of the gates of Troy, where the tomb of Laomedon was seen.

[2] Gorgon, Medusa, whose head Perseus cut off and presented to Minerva. It was placed on her ægis, by which she turned into stone all such as fixed their eyes upon it.

one another in their eagerness to fell it with many strokes of the axe; it still threatens, and moves its shaken summit with quivering foliage, until gradually overpowered by the blows, it gives one last great creak, and falls with a crash, rudely parted from its native heights; I come down, and, under heavenly guidance, I make my way between fire and foes. The darts give place, the flames retire.

And now, when I had arrived at our house and the dear old home, my father, whom I wished to carry first to the lofty mountains, and whom I first approached, obstinately refuses to prolong his life, now that Troy is no more, and to reside in a foreign land. You, he says, who have the blood of vigorous life, and whose energies are from their natural strength unimpaired—you, I say, hasten your escape. As for me, if the powers of heaven had wished me to lengthen out my life, they would have kept this home safe for me. I have lived to see one sack of Troy—enough, aye, more than enough—and have outlived the city once taken. Say *vale* to my body, thus, O thus laid out; then go your way! I myself will court death by my resistance: the enemy will take compassion on me, and will be eager for my spoils. The loss of a tomb is to me a matter of little moment. Now for a long time I am eking out my years, hated by the gods and good for nothing, since the father of gods and king of men blew on me with the wind of his thunderbolt, and blasted me with his lightning. He persisted in repeating such arguments, and continued determined. We, on the contrary,—my wife Creüsa, and Ascanius, and the whole household,—bathed in tears, begged that my father would not upset all, and purposely hasten on our impending fate. He utterly refuses, and sticks to his purpose—and his seat.

Once more I rush to arms, and, utterly miserable, I long for death: for what expedient had I left, or what chance of hope? Father, did you think that I could take me hence,

and leave you thus behind? and could such an unholy thought slip from a parent's lips? If it is the will of the gods that nothing of so great a city be preserved, and if this be your fixed opinion and you find pleasure in involving you and yours in the wreck of Troy, there is a ready way to that death; for Pyrrhus will at once be here, fresh from the streams of Priam's blood—Pyrrhus, who butchers the son before the father's face, who butchers that father at the altar. Was it for this, O benign mother, that you bring me safe through darts, through flames, to see the enemy in the midst of my sacred chambers, and to behold Ascanius, my father, and Creüsa by his side, slaughtered in one another's blood? Arms, my men, bring arms; their last day calls the vanquished. Let me at the Greeks again: let me return and renew the fight: never shall we all die unavenged this day.

Thus I again gird on my sword: and I was thrusting my left hand into my buckler, bracing it fitly on, and was rushing from the house. But lo! my wife, grasping my feet as I was departing, clung to me, and held out little Iülus to his father: If you are going away to certain death, take us also with you to every risk: but if, after your experience, you have any hope in taking arms, first protect this house. To whom are you leaving little Iülus, to whom your father, and me, once called your own dear wife? Thus earnestly appealing, she was filling the whole house with her wailings; when a portent, sudden and wonderful, occurs. For among the very hands, and before the eyes of his parents, lo! a slight tapering flame was seen to emit light from the top of Iülus' head, and the tongues of fire seemed to play on his soft hair with harmless touch, and to lick his temples. We hurried in trepidation and alarm to brush away the blazing hair, and with water to extinguish the holy fire. But father Anchises upward raised his eyes in joy, and lifted to heaven both hands and voice: Almighty Jove, if thou art influenced by

any prayers, look on us in pity : this only do we ask : and, O Father, if our piety finds favour in thy sight, then grant us help, and ratify thine omens. Scarcely had the old man spoken, when, with a sudden crash, it thundered on the left, and a star falling from heaven shot across the darkness, leaving behind it a brilliant streak of light. As it passes over the summit of our house, and marks its course in the sky, we see it distinctly disappearing in the woods of Ida : then a far-extending track shows a line of light, and the places all around emit a sulphureous steam. And now my father, overcome by the verification of the omen, rises up and addresses the gods, and pays adoration to the sacred meteor : Now, now I delay you not : and where you lead the way I am with you : O gods of my fathers, save my house, save my grandson. Yours is the omen : Troy is in your keeping. I, for my part, give in : and O, my son, I do not refuse to accompany you.

He ceased to speak, and now the fires throughout the city are more distinctly heard, and the conflagrations waft the heat nearer. Come then, dear father, seat yourself on my neck ; with my shoulders will I support you, nor shall that burden oppress me. However things shall issue, there shall be one and the same danger to both, one and the same safety. Let little Iülus come with me, and let my wife follow me at a short distance. You, domestics, pay special attention to what I am going to say : As you go out of the city there is a mound, and an ancient temple of Ceres in a lonely spot, and an aged cypress, preserved for many years by the religious veneration of our ancestors. We shall come to this one spot from different directions. O father, take you in your hands the sacred things and the gods of our country ; it would be a heinous sin for me, just come from so bloody a war and from recent slaughter, to touch them, until I shall have washed myself in a running stream.

Having thus spoken, I spread on my shoulders and on my neck the skin of a tawny lion as a covering, and take up my load: little Iülus grasps my right hand, and follows his father with unequal steps: my wife comes behind us. We bear on through dark places; and me whom lately no showers of darts moved, nor Greeks massed together to oppose me, now every breath of air terrifies, every sound startles, in deep anxiety and in fear alike for my companion and my burden.

And now I was approaching the gates, and thought that I had accomplished all my journey, when suddenly the frequent tread of footsteps seemed to be close at hand, and my father, peering through the gloom, exclaims, My son, fly my son: they are nearing us. I see bright shields and glittering brass. At this point some ill-disposed deity entirely took away my already bewildered mind. For while in my flight I follow by-paths and deviate from the beaten tracks, alas! I know not whether my wife Creüsa, torn by fate from me in my misery, stopped behind or lost her way, or, utterly exhausted, sat her down; but never afterwards did I behold her. Nor did I notice that she was lost, or cast a thought upon her, till we came to the mound and the old and holy abode of Ceres; here, at length, when all were mustered, she alone was wanting; she had escaped the notice of her companions and her son and her husband. Whom of gods and men did not I in my frenzy upbraid? or what did I see more heartrending in the city's fall? I commit Ascanius, and my father Anchises, and the Trojan Penates to the care of my companions, and conceal them in a winding glen: I myself make for the city again and gird on my shining weapons. I determine to renew every risk, and again to go through the whole of Troy and expose my life to dangers.

In the first place, I return to the walls, and the dark entry of the gate by which I had departed, and retrace my

way, but dimly noticed in the gloom of night, and now I carefully examined it with my eyes. A feeling of dread in every place terrifies my mind: the very silence, too, appals it. Thence I turn homeward if by chance, by any chance, she had gone thither. The Greeks had now rushed in, and were masters of the whole building. Immediately the devouring fire is wafted by the wind to the highest roof; the flames leap aloft, a fierce heat surges heavenward. I advance and revisit the palace of Priam and the citadel. And now in the desolate porticos, in Juno's sanctuary, Phœnix and the dire Ulysses, chosen as guardians, were watching the booty: hither, from all quarters the wealth of Troy is gathered, saved from the burning temples—tables of the gods, goblets of solid gold, and robes—the spoils of war. Boys and terrified matrons stand all around in a long train.

Moreover, I ventured to cry aloud through the darkness, and filled the streets with my shouts, and in plaintive tones I called on my Creüsa, in vain repeating her name again and again. As I was thus seeking her, and madly ranging without a pause through the houses of the city, the ghost and the shade of Creüsa herself, lucklessly lost to me, appeared before my eyes, and her image larger than was natural. I was paralysed; and my hair stood on end, and my voice clung to my jaws. Then thus she addresses me, and removes my anxieties by these words: My darling husband, what good is it to give way to frantic grief? these events do not occur without the will of the gods. Neither fate nor the supreme ruler of Olympus allows you to carry Creüsa hence as a companion. Long banishment awaits you, and you must traverse a vast expanse of ocean: then you will come to a western land where the Lydian[1] Tiber, with his gentle current, glides through the rich fields of a brave race: there pros-

[1] Lydian Tiber: the epithet is applied to the Tiber, because it passes along the borders of Etruria, whose inhabitants were a Lydian colony.

perity awaits you, and a kingdom and a royal spouse : cease to weep for your beloved Creüsa. I, of the noble line of Dardanus, and the daughter-in-law of divine Venus, shall not see the lordly halls of the Myrmidons or the Dolopians, nor shall I go to be a slave to Grecian dames ; but the great mother of the gods detains me here. And now, farewell, and ever love your son and mine.

With these words she left me bathed in tears, and wishing to say many things, and vanished in the misty air. Then thrice I attempted to throw my arms around her neck ; thrice the phantom, grasped at in vain, escaped my hands, swift as the winged winds, and like as may be to a fleeting dream. In this sad state I at length return to my friends, the night being gone. And here, to my surprise, I find a great number of new associates : women and men, an adult company, ready from home to flee, a motley crowd, of pity much deserving. From all sides they gathered, prepared in heart and means to go along with me into whatever country I should wish to lead them over the sea. By this time the bright morning star was rising o'er the summits of lofty Ida, and was ushering in the day ; and the Greeks still held the entrance of the gates, beset with guards ; nor was there any prospect of help. I yielded to fate, and taking my father on my back, I headed for the mountains.

BOOK III.

In the Third Book Æneas continues his narrative by a minute account of his voyage, the places he visited, and the perils he encountered, from the time of leaving the shores of Troas until he landed at Drepanum, in Sicily, where he buried his father.—This Book, which comprehends a period of about seven years, ends with the dreadful storm described in the First Book.

When it had seemed good to the gods to overthrow the kingdom of Asia, and to expel Priam's unoffending race, and when lordly Ilium fell, and while Neptune-built Troy in its every part is smoking from the ground, we are impelled by heaven's indications to seek another home and lands as yet unpeopled; and close to Antandrus[1] and the base of Phrygian Ida we build a fleet, not knowing where the Fates may bear us, where we may be allowed to settle, and we muster our crews. Scarcely had the early summer begun when my father Anchises bid spread the sails to Fate; and then with tears I leave the coasts and harbours of my native land, and the plains where Troy once stood: an outcast, I am borne to the sea, with my associates and my son, with the Penates and the great deities of Troy.

At no great distance the favourite land of Mars is peopled in its spacious plains—Thracians till it—once governed by the stern Lycurgus,[2] in sacred ties with Troy of old allied, and in religion kindred, while our fortune stood. To it I steer my course, and erect my first city on the winding

[1] Antandrus, a city of Troas, in the Gulf of Adramyttium.

[2] Lycurgus, a king of Thrace, son of Dryas, who, it is said, drove Bacchus out of his kingdom.

shore, entering with adverse Fates; and from my own name I call the citizens Æneadæ.

I was performing sacred rites to my mother Venus and the gods who favoured my undertaking, and on the shore was sacrificing to Jove supreme a bullock fat and sleek. Near at hand there chanced to be a mound, on top of which were sapling-cornels and a myrtle bristling with many spear-like stems. I went forward, and attempting to tear from the earth the green wood, that I might cover the altars with the leafy boughs, I see a portent shocking to behold, and with a wondrous tale to tell. For from that tree which first is torn from the soil, with rooted fibres burst, black drops of blood distil and stain the ground with gore: a chilling shudder makes my limbs all shake, and through very dread my blood runs cold. Again I proceed to pull up another wand, and fully to explore the cause to me unknown. Black blood follows from the bark of the second one also. Turning over many thoughts in my mind, I began to worship the rural nymphs and father Mars, who is patron-god of the Thracian territory, begging them duly to make the portent favourable, and from the omen take the load of ill. But when I attempt a third wand with greater effort, and on my knees struggle against the opposing sand—shall I speak, or shall I forbear?—a piteous groan is heard from the bottom of the mound, and an answering voice is borne to my ears: Æneas, why do you lacerate my wretched body? Now, spare me in the grave; forbear to stain with guilt your pure and righteous hands: Troy brought me forth, not an alien to you; and this blood does not flow from a stock. Ah, fly this land of cruelty, fly this coast of avarice! For I am Polydorus:[1] here an iron crop of darts has pierced and covered me, and has shot up into sharp javelins.

Then, indeed, I was horror-struck, my mind o'erwhelmed with double fear; my hair stood on end, and my voice

[1] Polydorus, the youngest son of Priam and Hecuba.

clung to my jaws. This Polydorus ill-fated Priam had formerly sent in secrecy—and along with him a great weight of gold—to be brought up by the Thracian king, when he now began to distrust the arms of Troy, and saw the city surrounded by a close blockade. As soon as the Trojan state was crushed, and fortune left it, the villain, following the interests of Agamemnon and his conquering bands, breaks every law, both human and divine: he slays Polydorus, and forcibly takes possession of his gold. Accursed thirst for wealth, to what do you not drive the minds of men! When dread left me, I lay the portents of the gods before our chosen leaders, and my father especially, and ask what their opinion is. All have the same feeling, to quit this land of cruel crime, to leave a hospitality defiled by guilt, and to our fleet admit the winds. Accordingly, we perform funeral rites to Polydorus, and much earth is added to the mound; altars are reared to his Manes, in mourning decked with gloomy wreaths and dismal cypress; and round them the Trojan matrons stand, with hair dishevelled, as the custom is. We present frothing bowls of new drawn milk and goblets of the sacred blood, and we lay the soul to rest in the grave, and with loud voice we raise the last farewell.

Then, as soon as they could have confidence in the deep, and the winds left the seas at peace, and the gently whispering gales invited us to the main, my men haul down the ships and crowd the beach. We are wafted from the port, and land and cities recede from view.

Far out at sea there is inhabited a most delightful land, sacred to the mother of the Nereids, and to Ægean Neptune, which the grateful Apollo, as it was straying round the bays and shores, moored fast to lofty Mycone and Gyaros,[1] and granted that it should be inhabited in fixed position,

[1] Gyaros and Mycone, two of the islands called Cyclades, in the Ægean Sea.

and defy the winds. To it I am borne; it in perfect calm receives us, worn and wearied, in its safe harbour. Having landed, we hail with veneration the city of Apollo. King Anius,[1] at once king of men and priest of Phœbus, hastens to meet us: his temples bound with fillets and with sacred laurel; he recognises Anchises as an old acquaintance. We join hands as guest-friends, and enter his house. In admiration and with prayer I approached the temple of the god, a pile of ancient date. O god of Thymbra, grant us a home of our own: grant us walls of defence, and offspring, and a permanent city: preserve the second bulwarks of Troy, a remnant left by the Greeks and the merciless Achilles. Whom are we to follow, or whither dost thou bid us go? where fix our settlement? Father, grant us a response, and inspire our minds. Scarcely had I thus said, when suddenly all things seemed to tremble, both the temple and the outer courts and the sacred bay tree, and the mountain to its centre and in its whole circuit quaked, and the tripod boomed from the opened shrine. In humble reverence we fall to the ground, and a voice reaches our ears: Ye hardy sons of Dardanus, the same land which first produced you from your ancestral stock shall receive you restored to its fertile bosom; search out your ancient motherland. There the family of Æneas shall rule in all its coasts, even children's children, and those who shall descend from them.

Thus Phœbus: and then great joy arose, with a crowd of mixed emotions; and all with eagerness inquire what city this may be to which Phœbus calls us in our wanderings, and whither bids return. Then my father, revolving the traditions of the men of old, says: Ye leaders, give ear, and learn what hopes you have. Far out to sea lies Crete, the island of mighty Jupiter, in which is Mount Ida, and the earliest cradle of our race. The Cretans inhabit a hundred mighty cities, most fertile realms: whence our

[1] Anius, the son of Apollo and Rhea.

ancestor Teucrus, if I rightly remember the tradition, first arrived on the Rhœtean coasts,[1] and chose a locality for his kingdom. Not yet had Ilium nor the towers of Pergamus[2] been built; men dwelt in the depths of the valleys. Hence came the mother of the gods, who dwells in Mount Cybele, and the brazen cymbals (of the Corybantes),[3] and the Idæan grove; hence came the mysterious rites, and hence, too, yoked lions drew the chariot of their queen. Come, then, and where the commands of the gods direct, let us follow; let us appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian realms. And it is no long run; If Jove only favours us, the third day will land our fleet on the Cretan coast. So speaking, he offered the due sacrifices on the altars: a bull to Neptune; a bull to you, O fair Apollo; a black sheep to Winter; and a white one to the propitious zephyrs.

Fame quickly spreads the news that Prince Idomeneus[4] has fled to exile from his father's realms, and that the coasts of Crete are left untenanted; that his home is without an enemy, and that the deserted settlement stands ready to receive us. We leave the port of Ortygia,[5] and scud along the deep: we cruise past Naxos, the scene of Bacchanalian revels, past green Donysa,[6] Olearos, snow-white Paros, and the Cyclades, studding the sea, and through the straits, chafed by the many islets. In their varied rivalries the sailors' cries are raised. The crews encourage one another:

[1] Rhœtean coasts, Trojan coasts; from Rhœteum, a promontory of Troas, on the Hellespont.

[2] Pergamus, the citadel of Troy; often used for Troy itself.

[3] Corybantes, the priests of Cybele.

[4] Idomeneus, king of Crete, son of Deucalion. Having left Crete after his return from the Trojan war, he came to Italy, and founded the city of Salentum, on the coast of Calabria.

[5] Ortygia, the ancient name of the island of Delos.

[6] Donysa, one of the Cyclades, famed for producing green marble, as Paros was for white marble. Olearos (Antiparos) was south-west of Paros.

"For Crete and our forefathers, ahoy!" A wind springing up astern, speeds us on our way, and we at length are wafted to the ancient coasts of the Curetes. Accordingly, I raise with eagerness the walls of the wished-for city, and call it Pergamum; and I exhort our people, pleased with the name, to love it as their home, and to erect a citadel with its buildings. And now the ships were almost all drawn up on the dry beach; the youth were engaged in intermarriages, and on their new fields; I was ordaining laws and assigning houses; when suddenly, from some tainted region of the air, there fell upon our frames a wasting and a piteous plague, and a deadly time for trees and crops. Men left sweet life, or dragged along their bodies all diseased: then Sirius burned the fields to barrenness: the grass was parched, and the sickly grain denied us sustenance. My father urges that we should retrace our course upon the sea, and go again to Phœbus and his oracle at Delos, and beg of him a gracious answer; what limit he assigns to our distressful state: whence he would advise to seek relief from toils, and where to veer our course.

It was night, and sleep held bound all animals of earth. The sacred statues of the gods, and the Phrygian Penates, whom I had brought with me from Troy, and from the midst of the flames, seemed, as I lay in sleep, to stand before my eyes, clear and distinct in light which streamed full in through unclosed window-panes: then thus they spoke, and by their words removed my cares: What Apollo would announce to you, were you wafted to Ortygia, he here reveals, and lo! unasked, he sends us to your door. We following you and your arms after Troy's destruction, we who under your charge have traversed in your fleet the stormy sea, we, the same, will raise to heaven your grandsons yet to come, and to their State will give imperial rule. See you prepare a noble city for a mighty people, and give not up the tedious toil of wandering exile. The site must be changed. Delian

Apollo has not advised this coast for you, nor has he bid you settle in Crete. There is a country, called by the Greeks Hesperia, a land of ancient story, powerful by warlike bravery and fertile soil: men of Œnotria once tilled it. Now it is said that later generations have called it Italia, from the name of a chief. This is the sure home (you prayed for): hence Dardanus sprang, and father Iasius,[1] from which first progenitor our race is derived. Haste, arise, and with joy report to your aged father these words, which have no ambiguity: Let him seek Corythus,[2] and the Ausonian land. Jupiter denies you the realm of Crete.

Astonished by this vision and by the declaration of the gods—yet that was not a mere empty dream; but I seemed to recognise full in my view their features, their hair adorned with fillets, and their gracious aspect: then a cold sweat flowed from all parts of my body—I bound from my couch, and lift to heaven my voice and suppliant hands, and on the hearth fires I pour in faith sincere a pure libation. The offering ended, I in joy inform Anchises, and explain the matter as it came about. He recognised the two-fold genealogy and the double set of parents, and acknowledged that he had been led astray by a second mistake[3] with regard to the lands of ancient celebrity. Then he says: My son, much harassed by the Fates of Troy, Cassandra alone foretold to me such issues. I now remember that she pointed out these lands as due to our race, and that she often called them Hesperia, and often the kingdom of Italy. But who in those days could believe that the Trojans were to come to the shores of Hesperia? or who then paid heed to Cassandra as a prophetess? Let us resign ourselves to

[1] Iasius, a son of Jupiter and Electra, and brother to Dardanus; he was one of the Atlantides, and reigned over part of Arcadia.

[2] Corythus (Cortona), a town and mountain of Etruria, so called from Corythus, a king of Etruria, father of Iasius.

[3] He had made a mistake before when attempting to settle in Thrace.

Phœbus, and, acting on divine advice, let us pursue a better destiny. So spake he, and we all with joy triumphant follow as he bade. This spot also we quit; and leaving a few behind, we set sail, and in our hollow ships we course the wide, wide sea.

When the ships have now reached the open main, and no land is any longer in sight, but sky and ocean all around, then a lurid rain-cloud collected overhead, bringing on darkness and a wintry storm, and by the "scowl of heaven" the water rose in curling breakers. Forthwith the winds bring rolling swells, and the sea-plains rise into huge billows: we are separated, and are tossed on the vast abyss: the clouds turned day into night, and the dank darkness hid the sky: the lightning flashes burst incessantly from the riven clouds. We are driven from our course, and wander blindly in dark and dangerous waters. Palinurus[1] even declares that he is unable to distinguish day from night by the heavens, and that he does not remember his course in the open sea. Thus for three whole days of doubt and danger from the blinding darkness we stray upon the ocean, and as many nights without a star. At length, on the fourth day, land was first seen to rise to view, to disclose the mountains at a distance, and to wreathe the curling smoke. The sails are lowered, we rise to the oar-stroke: no stop, no stay; the rowers, putting forth their might, toss up the foam, and tear the dark-blue sea.

The shores of the Strophades[2] first receive me, rescued from the waves. The Strophades, so called in Greek, are islands situated in the great Ionian Sea; which dread Celæno[3] and

[1] Palinurus, a skilful pilot of the ship of Æneas. A promontory in Italy, on which a monument was raised to him, received the name of Palinurus.

[2] Strophades (Strofodia and Strivali), two small islands in the Ionian Sea, south of the island of Zacynthos (Zante).

[3] Celæno, one of the three Harpies, fabulous monsters with wings.

the other Harpies occupy, from the time that Phineus' palace was closed against them, and they left, through fear, their former haunts. No monster more fell than they, no plague and scourge of the gods more fiendish, ever issued from the Stygian waves. They are fowls in form, with a woman's face; most loathsome is their bodily discharge; their hands are hooked, and their looks are ever wan with hunger-crave. As soon as we arrived and entered the harbour, we observe fat herds of cattle roving up and down the plains, and flocks of goats along the meadows without a herd. We rush upon them with our swords, and invoke the gods and Jove himself to share the booty. Then along the winding shore we pile up turf for couches, and begin our rich repast. But with sudden and with direful swoop, the Harpies are upon us from the mountains; they flap their wings with deafening din, they seize and devour our banquet, and defile all things with their filthy touch; and there comes, moreover, a hideous screeching, with the foulest stench. Again we spread our tables in a long recess, under a shelving rock, inclosed around with trees and gloomy shade, and on the altars we renew the fires. Again the noisy crowd, descending from a different quarter of the sky, and from obscure retreats, fly around the prey with crooked claws, and taint our viands with their mouths. Then I order my companions to take arms, and with the horrid race to wage incessant war. They do as they were bidden, and dispose their swords under cover of the grass, and hide their shields from view. Accordingly, when in their descent they raise a din of wings and voice along the winding shore, Misenus with his brazen trumpet gives the signal from his high look-out. My companions attack them, and try a novel kind of battle, to slay with the sword these ill-omened birds of ocean. But they receive neither any mark of violence on their

The conception of these birds seems to have been derived from a combination of the features of the vampire bat and the vulture.

plumage, nor any wounds in their body; and mounting high in air with rapid flight they leave their loathsome footprints on the food, but half consumed. Celæno alone alighted on a high rock, the prophetess of evil, and from her breast screamed forth these warning words: Is it war, too, sons worthy of Laomedon, that you are about to make upon us in return for the death of our oxen and our slaughtered steers, and do you mean to drive the unoffending Harpies from their rightful home? Hear these my words, and lay them well to heart: What almighty Jove revealed to Phœbus, what Phœbus told to me, I the eldest of the Furies now announce to you. To Italy you speed, and to Italy you shall go with the winds at your call, and you shall be permitted to enter the haven; but you shall not surround the promised city with walls till dire famine and the wrong done in our slaughter shall compel you to gnaw and to devour for food your very tables.[1]

She said, and soaring aloft flew back into the wood. My comrades' blood grew chill with sudden dread, their spirits sank; and now no longer by arms, but by vows and prayers they bid us sue for peace, whate'er these monsters are, whether goddesses or vengeful and ill-omened birds. My father Anchises, with hands extended from the shore, invokes the mighty powers above, and orders due offerings to be made: Ye gods, ward off these threatenings; ye gods, avert so great a calamity, and in your gracious kindness save the pious. Then he gives orders to loosen the landfasts with all speed, and to uncoil and slip the sheet.[2] The south winds fill our sails: we fly over the foaming waves, where the breeze and pilot directed our course. And now wood-clad Zacynthos[3] comes in sight in the middle of the sea

[1] The sense of this prediction is seen from its accomplishment in the Seventh Book, verse 116.

[2] "Sheets," *i.e.*, the ropes by which the sail was worked.

[3] Zacynthos, &c. These are islands in the Ionian Sea, on the

and Dulichium, and Same, and Neritos with its lofty cliffs. We shun the rocky coast of Ithaca,[1] Laertes' realms, and curse the land that reared the wretch Ulysses. Soon the cloud-capt summits of Mount Leucate[2] open to our view, and the temple of Apollo, dreaded by seamen. To it in weary plight we steer our course, and approach the little city. The anchor is thrown from the prow: the sterns are steadied on the beach.

Thus at length having gained scarce looked-for land, we make lustral sacrifice in honour of Jupiter, and we burn votive offerings on his altar, and we crowd the shores of Actium[3] with our Trojan games. My comrades strip, and smeared with oil they engage in the sports of their native land: we are delighted to have safely passed by so many Grecian cities, and to have pursued our voyage through the midst of enemies.

Meanwhile the sun completes once more the tedious year, and frosty winter, with its northern blasts, brings stormy seas. A shield of hollow bronze once worn by mighty Abas I fasten on the temple front, and by a verse inscribed I note the fact:—

ÆNEAS THIS FROM ARGIVE VICTORS WON.

Then I give orders to the crews to leave the harbour, and to take their places on the thwarts. My companions, in

western coast of Greece. Zacynthos is now called Zante. Dulichium was part of the kingdom of Ulysses. Same, now called Cephalonia, the inhabitants of which went with Ulysses to the Trojan war. Neritos, a mountain in the island of Ithaca, often applied to the whole island.

[1] Ithaca (Thiaki), an island in the Ionian Sea, where Ulysses reigned.

[2] Leucate (Cape Ducato), a high promontory of Leucadia (St Maura), an island in the Ionian Sea, where was a famous temple of Apollo.

[3] Actium (La Punta), a town, and a promontory of Epirus celebrated for the naval victory of Augustus over Antony and Cleopatra.

eager rivalry, with oar-stroke sweep the sea and plough the watery plain. Forthwith we leave behind the soaring heights of the Phæacians, and skirt the shores of Epirus, and enter the Chaonian harbour, and approach the lofty city of Buthrotum.[1]

Here news we scarce can credit engrosses all our thoughts, that Helenus,[2] son of Priam, now reigns as king over Grecian cities, having obtained the wife and the sceptre of Pyrrhus, son of Æacus, and that Andromache has passed to a husband, once more a fellow-countryman. I was astounded, and my heart burned with an intense desire to greet the chief, and to learn such strange vicissitudes. I set out from the harbour, leaving the ships and the shore; and just then, as it chanced, before the city, in a grove beside the stream of a mimic Simois, Andromache was offering her customary libation and memorials of her sorrow to the ashes of Hector, and was summoning his Manes to the tomb—a cenotaph of green turf, which, together with two altars, she had consecrated as incentives to her tears. When she caught sight of me approaching, and saw around me armed Trojans, terrified by the startling apparition, she became paralysed as she gazed on me, and deadly cold: she faints, and after a long time with difficulty speaks: Do you come to me, your very self, a bearer of true news? Are you alive? or, if the light of life has left you, where is Hector? She spoke; then burst into a flood of tears, and with her cries she filled both earth and air. To her, frantic with grief, I scarce am able to reply, and, quite unmanned, I stammer forth a word or two: I live, indeed, and drag on my existence through all extremes of hardship and of danger: doubt not, for all you see is real. Alas! what hap befalls you, of such a spouse bereft? Or what good fortune worthy her deserts

[1] Buthrotum (Butrinto), a seaport town of Epirus, opposite Corfu.

[2] Helenus, a celebrated soothsayer, the only one of Priam's sons who survived the ruin of his country.

has again returned to Hector's dear Andromache? Are you still the wife of Pyrrhus?[1] With downcast eyes she spoke in tones subdued: O virgin daughter of Priam, singularly happy before others who were ordained to die at the tomb of an enemy under the lofty walls of Troy, and who suffered not the casting of the lot, nor as a captive touched the bed of a lordly victor. As for me, being carried over different seas after the ruin of my country, I bore the arrogance of Achilles' son and the imperious temper of the haughty youth, bringing forth children in my bondage: but afterwards, going in quest of Hermione,[2] granddaughter of Leda, and a Spartan marriage, he gave to his captive Helenus, me a captive like himself to be his wife. But him, Orestes,[3] roused to indignation through his great love for his lost bride, and driven mad by the Furies, the avengers of his crimes, surprises when off his guard, and slays him at his father's altar. On the death of Neoptolemus a part of the realms of Pyrrhus reverted to Helenus, who

[1] This is the usual translation of the words as in Conington's edition. The whole passage has given critics the greatest difficulty, both as to the text, the punctuation, and the meaning. I am of opinion that lines 317 and 318 should form one sentence, and that line 319 should run as follows :—

Hectoris, Andromache, Pyrrhin' Conubia servas?

This I take as a double question, and translate it thus : —"Andromache, are you commemorating your marriage with Hector or that with Pyrrhus? *servare* is several times used by Virgil in a similar sense ; *see* Bk. VI. 507 ; VII. 3 and 179 ; VIII. 269. The surprise and excitement of both parties seem to be represented by the poet in the confusion of ideas on the part of the speakers.

[2] Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, was married to Pyrrhus (Neoptolemus), the son of Achilles; but as she had been previously promised to Orestes, Pyrrhus was assassinated, and she then became the wife of Orestes.

[3] Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, and the faithful friend of Pylades. Having slain his mother Clytemnestra and her paramour Egisthus because they had murdered his father, he was tormented by the Furies, and exiled himself to Argos, the throne of which he afterwards filled.

called the plains Chaonian by name, and the whole country Chaonia, from the Trojan Chaon, and on the heights he built another Pergamus and this Trojan citadel. But what winds, what fates, have guided your course? or what god has impelled you to our coasts, not knowing whose they were? What of the boy Ascanius? Lives he still, and breathes he still the vital air? whom to you at Troy——[1] Does the boy feel keenly the loss of his mother? Does his father Æneas and his uncle Hector incite him in any degree to the old valour and manly courage of the family?

Such questions she poured forth amidst her tears, and was uttering long wailings, now all vain, when Prince Helenus, Priam's son, advances from the city with a numerous retinue, and recognises his friends, and with joy conducts us to his palace, and copiously sheds tears at every word. I go forward, and recognise a little Troy, the towers of Pergamus on the model of the great ones, and a scanty rivulet bearing the name of Xanthus; and I embrace the posts of a Scæan gate. The Trojans, too, at the same time enjoy the hospitality of the city. The king entertained them in his spacious halls. In the midst of the court, with cups in hand,[2] they poured forth libations of wine, while the banquet was served on dishes of gold.

And now day after day went on, and the breezes are inviting our sails, and the canvas is filled by the swelling south wind. In these words I accost the prophet, and thus inquire: Son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, who feel the inspiration of Phœbus, who understand the indication

[1] Andromache does not finish the sentence, which probably would have been "whom Creüsa bore to you," but some look or gesture of Æneas may have told her that his wife was no more, as the next sentence refers to his loss.

[2] The cup, *patera*, was a hollow plate, into which they poured the libation from the beaker.

of the tripod and of the laurel of Apollo, who can read the stars and explain the language of birds, as well as the omens of the fleet wing,[1] come tell me—for divine responses have spoken favourably of my remaining voyage, and all the gods have encouraged me by their expressed will to make for Italy and her remote lands; the Harpy Celæno alone predicts a calamity strange and heinous to repeat, and threatens wrathful vengeance and revolting famine—what dangers am I first to avoid? or by following what course can I surmount such toils and hardships? Upon this Helenus, having sacrificed bullocks, first entreats the favour of the gods, and then unbinds the fillets of his holy head, and himself leads me by the hand to your temple, O Phœbus, awestruck and anxious in the manifest presence of the deity, and then with inspired mouth he speaks as follows: Son of a Deity—for there is distinct ground of confidence that you are crossing the deep under no common auspices—in such a way does the king of the gods arrange the decrees of Fate, and regulate the circling changes of events; such a series of circumstances is in process of fulfilment; and in order that you may more safely traverse seas with hospitable shores, and reach your final anchorage in an Ausonian port, I will lay before you a few difficulties out of many: for the Parcæ[2] prevent Helenus from knowing the rest, and Saturnian Juno forbids them to tell him more. First of all, a far and intricate journey separates from this distant land Italy which you deem quite near, and whose harbour, in your ignorance, you think you are just going to enter as if close at hand. Your oars must be bent in the Sicilian wave, and the plains of the Ausonian Sea must

[1] The Augurs professed to tell future events from the cries of birds, and also from the mode of their flight.

[2] The Destinies, or Fates, deities who presided over the birth and the life of mankind. They were three in number—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

be traversed in your ships, and the lakes that lead to Tartarus, and the island of Ææan Circe, before you can found a city in peaceful composure. I will tell you how to know the site: treasure the token in your mind: When in your deep anxiety you shall find, under the oaks by the banks of a sequestered river, an immense sow lying on the ground with a litter of thirty young, all white herself, her offspring also white about her teats, that will be the spot for your city, that a sure rest from all your toils. But do not dread the eating of your tables, which is before you: the Fates will find a way of escape, and Apollo, duly invoked, will come to your aid. But avoid these (eastern) parts of Italy, and that coast which is washed by the waters of the Ionian Sea: all the towns are inhabited by hostile Greeks. Here the Narycian Locrians have built their fortresses, and Lyctian Idomeneus has beset with his veterans the plains of Salentum: Here is Petelia, that small city of Philoctetes,[1] the leader from Melibœa, nestling beneath its wall. But when your ships have crossed, and have come to anchor on the other side, and when you have built an altar, and are now paying your vows on the shore, conceal your head, covering it with a purple veil, lest the face of an enemy should present itself among the holy fires whilst you are worshipping, and mar the omens. Let your companions adhere to this custom in sacrifice, and see that you adhere to it. Let your pious descendants observe the same rite. But when you shall have departed, and the wind shall have brought you to the coast of Sicily, and the narrow headlands of Pelorus[2] shall open on the view, hold to the land on the left and to the sea on the left, making a

[1] Philoctetes, the son of Pœas, king of Melibœa in Thessaly. After his return from the Trojan war, he settled in Italy, where he built the town of Petelia (Strongoli) in Bruttium.

[2] Pelorus (Cape Faro), one of the three principal promontories of Sicily, which is separated from Italy by the Straits of Messina.

large circuit: avoid the right, both sea and shore. It is said that in olden times these countries, being riven by an earthquake shock—such changes can a length of time effect—burst asunder, though previously the two were one without a break; the sea rushed in with fury, and separated the Italian side from the Sicilian, and with its narrow channel flowed between fields and cities, severed by a strip of shore. Scylla guards the right side, insatiable Charybdis the left, and with the lowest eddy of the pit three times a day she sucks the vast waves into the abyss, and again tosses them in turn to heaven, and lashes the stars with the spray. But a cave with dark recesses imprisons Scylla, thrusting forth her mouth and sucking ships on to the rocks. The upper part of her body is that of a human being, and as far as the waist a maiden of beautiful form; the lower part is a sea monster of hideous shape, having the tails of dolphins joined to the bodies of wolves. It is better, though it delay you, to round the Cape of Sicilian Pachynus,[1] and to take a long circuitous course, than ever to see in her vast cave the misshapen Scylla, or the rocks re-echoing with her sea-green dogs. Moreover, if Helenus has any foreknowledge, if any faith is to be placed in him as a prophet, if Apollo fills his mind with truth, I will enjoin upon you this one thing, and, O goddess-born, it alone, before all others, and repeating it, I will warn you again and again—as your first duty worship with prayerful reverence the deity of great Juno: with willing heart record your vows to Juno, and with suppliant offerings prevail on heaven's powerful queen: by this means, on your leaving Sicily you shall be conducted successfully to the shores of Italy. When you have reached it, and have gone to the city of Cumæ, and the haunted lakes, and Avernus, with its echoing wood, you will visit the inspired prophetess, who, in her rocky home, foretells the fates, and to leaves commits her marks and words.

[1] Pachynus (Cape Passaro), the south-eastern promontory of Sicily.

Whatever verses she has inscribed on the leaves she arranges in order, and puts them by themselves in the cave. They remain in their place unmoved, nor do they change their order: but when, upon turning the hinge, a small breath of wind has stirred them, and the door has discomposed the tender leaves, she never afterwards takes the trouble to catch the verses as they are fluttering about, nor to restore their order, or to reunite them. Men depart without a response, and detest the Sybil's[1] grot. Let not the loss of time, however much, be to you a matter of so great consequence, though your friends chide you, and your voyage strongly invites your sails into the deep, and though you can fill your canvas with a prosperous gale, as to hinder you from approaching the prophetess, and earnestly entreating her to deliver the oracles herself, and graciously to open her lips in speech. She will tell you of the Italian nations, and your future wars, and by what means you may avoid or endure each hardship; and, when duly besought, will grant you a successful voyage. These are all the instructions I am at liberty to give you. Go, then, and by your deeds raise Troy in might to heaven.

And when the prophet had thus spoken with friendly voice, he next orders presents to be carried to the ships—of massy gold and carved ivory; and in the hold he stows much silver and caldrons of Dodona, a coat of mail made with hooks and chains of three-ply gold, and a helmet conspicuous by its cone and waving crest—the arms of Neoptolemus. My father, also, has gifts appropriate to his taste and age. Horses, too, and pilots he gives: he supplies us with rowers, and at the same time furnishes our crew with arms.

[1] The Sibyls were certain women supposed to be inspired, who flourished in different parts of the world. According to Varro, the number of the Sibyls was ten, of whom the most celebrated was that of Cumæ in Italy.

Meanwhile Anchises gave orders to equip our fleet with sails, that we might not lose the favouring gale. Then him the priest of Apollo addresses with courteous respect: Anchises, deemed worthy of the honoured love of Venus, favourite of the gods, twice rescued from Trojan ruins, see! there is the land of Ausonia for you; at once seize it with your ships. And yet you must needs pass by the part you see. That portion of Ausonia which Apollo opens to you lies far away. Go, says he, happy in the devotion of your son: why do I say more, and by my words retard the rising gales? And with no less care Andromache, moved to sorrow at the last moment of our departure, presents garments embroidered with a thread of gold, and most especially a Phrygian chlamys for Ascanius, nor does she stint the honours due.[1] Moreover, she loads him with gifts of the loom, and then addresses him: Take these, dear boy, memorials of my hands, and ever present proofs of lasting love from fond Andromache, the wife of Hector. O sole remaining image of my own Astyanax! accept these parting gifts of your kinsmen. His eyes were just like yours, his hands, his looks; and now he might have been a youth like you, of equal age and form. With gushing tears I then addressed my friends at parting: Live and be blessed, you whose fortune is now accomplished: we are summoned from fate to fate. To you tranquillity is secured: no sea have you to plough, no fields of Ausonia to seek, ever receding from the view. You ever look upon the counterpart of Xanthus, and the Troy which your own hands have built under happier auspices, I hope, and one which will be less exposed to the Greeks. If ever I shall enter the Tiber, and the lands that border on the Tiber, and shall see the walls allotted to my race, we will hereafter make of our kindred cities an allied people, in Epirus and in Italy, which shall have the same founder, Dardanus, and the same for-

[1] *i.e.*, "her presents are such as his merits deserve."

tune;—both one Troy in their affections. Be this the care of our posterity.

Away we hasten o'er the sea, hard by Ceraunian cliffs, where lies the way to Italy, the shortest run across the waves. Meanwhile the sun sets, and the mountains are wrapped in deep shade. We lie down on the bosom of the wished-for earth, beside the water, having distributed the oars by lot, and on the beach we take our evening meal; sleep pervades our weary limbs. Night's chariot, driven by the Hours, had not yet reached the zenith, when Palinurus springs nimbly from his couch and examines all the winds, and listens for a breeze. He watches all the stars careering in the silent sky,—Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two Bears, and carefully observes Orion with his belt and sword of gold. When he sees that in the sky all is composed and tranquil, from his ship's stern he sounds the trumpet call: we all are on the move, resume our course, and spread our every sail. And now Aurora, having put the stars to flight, was reddening to the dawn, when not far off we dimly see the hills and plains of Italy. Italy! Achates first calls aloud; Italy, the crew with joyous acclamations hail. Then father Anchises with garlands wreathed a lordly bowl and filled it up with wine, and standing upon the lofty poop he called upon the gods: Ye gods who rule the sea, and earth, and storms, grant us an easy voyage by the wind, and let its breathing speed us on our way. The wished-for gales then freshen as he speaks, and now the harbour opens to our view quite near at hand, and on a height Minerva's shrine is seen. My comrades furl the sails and head our galleys to the shore. The harbour, sheltered on its eastern side, is in a crescent form: the jutting rocks are lashed with briny spray: the bay itself is hid from view: the cliffs, in shape like towers, project their arms and form a double pier: the temple from the shore recedes. Here, as on the plain they grazed at large, I saw four snow-white horses—this

our earliest omen. And then Anchises says: O land of strangers, war it is you offer; horses for war are harnessed; war these chargers indicate, but yet these same are wont to undergo the chariot, and yoked together bear the reins of peace: of peace too there is hope. Then the holy powers of ægis-bearing Pallas we adore, who first received us full of joy, and at the altars with the Phrygian veil our heads we cover, as Helenus ordained, for this most strictly he enjoined that to the Argive Juno we should give the bidden offerings. We linger not, but at once in order due we pay our vows, and turn to sea the sail-clad yards, and leave the homes and little-trusted bounds of men of Grecian birth. Then next we sight the bay of fair Tarentum, built of old by Hercules, if the legend's true: right opposite the goddess of Lacinium[1] rears her temple, and Caulon's[2] strongholds rise, and Scylaceum, of ill report for wrecks. Then far away and high above the waves is seen Sicilian Ætna, and we hear the awful moan of ocean and the surge-lashed rocks, and on the beach the roar of falling breakers; and the lowest waters to the summit boil, and surf and sand are mixed. Then thus Anchises: This doubtless is that famed Charybdis; these the cliffs which Helenus described, these the dreaded rocks. Fellow wanderers, from the danger save us all, and with one accord rise to the oar-stroke. The order is at once obeyed, and Palinurus first to larboard turned the gurgling prow: the larboard all the others sought with oar and sail. Now to the heavens we rise on swollen wave, and then again to lowest depths we sink for lack of sea. Three times the cliffs their echoes bellowed forth among the hollow rocks; three times we see the foam upheaved, and stars all dripping with the dewy spray.

[1] Lacinian goddess: that is, Juno Lacinia, who had a celebrated temple near Crotona, a city of Calabria in Italy.

[2] Caulon and Scylaceum (Squillace), both towns of Calabria, south of Crotona.

Meanwhile both wind and sun have left our weary crews, and to the Cyclops' shore we drift, not knowing where we go.

The port itself is sheltered from the wind, both calm and large; but close at hand great Ætna thunders with her earthquakes dread, and sometimes vomits to the sky a lurid cloud, whirling in rolling eddies both pitchy smoke and living coal, and shooting upward balls of fire that kiss the stars; and sometimes with a belch she flings aloft whole rocks and entrails of the mountain wrenched away, and, as she rumbles, pours in swirling stream to heaven the flowing lava, and from her lowest depths boils up, a fiery furnace. The body of Enceladus,[1] by lightning scorched, is said to lie beneath this mass: and legend tells that mighty Ætna, cast upon him, spouts flames from opened craters; and that should he ever change his wearied side, the whole of Sicily then quakes with rumbling sound, and shrouds the heaven in a pall of smoke. That night, concealed by woods, unearthly wonders we endure, yet cannot see what cause this hideous tumult can produce. For neither was there light of star, nor was the heaven clear with brilliant glow, but fogs obscured the sky, and a night of unexpected gloom involved the moon in clouds.

And now the following day was coming on with early dawn, and Aurora from the heaven had chased the humid shade, when suddenly from out the woods there comes a human form, scarce knowable, by leanness wasted to the last degree, and in his mien and dress most wretched; and to the shore extends his suppliant hands. We carefully regard him: the filth was hideous, and the beard was long and shaggy, and his dress was pinned with spikes of thorn; but in all else he was a Greek, and formerly, indeed, was sent to Troy in Grecian arms. And when, now near at

[1] Enceladus, the son of Titan and Terra, and the most powerful of all the giants who conspired against Jupiter. According to the poets, he was struck by Jupiter's thunderbolt, and overwhelmed under Mount Ætna.

hand, he saw our Dardan dress and Trojan arms, distracted by the sight he stopped a space and checked his step; but in a trice rushed headlong to the shore, with tears and prayers: By heaven's fire I pray you, by the gods above, and by the vital air we breathe, O Trojans, take me hence; to any part of earth remove me; that will be enough. I own that from the Grecian fleet I come, and that in war I sought the Trojan hearths. For which offence, if such the wrong I did you, fling me limb by limb upon the waves, and plunge me in the boundless sea. If die I must, 'twill please me that I die by hand of man. He ceased to speak; and having clasped my knees, he writhed and wallowed at my feet, and would not leave. We bid him to declare his race and blood, and next to plainly say what evil fortune still pursues him. Father Anchises, without more delay, his right hand gives the youth, and with ready token of his grace consoles his mind. His fear at length removed, he thus begins: From Ithaca, my native land, I come; a comrade of Ulysses in his woes; Achemenides my name, who went to Troy because my home was poor; and would that lot had pleased me! Here, in the Cyclops' spacious cave, my friends forgetting, left me, while they in terror fly these haunts of cruelty. It is a house of gore and bloody feasts, all dark within and vast. In height he is a giant, and with his head he knocks the very stars: ye gods, remove from earth a plague like that—abhorrent to behold, forbidding to address. On flesh of wretched men and on their purple blood he feeds. I saw, myself, when in his cave reclined, with his enormous paw he seized two of our number and brained them on the rock, and all the ground was splashed and swam with gore. I saw him as he craunched their limbs, still dripping with their blood, and joints, yet warm, were quivering between his teeth. Not indeed for nought; nor did Ulysses bear such wrongs, or did the Ithacan forget himself at such a time. For when,

being gorged with food and drenched with wine, he laid to rest his drooping head, and stretched himself throughout the cave in giant length, belching forth in sleep both gore and lumps of flesh mixed up with bloody wine, we pray the gods, and take the parts allotted, and all together crowd around him, and with a pointed stake we bore that monster eye, his only one, which lay half-hidden underneath his shaggy brow, as big as Argive shield, or sun's full disc, and at last avenge with joy the Manes of our mates. But fly, unhappy! fly, and tear the cables from the shore. For savage and huge as Polyphemus[1] is, who pens in vaulted cave his woolly sheep, and milks their teats, another hundred hideous Cyclopes just like him dwell everywhere along this winding shore, and in the lofty mountains roam. Three moons have well nigh filled their horns since I drag out a weary life in forests and among the desert haunts and dens of savage beasts, and from a rock behold the huge Cyclopes, and tremble at their footsteps and their voice. The branches give a wretched sustenance; berries and stony cornels and plants support me with their uptorn roots. Surveying all around, this fleet I first have seen advancing to the shore. To it I gave me over, whatever it had been; enough for me to have escaped the cursed race. 'Twere better you should take this life by any death you please.

Scarce had he ceased to speak when on the mountain's top we see himself, the shepherd Polyphemus, of size enormous, moving amidst his sheep, and making for the well-known shore—a frightful monster, misshapen, huge, and eyeless. In his hand a pine trunk steadies and directs his steps: his woolly sheep attend him: that his only pleasure; that the only solace of his woe. Then when he touched the tumbling breakers and reached the deeper parts, he washed away the trickling blood that from the empty socket oozed, gnashing his teeth and moaning loud, and

[1] Polyphemus, a son of Neptune, and king of the Cyclopes.

through the open sea he stalks, nor do the billows bathe his giant sides. The suppliant, who had proved his worth, we take on board, and haste to fly far thence: in fear and dread we noiselessly the cable cut, and bending to the stroke we lash the sea with vying oars. He heard us, and turned his footsteps to the sound of voices. But when he failed to reach us with his hands, and could not, as he follows, equal the Ionian waves in speed, he raised an awful roar, by which the sea with all its waters shuddered, and the land of Italy was to its centre scared, and Ætna bellowed in her winding caves. But from the woods and lofty heights the whole Cyclopian crew come rushing to the beach in fright and line the shore. We see the brotherhood of Ætna standing side by side with scowling eyes, in vain, their heads reared high to heaven, in hideous council met; just as in close array some soaring oaks might stand with towering tops or cypress trees laden with cones —a stately wood of Jupiter, or Diana's sombre grove. Keen terror drives us in the hottest haste to slack the sheets for any course, and spread the sails to any winds that favour our escape. But then, again, the words of Helenus give warning of our fate unless our ships should hold a steady track 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis, each a road to death, with little choice between: thus we determine to retrace our steps. But lo! the north wind sent from Pelorus' Strait comes down upon us. I pass the mouth of the Pantagia[1], with its native rocks, and bay of Megara, and Thapsus lying low. These other spots did Achemenides point out, partaker in Ulysses' woes, as once again he traced familiar shores.

Facing Plemurium[2] with its wave-swept shore, there lies

[1] Pantagia, a small and rapid river on the eastern coast of Sicily, between Megara and Syracuse. Thapsus, a peninsula in the bay of Megara, north of Syracuse.

[2] Plemurium, a promontory in the bay of Syracuse.

outstretched in front of the Sicanian port an island, called by former men Ortygia.[1] The story is, that into it Alpheus, Elis' river, drove beneath the sea a secret passage, and now unites with the Sicilian waters, rising through your welling spring, O Arethusa. The local deities we worship as desired; and then I skirt the fertile land of moist Helorus.[2] In onward course we "hug" the lofty cliffs and jutting rocks of Cape Pachynus, and Camerina heaves in sight, by oracle forbidden to be moved, and the Geloan plains, and Gela, home of tyrants, called from the river's name. Then towering Acragas[3] at distance shows his giant walls—once famed for breed of noble steeds. And you by favouring winds I leave, Selinus, rich in palms, and thread the Lilybaean[4] shallows, with danger in their hidden rocks. And next the port of Drepanum and its joyless coast receive me. Here, by so many tempests tossed, I lose, alas! my father dear, the solace of my every care and ill. Here, me with labour wearied you abandon, best of fathers, saved in vain from dangers so immense. This grief to me did neither Helenus forebode nor dire Celæno tell, though many dreadful things they said. This was my latest agony, this the goal of all my tedious ways. Me parting thence a deity has wafted to your shores.

Thus did Æneas, all eyes on him intent, alone record the gods' decrees, and tell them of his wanderings. At length he ceased, and having ended here he went to rest.

[1] Ortygia, a small island in which was the celebrated fountain Arethusa.

[2] Helorus, a river of Sicily, south of Syracuse, which overflowed its banks at certain seasons; also a town. Camarina, and Gela, cities on the southern coast of Sicily.

[3] Acragas, called also Agrigentum (Girgenti), a celebrated city of Sicily, built on a mountain of the same name. Selinus, a city in the south-west of Sicily, the vicinity of which abounded with palm-trees.

[4] Lilybaeum (Cape Boeo), one of the three famous promontories of Sicily; also a town, now Marsala, famed for its wine of the same name. Drepanum (Trapani), a town on the western coast of Sicily, near Mount Eryx.

BOOK IV.

In the Fourth Book Dido becomes deeply enamoured of Æneas, to whom she proffers her hand and kingdom ; but, on finding him determined, in obedience to the command of the gods, to leave Carthage, rage and despair take possession of the unhappy queen. At last, the sudden departure of Æneas leads her to a tragic death by her own hand on the funeral pile which she had erected.

But Dido, long since smitten sore by love, with life-blood feeds the wound, and by the hidden fire is inwardly consumed. The many merits of the man himself, the glories of his race and nation, are ever present with her : his features are imprinted on her heart, and in her mind his words, and to her limbs her anxious thoughts no peaceful sleep allow.

Next morning's dawn was traversing the earth with torch of Phœbus, and already had removed from heaven the veil of mist, when, scarcely sane in mind, her loving sister she accosts : O Anna, sister dear, what troubled dreams alarm my doubting mind ! What wondrous guest is this who just has reached our home ? How noble in his face and mien ! How bold in courage, and how brave in war ! I verily believe, nor is my faith unfounded, that of the gods he comes. A coward heart betrays a base-born soul. Buffeted, alas, by what hard fates, what ills of war drained to the dregs, he sang ! Were not my mind now fixed, and did it not remain immovable, that in no marriage bond I

would again unite, since my first passion played me false and cheated me by death; did I not loathe the marriage-bed and nuptial torch, to this one frailty I might perchance give way. Anna, to you I will confess, after the death of dear Sychæus, and since our hearth was sprinkled with a brother's blood, this man alone has touched my heart, and forced my mind to falter. I recognise the traces of my former love. But sooner may the jaws of earth be opened for me, and sooner may Jove by lightning hurl me to the shades, the pale, pale shades of Erebus, and to night profound, than that to you, O Modesty, I should do willing wrong, or break your sacred obligations. The man who first my heart to his united has carried with him my affections: let that same man still have them as his own, and keep them in his tomb. So spake she, and with bursts of tears her bosom filled.

Anna replies: O dearer to your sister than the light of life, shall you in lonely widowhood pine on through all your youth, and never know the joys of children, or the rewards of love? Think you that ashes and buried Manes care for that? Grant it, no former suitors touched your heart in sorrow, not those of Libya or of Tyre of old: Iarbas[1] was despised, and other chiefs whom Africa has reared, for military glories famed: will you yet resist a love congenial to your taste? Nor do you think in what a country you have settled down? On one side are the Gaetulians,[2] a race invincible in war, and wild Numidians, unbridled as their steeds, and the Syrtes, to strangers hostile. On another, the region is a desert and unpeopled from the drought, and there live the Barcæi, wild raiders far and wide. Why should I

[1] Iarbas, a son of Jupiter and Garamantis, and king of Gaetulia, from whom Dido bought land to build Carthage. He was a lover of the queen at the time Æneas came to Carthage.

[2] Gaetulians, Numidians, &c., the inhabitants of countries in Northern Africa now Algiers, Barbary, &c.

speak of war from Tyre arising, and your brother's angry threats? For my part, I believe that, under kindly Juno's favouring care, the Trojan ships have by the wind been wafted here. Then such a husband yours, O, what a city, what a kingdom would you see arise! With Trojan arms allied, to what prosperity and fame will not the glory of the Tyrian reach? But only ask the favour of the gods, and having offered sacrifice, give rein to hospitality, and reasons of delay contrive, whilst winter on the sea rages in fury, and while Orion still sends down his storms, and while the ships still lie a wreck, and while the skies are not yet fit for sailing.

With words like these she added fuel to the flame of love, and to her wavering mind gave hope, and to her scruples put an end. First to the shrines they go and favour seek on all the altars: choice sheep in order due they sacrifice to Ceres, source of law, to Phœbus, and to father Bacchus, and chief of all to Juno who presides o'er marriage bonds. Dido herself, in radiant beauty, holding in her hand a goblet, between the snowy victim's horns pours wine, and with stately step paces before the altars in presence of the gods, and crowns the day with offerings, and in the opened breasts with eager gaze consults the panting entrails. Ah, blinded minds of prophets! Can vows or shrines avail a frantic lover? Passion meantime devours her very vitals, and in her heart the silent wound still lives. The luckless Dido is consumed with love, and wanders frenzied over all the town, just like a stag by arrow wounded, which a shepherd, plying with his shafts, has pierced unguarded amidst Cretan groves, and left in the wound—he knew it not—the winged steel: she flying scours the woods and glades of Crete, the deadly reed still sticking in her side. Now Dido leads Æneas through the city, and shows him all the richest stores of Sidon, and a capital quite ready to his hand. She tries to speak, and in mid-utter-

ance stops short. Now she seeks new banquets at the close of day, and asks to hear again the toils of Troy, infatuate, and hangs once more upon the speaker's words. Then after they have parted, and the darkening moon has paled her light, and the sinking stars invite to sleep, in the deserted hall she mourns alone, and on the couch he left she lays her down: him far away she hears and sees, herself afar; or, at another time, she fondly holds Ascanius in her lap, charmed by the likeness to his sire, in hopes she may beguile her ardent love. Towers once begun no longer rise, nor are the youthful soldiers drilled, nor harbours do they make, nor moles and dykes for war. The works stand half suspended, the threatening walls and engines[1] high as heaven.

And when Saturnia, the dear wife of Jove, perceived that she by such a demon was possessed, and that her reputation scarcely checks her frenzy, in words like these she Venus thus accosts: A noble victory, in truth, and ample spoils you bear away, you and your boy: a great and memorable name you'll gain if one poor female by two so crafty deities is overcome. Nor do I fail to see that you, fearing our city, have held in doubt the kindly homes of lofty Carthage. But say what end shall be to this, or how far must we go in such a struggle? Why do we not agree to lasting peace and plighted nuptials? What once you sought with all your heart you now have got: Dido to distraction loves, and through her bones has drawn the frenzied passion. This people then between us let us rule, and under joint authority; let Dido to a Phrygian spouse be subject, and as dowry to your hand let Tyrians be given.

To her—for well she knew that with assumed sincerity she spoke, in order that to Libyan coasts she might divert the Italian state—in reply thus Venus said: Who fool enough such offers to reject, or war with you to peace could choose

[1] "Engines," probably scaffolding, cranes, or machines of war.

in preference, if only, as you say, success would follow action. But by the Fates I'm kept in doubt if Jupiter would wish one city for the Tyrians and for Trojan refugees, or would approve the union of the nations and a mingling of their stock. You are his wife: you have the right to test his feelings by inquiry. Lead you the way; and I will follow. Then queenly Juno thus replied: That duty shall be mine. Next how this matter may be carried out, take heed, I'll tell you briefly. Æneas and along with him most wretched Dido mean to go into the woods to hunt as soon as on to-morrow's morn the sun has fully risen, and by his beams unveiled the globe. While beaters hasten to and fro and with their circling nets surround the glades, from heaven I'll send a scowling cloud, with rain and hail commingled, and wake the thunders over all the sky. Their fellow-hunters will disperse, and in some shelter dark be hid. To the same cave will Dido and the Trojan chief repair. I will be at hand, and if I have your sure consent, I'll bind them in a lasting bond and call her his for ever. There too will Hymenæus be. Cytherea, not opposing the request, gave her assent, and inly smiled at finding out the fraud.

Meanwhile Aurora rose and left the ocean's bed. The sunbeams having shown to view, there issues from the gates a band of chosen youths: nets, small and large, and spears with broad iron head, and huntsmen of the Massyli,[1] and dogs of keenest scent pour forth. At the palace-gate the Punic nobles wait the queen still lingering at her toilet, and her steed, richly adorned with gold and purple housings, stands in readiness, and proudly champs the foaming bit. At length she comes with great attendant band, clad in Sidonian cloak with broidered edge bedecked. Her quiver was of gold,

[1] The Massylians, a warlike people of Mauritania in Africa, near Mount Atlas: when they went on horseback, they never used saddles or bridles, but only sticks.

her plaited hair by gold confined, a golden buckle binds her purple robe. Iülus also, in the height of glee, and Phrygian comrades in array march on. Goodliest of all, Æneas steps, as gallant, to her side and joins the company. Just like Apollo when Lycia in winter he deserts and streams of Xanthus, and visits Delos his maternal home, and forms again his choirs, and around the altars mingled Cretans and Dryopes[1] and painted Agathyrsi[2] shout for joy: the god himself on heights of Cynthus walks in majesty, and ordering his flowing locks he binds them with the leaves of bay and with a coronet of gold: his weapons on his shoulders sound: With no less active grace Æneas moved, and from his noble face an equal beauty shines. When to the hills they came and pathless covers, wild goats started from their rocky heights bound down the mountain sides: elsewhere again the timid stags career across the plains, and as they gallop on in dusty flight they gather into one their straggling herds, and leave the high lands for the low. Ascanius, with a boy's delight, his mettled courser in the open vales fatigues, and in the race now these now those outstrips, and hopes that to his prayers be given a foaming boar amidst these herds that show no sport, or that a tawny lion from the mountains would come down.

Meantime the heaven begins to be disturbed with rumblings loud: a storm-shower follows, of rain and hail combined: both Tyrian chiefs and youth of Troy, and Venus' Dardan grandson, disperse in fear to different shelters all throughout the glades: torrents from the hills "tumultuous roar." Queen Dido and the Prince of Troy to the same grotto come. Then Mother Tellus first the signal gives and nuptial Juno: the lightnings flash as wedding

[1] Dryopes, a people of Greece, in the vicinity of Mount Oeta and Parnassus.

[2] Agathyrsi, a tribe in Eastern Europe, in the modern Transylvania. They are called *picti*, *i.e.* painted or tattooed in their bodies.

torches, and æther was a witness to the rite performed, and on the mountain's highest ridge the nymphs sang loud the nuptial song. That day first doomed her death and led to all her woes, for neither for appearances nor name she cares, and Dido now no secret love intends: she calls it marriage; beneath that name she cloaked her sin.

Forthwith through Libya's peopled cities Rumour flies, than whom no other scourge of men is fleeter; by restlessness she vigour gains, and gathers force by motion; through fear at first she's small, but soon she rises high in air, and while she stalks upon the ground she hides her head in clouds. Her, mother Earth, with gods enraged, bore last of all, as legend says, own sister to Enceladus and Cœus, swift of foot, and with untiring wings, a monster, frightful, huge, which, wonderful to tell, many as are the feathers on her frame, has watchful eyes in equal number underneath, so many tongues she has, so many mouths give voice, so many ears does she prick up. At night she flies midway 'twixt earth and heaven in the gloom, screeching the while, nor does she fold her eyes in pleasing sleep: by day she sits to spy on highest roof or lofty tower, and keeps great cities in dismay, as constant in her tales of baseless scandal as at times she is the herald of the truth; she then in merry glee filled nations' ears with stories manifold, and facts and falsehoods side by side proclaimed: that Æneas, sprung from Trojan blood, had come, and that Queen Dido deemed it right to take him as her spouse; that now the winter, how long soe'er it be, they spend in soft indulgence, a mutual joy, not mindful of their kingdoms, but by grovelling passion led. Such tales the foul-mouthed goddess spreads abroad, and makes them common talk. Still onward rushing in her course she turns aside to King Iarbas, and sets his mind on flame, and aggravates his wrath.

This son of Ammon, born of Garamantis, ravished nymph, in his wide realms had built to Jove an hundred temples

of enormous size, had raised an hundred altars, and had consecrated the wakeful fire—the god's undying guard—and ground enriched with blood of sheep, and portals blooming with gay-coloured wreaths. He then, in mind distracted, and by the unwelcome news to rage inflamed, is said to have entreated Jove with suppliant hands and earnest tones before the altars, and in the very presence of the gods, in manner thus: Almighty Jove, to whom the Moorish race, at solemn banquet on their broidered couches, now pours the wine-libation, seest thou this? O father mine! thee do we vainly dread when thunderbolts thou sendest forth, and do thy fires in heaven, hurled with blind aim, alarm our minds for nought, and cause confused and harmless rumblings? A woman straying in our realms has built a tiny city on a purchased site,—to whom we gave some land for tillage and allowed to rule the spot,—she my lawful marriage offer has refused, and taken to her kingdom Æneas as her master. And now that Paris [1] with his weakling train, with Phrygian [2] bonnet[3] bound beneath his chin, and perfumed locks, enjoys his prey; while we, forsooth, bring offerings to thy temples, and in thee fondly place a groundless faith.

Him praying thus and to the altar clinging Jove heard, and to the royal towers he turned his eyes, and to the lovers, heedless of their better name. Then thus to Mercury he speaks and gives command: Come quick, my son, the zephyrs call, and on your fleetest wing descend, and hail

[1] He calls Æneas Paris, both as effeminate, and as one who had carried off from him that princess whom he looked upon as his property, and whom he thought he had a right to marry. Hence he says at the end of the sentence, *rapto potitur*.

[2] The Phrygians were great worshippers of the goddess Cybele, whose priests were eunuchs.

[3] Mæonian or Lydian mitre, a sort of bonnet worn by the Lydian and Phrygian women, a part of dress which would have been quite infamous in a man, especially when it had the *redimicula* or fillets, wherewith it was tied under the chin. See Æn. ix. 14.

the Dardan chief, who now in Carthage lingers, and the cities which the Fates assign regards not, and through the fleeting air these words convey: Not such his mother, fairest goddess, promised him to be, and not for this twice did she rescue him from Grecian arms; but said that he would be the man to govern Italy, pregnant with empires, and proudly fierce in war, and that he would hand down a race of Teucer's noble line, and bring the world itself beneath his sway; and if the fame of deeds so great inspire him not, if for his own renown no toil he undertakes, yet as a father does he grudge his son Ascanius the citadels of Rome? What prospects has he? or in what hope delays he with a hostile race, and regards not an Ausonian offspring and Lavinian realm? Sail he must: this is my final: this message bear from me.

He ceased to speak. The other soon prepared to do his sire's command: and first upon his feet he binds his sandals made of gold, which with their wings bear him aloft o'er sea or land in pace with fleetest wind: and then he takes his magic wand—with it he calls the pallid ghosts from Orcus forth to light, and others sends to gloom of Tartarus: with it he sleep induces and anon removes, and opes again the dead man's eyes[1]—on it relying he drives the wind before him, and cleaves his way through troubled clouds: and now as he flies he sights the peak and rugged sides of toiling Atlas,[2] who ever with his head supports the globe

[1] This has reference to the Roman custom of closing a friend's eyes as soon as he died, and opening them when the body was placed on the funeral pile, in order that the dead might better see his way in the lower world.

[2] Atlas, one of the Titans, son of Japetus and Clymene. He was king of Mauritania, and upon Perseus showing him the head of Medusa, he was changed into the mountain which bears his name. Mount Atlas runs across the deserts of Africa, east and west, and is so high that the ancients imagined that the heavens rested on its top, and that Atlas supported the world on his shoulders.

of heaven : Atlas, whose pine-clad top is always girt with blackest clouds, and buffeted with wind and shower : a coat of snow his shoulder covers : then rivers from the old man's chin descend in cataracts, and his beard unkempt is stiff with ice. Here first Cyllenius[1] halted, poised on his levelled wings; hence headlong to the waters plunged with all his weight of body, like to a bird which round the shores and near the fish-frequented rocks skims low beside the sea. Just thus between the heaven and the earth flew Maia's son, and quickly passed the sandy shores of Libya, and the winds, from his maternal grandsire shooting down, when with his winged feet he reached the huts, he sees Æneas raising citadels, and for the old erecting newer houses: and at his side he wore a sword with yellow jasper studded, and from his shoulders hung a scarf all bright with Tyrian dye, a gift which Dido from her riches made, and interlaced the warp with threads of gold. At once he hails him : The foundations of a lofty Carthage is it you who lay, and as a woman's man a noble city build, forgetful of your kingdom and the common weal? The ruler of the gods himself, who makes both heaven and earth revolve, has sent me down from bright Olympus. He orders me to bring these mandates through the "bounding air." What do you purpose? or with what intent waste you your time in Libyan lands? If the fame of deeds so great inspire you not, and if for your renown you take no toil, regard Ascanius, rising now to man's estate with all its hopes, and bethink you of your heir Iülus, to whom by right belong the kingdom of Hesperia and the Roman world. Cyllenius, with such words, in act of speaking left aside the human form and vanished from his eyes far into subtle air.

But Æneas, by this waking vision stunned, was silent.

[1] Cyllenius, a name of Mercury, from Cyllene, a mountain of Arcadia, where he was born.

From dread his hair stood up erect, and even his voice all utterance refused. He burns to get away in flight and leave these pleasant shores, alarmed by the warning and the gods' commands. Ah! what can he do?[1] By what appeal dare he approach the frenzied queen? how open up the subject? Now here now there his rapid thoughts he turns, and hurries them in this direction, then in that, and all expedients views. To him in doubt this seemed the better plan: Mnestheus[2] and Sergestus and the brave Serestus he summons to his side, and bids them quietly equip the fleet, and call his comrades to the shore, and arms prepare, and artfully conceal what cause there is for this ado. He says that meantime he himself, since Dido, best of women, knows it not, and never dreams a rupture of her love, will try to find an inlet and a time to speak, least painful to her feelings, and in the case what's best to do. All with joyful speed obey the word and execute his will.

But the queen—for who a lover can deceive?—fearing even all that's safe,[3] foresaw the risk, and was among the first to learn the intended move. To her, in maddened state, the same accursed Rumour brought the news of fleet equipped and all prepared to sail. She raves, bereft of reason, and in wild excitement ranges the city through, like Bacchante at the opening of the rites to frenzy roused, when the triennial orgies agitate the worshippers by cry of "Io, Bacche," and Cithæron in the night invites them by its shouts. At length, though unaddressed, in words like these Æneas she accosts: Faithless traitor, did you hope that you could hide such villany, and from my realm depart in secrecy? Does neither mutual love, your hand once

[1] Literally, "to get round her."

[2] These three were reputed to be the ancestors of well-known Roman families—the Memmii, the Sergii, and the Cluentii.

[3] That is, "fearing everything that seemed to point to safety," much more every danger.

pledged, nor Dido soon to die by cruel death, restrain you? Nay, more, do you not fit your fleet in winter, and prepare to cross the deep while north winds strongest blow, O heartless man? What? if you sought not foreign lands and homes unknown, and if old Troy remained, would even Troy be sought by voyage o'er the deep when waves are highest? Is it from me you fly? By these my tears I pray you, and by your troth—since in my misery my wilful act nought else has left me—by our union, by the nuptial rites we entered on; if I have done you ought of good, if any charm of mine e'er gave you pleasure, have pity on a falling house; and if for prayer there still is room, I beseech you change your purpose. On your account the Libyan nations and Numidian kings detest me: the Tyrians are enraged: for you my modesty was lost, and my former reputation,[1] by which alone I gained immortal fame. To whom do you abandon dying Dido, you my Guest, since that is now the only name I have to use instead of Husband? Why do I delay to die? Is it that Pygmalion my brother may destroy my walls, or that Gaetulian Iarbas may as a captive lead me off? If only I had had a child by you before your flight; if I had a small Æneas in my halls to play, who, for all that's come and gone, would still recall your features, I should not feel that I had wholly been forsaken and betrayed.

She ceased to speak. He, mindful of Jove's warnings, maintained a steady look, as if unmoved by pity, and struggling with his feelings, crushed his love beneath his heart. At length he briefly speaks: Indeed, O queen, I never will deny that you have done me favours which, great in number, you can truly tell, and while my memory lasts, and while the vital breath controls these limbs of mine, it will ever be a joy to think of dear Elissa. On present matters I will briefly speak. Neither did I wish—

[1] She means, her fidelity to her dead husband's memory.

do not think I did—to hide from you by stealth this my departure, nor did I proffer you a formal marriage, or did I undertake a bond like that. Did Fate permit to order my after life as I should wish, and to lay my cares to rest as I should choose, first would I cherish Troy's dear city and the loved Manes of my friends, the lofty halls of Priam still should stand, and by my efforts I would ere this have raised her towers from their wreck, and for the conquered set them up anew. But, as it is, the Grynean god has bid me make for Italy: the Libyan oracles have so commanded. Such is my fond desire: that's my real fatherland. If the towers of Carthage and the aspect of a Libyan city charm you, a Tyrian, what ground of grudge, pray, should there be that Trojans settle on Ausonian soil? To us, too, it is free to seek a realm abroad. Oft as Night veils the earth in dewy shade, oft as the fiery stars arise, the image of Anchises chides me in my sleep, and by its troubled look affrights me: Ascanius reminds me, and the wrong done to his dearest rights, whom now I cheat of great Hesperia and the kingdom due him by the Fates. Just now the spokesman of the gods, come straight from Jove himself—I call to witness both you and me—has brought his mandate through the "bounding air." Myself I saw the god in noonday light entering the city, and with these very ears I heard his voice. Cease to excite yourself and me by your complaints: Italy I seek not of my own accord.

As thus he speaks, she now long while askance regards him, rolling her eye-balls here and there, and, in silence, scans him all from head to foot, and, roused to fury, thus she speaks: Neither did a goddess bear you, nor was Dardanus the founder of your race, you traitorous wretch; but you the Caucasus, with pointed rocks, brought forth, and to you the tigers of Hyrcania gave suck. For why am I a hypocrite? or to what greater ills am I reserved? Did he heave a sigh for all my lamentation? Did he

change a look? Did he shed a tear, o'ercome by grief, or feel a pang of pity for his loving wife? What one is better than another? Now, neither mighty Juno nor father Jupiter regards these things of earth with honest eyes. In no one is there safe reliance. I took him up, an outcast on the shore, a very pauper, and, fool that I was, I made him partner in my kingdom. I saved his ships from wreck, his friends from death. Alas, maddened with rage, I am beside myself. Now, forsooth, augur Apollo, now the Lycian oracles, now even the spokesman of the gods, sent down by Jove himself, bears through the air these monstrous orders. Such a task, no doubt, belongs to gods above, such a care disturbs their peaceful moments. I neither detain you nor refute your words. Go and search for Italy by the winds, seek kingdoms o'er the deep. I hope, indeed, that you will drain the cup of vengeance to the dregs on rocks that lie between, and that by her name you oft will Dido call. Though far away, I will pursue you with torches of the pyre, and when cold death has parted soul and body I will haunt you as a spectre. Wretch that you are, you shall pay the penalty. I shall hear of it, and the rumour will reach me in the lowest shades. And then she suddenly breaks off, and sick at heart she flies the light and hides herself from view, leaving him in doubt and dread, and wishing to say much. Her maids uplift her, and bear her fainting to her beauteous chamber, and lay her gently on her bed.

But Æneas, kind of heart, though wishing to assuage her grief by comfort, and by his words to soothe her cares, though much he sighs and wavers much through love, yet carries out the gods' commands, and to his fleet returns. And then the Trojans buckle to the work, and all along the shore haul down the ships. The well-tarred keel is now afloat, and in their eagerness to go they carry from the woods the oars still leafy and the beams

untrimmed. You can see them as they move and hasten from the city's every part. Just as when ants great bins of corn despoil, mindful of winter, and store it in their home, the dark bands cross the plains, and on their narrow path along the grass their prize convey: some in keen effort with their shoulders shove the larger grains: some keep the gangs together, and the loiterers upbraid: on all the path there is the stir of work. What were your feelings, Dido, when that you saw, and what deep sobs did you upheave when from the summit of the citadel you spied the shore in bustle all along, and when you beheld the sea one scene of turmoil and of loud hurrahs? O love, that will not be denied, to what will you not force the minds of men? She is driven again to have recourse to tears, again to try him by entreaty, and as a suppliant again to bow her mind to his, that she, about to die with disappointed hopes, may leave no plan untried.

Anna, you see the bustle all along the shore: they come from every quarter: the canvas now invites the breeze, and the sailors in their joy have placed their garlands on the poop. If I was able this heavy sorrow to foresee, I shall be able, sister, to bear it too. This one thing, Anna, do for me: for that traitor still was wont to show you friendship, and in you confide: You only knew the times and ways to find him in his softer moods: Go, sister, and with prayers address the haughty enemy: I did not with the Greeks conspire at Aulis[1] to uproot the Trojan race, nor did I send a fleet to Pergamus, nor did I from the tomb the ashes and the Manes of Anchises tear: why should he deny my words admittance to his ears of stone? whither does he rush in haste? Let him give one last and

[1] Aulis, a seaport town of Bœotia, in Greece, where the forces of the Greeks assembled in the expedition against Troy.

only favour to his wretched lover, and wait for easy sailing and for favouring winds. Our former marriage rites, to which he has proved false, I ask no more, nor that of Latium fair he be deprived, and leave unclaimed his future realm : a breathing time I beg, and space to let my ardent passion be at rest and cool, until my fortune teaches me to grieve as one undone. This boon the last I pray for—take pity on your sister : and if you grant me this, with interest I will pay it at my death.[1]

Thus went she on, and her unhappy sister the message bears and bears again. But neither tears nor prayers can move the man, nor, softening, does he listen to her warm appeals : the Fates withstand, and heaven stops up the hero's kindly ears. And just as north winds of the Alps, with gusty blasts from this point now from that vie in their efforts to o'erthrow some sturdy oak with all his strength of years : a moaning sound ensues, and topmost leaves, by reason of the shaken stem, bestrew the ground : the tree itself still grasps the rocks, and far as with its top to heaven it reaches, so far with clinging root to Tartarus it tends : just so with arguments incessant is the hero plied, from this side, now from that, and in his large-souled bosom feels the thrill of grief : his mind remains unshaken : their tears are shed in vain.

Then indeed ill-fated Dido, maddened by the Fates, prays eagerly for death : 'tis weariness to behold the canopy of heaven. The more to urge her to fulfil her purpose and relinquish life, she saw when on the holy altar gifts she laid—dreadful to relate—her sacred offerings grow black, and outpoured wine turned into foul,

[1] This is one of the most unintelligible passages in the Æneid. Conington reads *dederis*, and so I have translated it. Another reading *dederit* makes better sense : "if he (Æneas) grant me the favour I ask, I will repay it by dying, and by thus relieving him from all obligation to me." But MS. authority favours *dederis*.

ill-omened blood. This sight she told to none, no, not to her sister. Within the house there was a shrine of marble to her former spouse, cherished by her with special honour, adorned with woollen fillets and with festal boughs: from it, when night held earth in gloom, she seemed to hear the voice and words of her dead husband calling her to go: and the lonely screech-owl sitting on the roof oft wailed with death-foreboding cry, and prolonged her notes into a plaintive song: and many prophecies, besides, of ancient seers alarm her with tokens full of dread. And then Æneas, stern of look, in sleep torments her, frenzied; and still she seems as left alone, as going on a weary road without a friend, and ever seeking Tyrians in a desert land: as Pentheus[1] in his madness troops of Furies sees, and a twin sun and a double Thebes; or as Orestes, Agamemnon's son, chased on the stage, when he avoids his mother armed with torches and black serpents, and the avenging Furies at the threshold sit.

And so, when worn by grief, she took the Furies[2] to her breast, and resolved to die, she fixes on the time and manner of her death, and from her sister hides her purpose by a cheerful look, and wears a hopeful aspect on her face: O sister, I have found a way—give me joy—to restore this man to me, or free me from my love. Near bounds of ocean and the setting sun lies Ethiopia far away; where mighty Atlas on his shoulders wields the heaven, bedecked with brilliant stars; a priestess thence, of the Massylian nation, has been named to me, who kept the temple of the Hesperides,[3] and to the dragon gave his food, and watched the

[1] Pentheus, son of Echion and Agave, was king of Thebes in Bœotia. In consequence of his refusal to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, he was torn to pieces by the bacchanals.

[2] The Furies were three in number—Tisiphone, Megæra, and Allecto, and were supposed to be the ministers of the vengeance of the gods.

[3] Hesperides, three celebrated nymphs, daughters of Hesperus: they presided over the garden which contained the golden apples that Juno

sacred branches on the tree, sprinkling the honey-dew and drowsy poppy. She offers by her charms to free what minds she likes, and bring on others heavy cares: to stop the river's flow, and backward turn the stars: she calls the ghosts by night: you will observe the earth to bellow under foot, and the ash trees to come down the mountains. O darling sister, I take the gods to witness, and you, and your dear life, that I am loth to take to magic arts. See that, in private, you erect a pyre within the house, and open to the air, and on it place his armour which, heartless wretch, he in the bridal chamber left, and all his robes, and the nuptial bed that wrought my ruin: it is a pleasure to destroy all memory of the cursed man, and so the priestess bids. So saying she is still: and then a deadly paleness all her face o'erspreads. Anna, however, thinks not that by these strange rites her sister cloaks her death, and fancies not such madness, nor does she fear more sad results than at Sychæus' death. Thus she prepares as ordered.

But when within the inner court the pyre was raised on high beneath the open air, with pitch pines and split oak, she decks the pile with garlands, and crowns it with funereal boughs: on the bed she lays his garments and the sword he left behind, and an image of him, well knowing what would be. Altars are raised, and the priestess with dishevelled hair in loudest voice invokes three hundred gods, and Erebus, and Chaos, and Hecate[1] of triple form, three-faced Diana. She had sprinkled the counterfeited waters of Avernus' lake, and herbs of vigorous growth are brought, cut by moonlight with a brazen knife, and swelling with black

gave to Jupiter on the day of their nuptials. This garden, according to the ancients, was situated near Mount Atlas, in Africa, and the tree bearing the golden apples was guarded by a huge dragon.

[1] Hecate, the daughter of Perses and Asteria, or rather of Jupiter and Latona: she was called Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate, or Proserpine, in hell.

juice of poison: a love charm, too, is sought, torn from the brow of new-born foal, and seized before its mother could. The queen herself, close by the altar, one foot unshod and robe ungirt, with salt-cake and with stainless hands, on point of death calls on the gods, and on the stars which know men's destiny: next she invokes all deities who, with impartial and retentive mind, take heed to lovers joined in ill-matched pairs.

'Twas night, and weary creatures over all the earth were wrapt in calm repose: the woods and raging seas had come to rest; the stars glide onward in their mid career; then every field is hushed: the beasts, and party-coloured birds, both those that far and wide frequent the liquid lakes, and those that occupy the fields with thickets rough, all hushed to sleep in silence of the night, allayed their cares and soothed their hearts, forgetful of their toils. But not so Dido, much distressed in mind; for not one moment is she lulled in sleep, nor takes she in the night with eyes or mind. Her anxious thoughts are doubly keen, and her passion rising again, rages afresh, and boils with billowy tide of wrath. The theme she therefore thus pursues, and thus she communes with her heart: Lo! what do I do? Thus baffled, shall I, in turn, my former suitors try? Shall I humbly crave a marriage with one of the Numidian chiefs, whom I so oft, as lords and masters, spurned? Shall I accompany the fleet of Ilium, and to the Trojan's basest orders yield? Is it because it pleases them, once rescued by my help, and that in their grateful hearts there still remains a sense of former kindness? But did I wish it, who will give me leave, or will receive into their haughty ships my hated person? Ah! lost one, know you not, nor feel you yet the fraud of Troy's perfidious race? What then? In their departure shall I join the buoyant crew? Or attended by my Tyrians and all my people shall I go against them, and those whom

I could scarcely tear away from Tyre shall I again drive over sea, and bid them to the wind commit their sails? Nay rather, die as you deserve, and by the sword avoid your woes? You, sister, by my tears o'ercome, first laid on me this load of woe, and put me in the stranger's power. Why could I not have led a pure, unwedded life, as do the beasts, and not have meddled with such troubles? The faith I plighted to Sychæus' shade has not been kept.[1] Such bitter wailing from her heart broke forth.

Æneas, on his journey firmly bent, was resting in the lofty stern, all now being ready for a start. The god, returning in his former shape, appeared to him in sleep, and thus again seemed to advise him, in everything like Mercury, in voice and beauty, golden locks and comely youthful limbs;—goddess-born, can you indulge in sleep at such a crisis? See you not, O foolish one, what dangers next beset you, and hear you not that favouring winds now blow? She, bent on death, is planning in her mind deceitful plots and a fell deed, and stirs within her various tides of passion. Will you not instantly fly hence in haste, while fly you may? Soon you shall see that with her ships the deep will swarm, and threatening torches blaze; forthwith the shore alive with flames, if the morning overtake you lingering on these coasts. Come, hark, away with all delay. "A woman's will is changeful and uncertain still." This said, he mingled with the sable night.

And then Æneas, by this sudden vision startled, bounds from his sleep, and rouses his companions: Awake, my mates, in haste, and seat yourselves upon the thwarts: be quick, unfurl the sails. A god, direct from heaven's height, again commands me to hasten my escape, and cut the twisted cables. O gracious power, we follow you whoe'er you be, and again with joy obey your urgent call.

[1] Some would translate thus—The faith I plighted to Sychæus (when alive), has not been kept with him when dead.

Be with us, pray; in mercy aid us, and send in heaven propitious stars. He spake, and from the sheath he draws his flashing sword and cuts the hawser with the ready blade. Like eagerness at once possesses all. They hurry and they rush: they're off: the sea is hidden by the fleet: straining to the stroke, they toss the foam and cut the azure deep.

And now Aurora, leaving Tithonus' bed, was spreading over earth her new-born light. Soon as queen Dido from her watch-tower marked the first grey light of dawn, and saw the fleet steering to open sea with balanced sails, and noticed the deserted shore and port without a rower, thrice, aye four times, smiting her fair breast, and tearing her golden locks: O Jupiter! shall he go? she says: and shall this adventurer my kingdom mock? Will they not arms prepare, and pursue from all the city? and will not others from the docks haul out my ships? Go, fetch flames, bring darts, ply the oars. What am I saying? or where am I? what madness turns my brain? Luckless Dido! is it only now that you are stung by acts of folly? They should have done so when you offered him your regal power. Is this the plighted faith, is this the honour of him, who, they say, carries with him his country's gods! who on his shoulders bore his father, spent with age! Why could I not have seized his body, torn it in pieces, and scattered its fragments on the waters? why could I not by sword have slain his friends, why not Ascanius himself, and served him up as banquet at his father's table? But of such a fight the chance was doubtful. Yes, it might have been: but once resolved on death, whom did I fear? I might have fired his camp with brands, the hatches filled with flames, destroyed the son, the sire, and all the race,—then flung myself upon the pile. O Sun, who with your flaming beams survey all done on earth: and Juno, arbitress and witness of these cares: and you, O Hecate, invoked by

midnight howlings through our cities where the three ways meet: and you avenging Furies, and you guardian gods of dying Elissa, lay these things to heart, and to my wrongs apply your heavenly power as they deserve, and hear my prayers. If so it must be that this cursed man should reach a harbour and come safe to land, if Jove's decree so orders, and such an end is fixed, yet vexed by war and by a brave and valiant race, driven from his home, torn from Iülus arms, may he beg for help, and see his followers done to death, and after he has bound himself by terms of shameful peace, may he not enjoy his kingdom and his life, but let him die before his time, and lie unburied on the open sand. The prayers of Dido are ended: this my latest wish I pour forth with my blood. And then, you Tyrians, persecute the present stock and all his future progeny with bitter hate; such be the offerings to my Manes you present. No love between the nations—no treaties let there be. May some avenger[1] from my bones arise, to hunt those Trojan settlers by fire and sword, now, hereafter, at whatever time they have the power. This curse I now call down:[2] let shore

[1] Such as Hannibal proved.

[2] It was an opinion very prevalent among the ancients, that the prayers of the dying were generally heard, and that their last words were prophetic. Thus Virgil makes Dido imprecate upon Æneas a series of misfortunes which actually had their accomplishment in his own person or in his posterity. 1. He was harassed with war in Italy by Turnus. 2. He was necessitated to abandon his son, and go into Etruria to beg for assistance, Æn. viii. 80. 3. He saw his friends cruelly slain in battle, especially Pallas, Æn. x. 489. 4. He died before his time, being slain by Mezentius, according to the most authentic tradition, and was left unburied on the banks of the Numicus, by whose waters his body was at length carried off and never more appeared. 5. The Romans and Carthaginians were irreconcilable enemies to one another, and no leagues, no ties of religion could ever bind the two nations to peace. 6. Hannibal was Dido's avenger, who rose afterwards to be the scourge of the Romans, and carried fire and sword into Italy.

be still opposed to shore, and sea to sea, and arms to arms: let them and their descendants fight—now and ever.

So she spoke, and turned her mind to every point, desiring as soon as may be this hated life to leave. Then Barce briefly she addressed, Sychæus' nurse, for the doleful urn contained the ashes of her own, in what was once her native home: Dear nurse, call hither to me sister Anna: bid her make haste to sprinkle on her running water, and bring the victims and atoning gifts as I directed: thus let her come; and you yourself veil your temples with a holy fillet. My purpose is to perform to Stygian Jove the sacrifice, by which, duly prepared, to cease from cares of love, and to the flames consign the Dardan hero's pyre. She spoke: the other bustled off with all the zeal of age.

But Dido, trembling with excitement, and maddened by her frightful purpose, rolling her blood-red eyes, her throbbing cheeks suffused with spots, and ghastly with approaching death, burst through the inner gate, and frantic mounts the lofty pile and draws the Trojan sword—a gift not given for such a use. On this, when she observed the Trojan robes and well known bed, pausing awhile with sorrow and affection mixed, she laid her on the couch and spoke her latest words: O relics, dear to me while Fate and heaven allowed, receive this soul of mine, and from these sorrows free me. I have lived my life, and run the course which Fortune had assigned: and now a Shade of me, great and of queenly dignity, will go to nether realms. A noble city I have built; have seen a city reared by myself: my husband I avenged: a hostile brother punished: blessed, ah, more than blessed, if but those ships of Troy had never touched our shores. She spoke, and pressed her lips upon the bed: must I die, she said, and that, too, unrevenged? But let me die. Thus, thus I go with pleasure to the shades below. Let the heartless Dardan from the deep drink with his eyes my funeral fires, and with him bear the omens of my death.

She ceased to speak; and midst such words her maids behold her fallen upon the sword, and see the sword itself foaming with blood, and all her hands besmeared. Shrieks fill the lofty courts: Fame revels wildly through the city, stunned and shocked; the houses ring with lamentations, groans, and howling cries of women, and with the swelling wail the upper air resounds; just as if Carthage or old Tyre beneath the entered foe were falling to the ground, and raging flames were spreading over roofs of men and temples of the gods.

Her sister heard the cries, half dead with fear, and wildly rushes through the crowd in maddened haste, tearing her face with her nails, and beating her breast with her fists, and calls by name the dying queen. Was this that feigned device? and did you try to cheat your sister? was that pyre of yours and were those fires and altars preparing this for me? What first and chiefly shall I blame, abandoned as I am? Your sister's company did you in death despise? Had you invited me to share your fate, one sorrow and one hour had ta'en us both away. Did I myself raise with these hands that pyre, and did I invoke our country's gods, that I, hard-hearted, should not lie beside you on it? O sister, to utter ruin you have brought us all—yourself and me, your people, your Tyrian nobles, and your city. Bring water for her wounds; I'll wash them; and if any expiring breath still flickers near, I'll catch it with my mouth. As she spoke the steps she mounted, and clasping her dying sister, hugged her to her bosom with a groan, and with her robe she tried to staunch the darkling blood. Dido strives to raise her drowsy eyes, but again sinks down in swoon: the wound inflicted on her breast gurgles with blood. Thrice rising up and leaning on her arm she raised herself; thrice on the bed she sank exhausted, and with her swimming eyes she sought to catch the light from lofty heaven, and having found it—heaved a heavy sigh.

Then powerful Juno, in pity for her lingering pain and difficult departure, sent Iris[1] down from heaven to free the struggling spirit from its fleshly bonds; for, since she perished nor by fate, nor by deserved death, but before her time, through dire distress, and by sudden frenzy seized, Proserpina had not yet cut the golden hair from off her head, and made her over to Stygian Pluto. Therefore dewy Iris, drawing a thousand colours from the opposing sun, shoots downward through the sky on saffron wings, and takes her stand above her head: As ordered, I bear hence this lock to Pluto sacred, and free you from that body. She said, and with her right hand cuts the lock; and at once all vital heat was gone, and the spirit vanished into air.

[1] Iris, daughter of Thaumas and Electra, was one of the Oceanides, and messenger of the gods, more particularly of Juno. Her office was to cut the thread which seemed to detain the soul in the body of those that were expiring. She is represented with all the variegated and beautiful colours of the rainbow.

BOOK V.

In the Fifth Book Æneas sails from Carthage for Italy, but is forced by a storm to revisit Drepanum, where he celebrates the anniversary of his father's death by various games and sports. Here the Trojan women set fire to the fleet, which is saved by the interposition of Jupiter, with the loss of four ships. Æneas then pursues his voyage to Italy.

Meanwhile Æneas with purpose firm was sailing onward in his fleet, and ploughed the billows, darkened by the northern blasts, and ever and anon he to the city looked lit by the flames of luckless Dido's pyre. What kindled such a blaze he knows not; but the pangs of blighted love, and the thought of what a desperate woman dares, lead the Trojans' minds to dismal fear.

Soon as their ships were on the open sea, and now no longer land appears, but sky and ocean all around, a lurid cloud hovered above them bringing night and storm, and "in the scowl of heaven" the water rose in breakers. Then Palinurus from the lofty stern exclaims: Alas! why have such threatening clouds begirt the sky? or what, O father Neptune, do you mean? Thus having spoken, he bids the crew secure the tackling, and ply the sturdy oars with all their might. He turns the sails obliquely to the wind, and thus he speaks: Magnanimous Æneas, should Jupiter himself be sponsor, with a sky like this I could not hope to reach the coast of Italy. The wind has changed, and now blows strong across our path, and from the murky west rises in force and rolls the vapour into clouds. We can't make head against the storm, nor even hold our own: since fortune overpowers us, let us follow her, and

turn our course where she invites: and I think that the friendly shores of Eryx and the Sicilian ports are not far off, if memory serve me right when I survey the stars observed before. Then pious Æneas said: I too have seen already that the winds so call, and that in vain you fight against them. Change the ship's course. Can any land more welcome be, or any whither I would sooner steer my weather-beaten ships, than that which holds the dear Acestes, and which contains the bones of my beloved father? This said, they head to port, and by the favouring winds the sails are filled; onward on the swell the fleet is borne; and at length with joy the prows are turned to the familiar strand. But Acestes, having seen with wonder from a mountain's lofty height the arrival of our friendly ships, comes out to meet us, armed with javelins, and clad in hide of Libyan bear: him a Trojan mother to the god Crimisus bore.[1] He welcomes our return in all ancestral pride, and cheers us with his rustic plenty, and after our fatigues consoles us with his kindly aid.

When with the early dawn the next bright day had chased away the stars, Æneas collects his friends from all the shore, and standing on a knoll, thus speaks: Illustrious Trojans, sprung from the gods' exalted blood, the circle of another year is now complete in all its months since we committed to the earth my sacred father's last remains, and consecrated mourning altars. And now the day, if I mistake not, is at hand, which I shall always count a day of sorrow, always to be honoured:—so have you willed it, O ye gods. Were I to pass this day in exile among the Syrtes of Gaetulia, or did I find myself far out upon the Grecian Sea, or in the city of Mycenæ, yet would I duly pay my yearly vows, and lead the solemn funeral pomps, and heap the

[1] Crimisus, a river on the western side of the island of Sicily, near the city Segesta.

altars with their proper gifts. Now, 'gainst our hopes, though not, I judge, without a providence divine, we find us here beside the ashes of my father, and have been brought to enter friendly harbours. Come, then, and let us do a willing service. Let us pray for prosperous winds; and, when our city's built, he will permit me to offer him these annual rites in temples to his honour raised. Acestes, noble son of Troy, to every ship two heads of oxen gives: invite to the feast your household and your country's gods, and those to whom Acestes prays. Further, should the ninth morning usher in a happy day, and with its beams reveal the earth's fair face, I to the Trojans will propose a boat-race as the earliest contest; and a prize to him who excels in speed of foot, and to him who, confident in his powers, proves victor in the javelin-cast and in the arrow's throw, or who dares with untanned cestus to contend: let all be ready, and look for prizes for excelling skill. Let all keep solemn silence, and wreathe your heads with boughs.

This said, he decks his brow with his maternal myrtle. The same does Helymus;[1] the same Acestes, ripe in years; the same the boy Ascanius, whom follow all the youth. From the assembly to the tomb he went with many thousands, midst great attendant retinue. Here on the ground he duly pours two bowls of wine, two of new milk, and two of sacred blood; then scatters blooming flowers, and thus speaks: Hail, holy sire, once more! Ashes, and spirit, and shade of my father, in vain rescued from Troy, hail! Heaven would not allow that we should go in company in quest of Italy, and the lands allotted me by fate, or the Ausonian Tiber, whatever kind it be. So much he said, when from the bottom of the shrine a huge and slippery snake drew forth seven circling spires, seven coils, gently twining round the tomb and gliding on the altars; whose back was marked with spots of azure, and whose scales

[1] Elymus, a youth at the court of Acestes.

shone brilliant with a golden hue, as rainbow flashing forth a thousand colours from the opposing sun. At the sight Æneas stood amazed. At length the reptile, creeping in all his length among the bowls and polished goblets, gently touched the banquet, and, harmless, again to the tomb returned, and left the altars he had licked. Æneas with keener zeal resumes the offerings of Anchises, doubting if it were the genius of the place, or the attendant of his father. He sacrificed two ewes, as custom held; two swine, two oxen, sable-backed; and poured out wine in bowls, and called the spirit of the great Anchises, and his Manes, from Acheron released. In like manner his companions offer gifts with joy, each what he could, and load the altars, and bullocks slay. Others set out the brazen caldrons, and, stretched on the sward, light fires for the spits, and roast the flesh.

And now the wished-for day had come, and the chariot of the sun brought the ninth morning's dawn with light both calm and pure: rumour and the fame of good Acestes had stirred the interest of the neighbouring people. They now were crowding to the shore in happy groups, to see the Trojans, some also eager in the games to strive. And first in the ring the prizes are exposed to view: sacred tripods, green garlands, and palms, the conquerors' rewards; and arms and purple vestments, of gold a talent and of silver too: and then the trumpet from the central knoll proclaims the games begun.

Four ships selected from the fleet, in speed well-matched, with heavy oars, the first event take up. Mnestheus commands the speedy Pristis, with a vigorous crew,—Mnestheus, soon to be the founder of an Italian race, from which the Memmii are called; and Gyas sails the huge Chimæra, of enormous height, a city in herself, which in triple row the Trojan youth impel, and in three banks her oars ascend; Sergestus, from whom the Sergian family has

its name, rides in the bulky Centaur; and Cloanthus in the sea-green Scylla, from whom, O Roman Cluentius, is your descent.

Well out to sea, and in the shore's full view, there stands a rock which by the surging waves is lashed and covered at such times as the northern blasts becloud the stars: in calm it is noiseless, and rises from the peaceful water as a table-land, and a most delightful spot for sea-fowl in the sun to bask. Here, as a signal to the oarsmen, Æneas raised a goal of leafy oak, by which to know whence to return, and where to wheel in circle in their lengthened course. By lot they places choose, and the captains are conspicuous from afar on lofty poops in uniforms of gold and purple. The rest of the crew wore wreaths of poplar boughs, and their bared shoulders, smeared with oil, seem sleek and shining. They seat themselves upon the thwarts, their arms keen straining on the oars: with eagerness intense they wait the signal, and throbbing fear takes all their breath away, and their desire for glory is at highest pitch. Then, when the trumpet's note rang out, they all shot forth without delay, each from his berth; the sailors' cries ascend to heaven, the channel foams, upturned by arms well plied. With equal stroke they furrows cleave, and the whole surface yawns, harrowed by oars and trident beaks. Not with such headlong haste do horses in the chariot-race rush from their barriers in wild career and grasp the plains, nor over teams at fullest speed do drivers shake the wavy reins with equal zeal, and bend in ardour to the cutting lash. Then by the plaudits and the mingled din of the spectators, and the eager calls of backers, all the grove resounds: the shores, shut in by hills, pass on the cries; the smitten hills send back the shouts. Amidst the confusion and the din, Gyas darts out before the rest, and bears away upon the outer waters: whom then Cloanthus follows close, with

better crew, but with a ship of ponderous bulk, which mars his speed. After these, at equal distance in the rear, the Pristis and the Centaur strive to win the prior place. And now the Pristis gains, now the huge Centaur works ahead, now both speed on abreast, and with long keel plough up the briny waves. And now they neared the rock, and almost reached the goal, when Gyas, foremost and victorious in half the course, thus chides Menœtes, pilot of his ship: Why go so far to right? this way direct your course: keep close to shore, and let the oar-blade scrape the rocks to left: let others hold the main. He said: but fearing reefs, Menœtes turns his prow to seaward. Gyas, with a shout, again recalled him: Menœtes, where go you off the course? keep to the rocks. And lo! he sees Cloanthus pressing on his rear, and holding nearer land. He, between the ship of Gyas and the gurgling rocks, shaves through to left upon the inner tack, and at once shoots past, and clears the goal, and gains the open waters. Then, indeed, bitter vexation rankled in the very bones of Gyas, nor were his cheeks quite free from tears, and, heedless of his dignity and safety of his crew, he hurls Menœtes from the lofty poop headforemost in the sea: himself then takes the helm, as pilot and commander both, encourages his men, and turns the tiller for the shore. But Menœtes, by age enfeebled and loaded by his dripping clothes, when at length he rose with effort from the depths, makes for the summit of the rock, and sat him down on the dry stones. The Trojans laughed at him as he fell, and while he swam; and now they jeer him as from his mouth he spits the briny water. Upon this a joyous hope was enkindled in the two behind, Sergestus and Mnestheus, to pass Gyas, now losing way: Sergestus gets his choice of water, and the near side of the goal, and yet he was scarce a length ahead: first by but part: the other part the rival Pristis with his prow o'erlaps. But Mnestheus, pacing midships among

his crew, exhorts them thus: Now, now, rise to the oar stroke, once Hector's men, whom as my associates I chose on Troy's last fatal day; now put forth those powers, now that spirit which you showed in the Gaetulian Syrtes, and in the Ionian Sea, and Malea's[1] pursuing swells. No longer do I seek the foremost place, nor strive to conquer: though, oh the thought! but let them prevail to whom you, O Neptune, have decreed success: shame forbid that we return the last: beat that, my mates, and save us the disgrace. Forward they bend with utmost strain: the brass-beaked galley quivers to the powerful strokes, and the sea is swept from beneath them: and then fast panting shakes their bodies and their mouths all parched with thirst; the sweat, too, streams from every pore. 'Twas only accident that brought the crew the wished-for honour; for while in frantic eagerness Sergestus drives his prow close to the rocks inside his rival's boat, and enters in a space both dangerous and narrow, with evil luck he struck on the projecting shelves. The rocks were violently shaken, and the oars, pressed hard against the jagged reefs, snapped with a crash, and the prow, dashed violently upon the cliffs, hung balanced. The crew start to their feet, and with loud cries back water, and get out the iron-shod boat-hooks, and poles with sharpened point, and on the surge pick up their shattered blades. But Mnestheus, joyful and made keener by success, with rapid sweep of oars and by a favouring breeze makes for the homeward slope[2] of sea, and runs to land in open water. Just

[1] Malea, a promontory of Peloponnesus, on the southern coast of Laconia, dangerous to navigators because of winds, and the currents of two seas which caused great swells.

[2] *Prona maria*, "the homeward slope," seems to mean the part down which the waves run to the shore; or rather, perhaps, to the apparent slope of the sea-plain, which to one standing on the beach seems to rise gradually from the land outward. See Æn. i. 203. Virgil uses *prono amni* for "down the stream."

as a dove which in a sheltering cliff has made her home, and placed her nestlings dear, suddenly startled in her nook, hastens to the fields in flight, and scared from her covert flaps loud her pinions, then gliding in the peaceful air skims on her liquid way, and never moves her nimble wings; so Mnestheus, so the Pristis, self-impelled, ploughs with rapid speed the last extent of sea, so the very impetus bears on the scudding boat. And first he leaves behind Sergestus, struggling on the lofty rock and hidden shallows, and vainly begging help, and learning now to run with broken oars. Then Gyas in Chimera's massive bulk he overhauls: she gives it up since she has lost her pilot. And now, at the close, Cloanthus still remains, and him he "goes for," and presses hard, exerting all his powers. And then, the shouts redouble from the shore, and all with hearty plaudits add keenness to the chase; and with the wild uproar the heaven rings again. These deem it a disgrace if glory now their own, and honour, good as won, they cannot keep, and are prepared to peril life for victory: the others are encouraged by success: they *can*, because they think they can; and probably they would have prizes gained with level prows,[1] had not Cloanthus, stretching o'er the deep his folded hands, poured forth his prayers and called the gods by vows: Ye gods, who rule the ocean, whose plains I speed across, to you, my wish obtained,[2] I joyfully on yonder shore will place before your altars a bull of snowy whiteness, and on the briny waves will cast the entrails and libations of pure wine. He spoke; and all the choir of Nereids and of Phorcus,[3] and the virgin

[1] *i.e.*, "they would have tied for the prize."

[2] He is said to be *reus voti* who has undertaken a vow on a certain condition; and when that condition is fulfilled, then he is *damnatus voti*, or *votis*,—*i.e.*, the gods condemn and sentence him to pay his vow.

[3] Phorcus, a sea-deity, son of Pontus and Terra, and father of the Gorgons.

Panopea, heard him from beneath the depths; and father Portunus[1] himself, with his powerful hand, gave increase to his speed: the ship, swifter than the south wind or a fleet arrow, flies to land, and in the spacious harbour was at once laid up. Then Æneas, having duly summoned all, declares Cloanthus victor, by loud voice of herald, and wreathes his brow with verdant bay, and bids him choose, as presents to the ships, three bullocks, and carry with him stores of wine, and a silver talent's heavy weight. To the commanders he further gives especial honours: to the victor, a gold embroidered cloak, round which there ran in rich profusion Melibœan purple in a double cord of wavy line. And pictured there the royal boy[2] seems keenly to pursue the nimble stags with hound and dart on leafy Ida, like one who pants for breath, whom Jove's winged armour-bearer bore from Ida with his crooked claws. In vain the aged guards stretch hands to heaven, and the baying of the dogs roars high in air. But to him who won the second place he gives to keep, as ornament and safe defence in war, a coat of mail, made up with plates and three-ply chains of gold, which he himself had torn from Demoleus, when he had slain him near the rapid Simois, close to lofty Ilium. It, with its many rows of chains and plates, his servants, Phegeus and Sagaris can scarcely bear, exerting all their strength: but in days of old, Demoleus, with it on, would chase in flight the straggling Trojans. As the third prize, he gives two golden caldrons and silver boats in high relief embossed. And now had all their gifts received, and were departing proud of rich rewards, their temples bound with purple ribbon, when Sergestus, with difficulty hauled from off the cruel

[1] Portunus, a name of Melicertes, or Palæmon, son of Athamas and Ino.

[2] The royal boy, viz. Ganymede, son of Tros, taken up to heaven to be Jove's cupbearer.

rock even with much skill, with loss of oars and in part disabled, was bringing in his galley, jeered at and prizeless. Just as at times a snake is wont to act when caught unwary on the road—over which the iron-shod wheel has passed aslant, and which the traveller dealing heavy blows has left half-dead and battered with a stone—trying to escape, he rolls his body into lengthy coils, in one part fiercely defiant, flashing fire from his eyes, and raising his hissing crest aloft: the wounded part retards him twining into knots, and folding himself within himself. With such an oarage the ship moved slowly: but yet she spreads her canvas, and enters harbour with her sails all set. Æneas presents Sergestus with the promised prize, rejoiced at safe return of ship and crew. To him a female slave is given, well versed in needlework and in the loom, Pholoe her name, by birth a Cretan, and at her breast twin boys were nursed.

This contest ended, Æneas to a grassy plain repairs which woods with curving hills on all sides bound; and in the middle of the glen there was a circus, to which resort the hero went with many thousands, and on the raised tribunal sat him down. Here, to whet the minds of those who may be inclined to strive in speed of foot, he offers gifts of value, and sets forth rewards. From all sides there assembled Trojans and Sicanians mingled, Nisus and Euryalus[1] the first, —Euryalus, conspicuous for his handsome figure and his bloom of youth; Nisus, noted for his pure affection for the boy: and next to them came Diores of royal race, from noble stock of Priam: him followed Salius and Patron, one of whom was an Acarnanian, the

[1] Nisus and Euryalus, two Trojans who accompanied Æneas to Italy, and immortalised themselves by their mutual friendship. They fought with great bravery against the Rutulians, but at last Nisus perished in attempting the rescue of his friend Euryalus, who had fallen into the enemy's hands.

other of Arcadian blood of Tegea: then two Trinacrian youths, Helymus and Panopes, accustomed to the woods, companions of the old Acestes: and many more whom hazy rumour has debarred from fame. Then in the midst of them Æneas spoke: Hear my words, and to cheer your minds give heed. No one of all shall leave without a gift from me. I'll give to each to bear away two Gnosian[1] darts of brightly polished steel, and a battle-axe with silver carving: this same distinction shall belong to all alike. The foremost three the prizes shall receive, and shall wreathe their heads with yellow olive.[2] The first shall have a steed with richest trappings drest; the second an Amazonian[3] quiver filled with Thracian arrows, which a belt with massive gilding circles, and a brooch with polished gem holds fast; the third this Grecian helmet shall content. When he had spoken thus they take their ground, and at signal given, they leave the line and seize the course, dashing forth like whirlwind, while they mark the final goal. Nisus first breaks away, and darts ahead far before all, swifter than the winds and winged lightning. Next to him, but next at distance great, Salius pursues; then in the space behind Euryalus comes third, and Helymus succeeds Euryalus; close upon him Diores flies, and now rubs heel with heel, over his shoulder bent; and if more rounds had been to go he would have come out in front, and left his rival in the rear.[4] And now being

[1] Gnosian darts, *i.e.* Cretan darts, from Cnosus, or Gnosus, a city of Crete.

[2] Yellow olive. "A very remarkable characteristic of the olive is its yellow pollen, which it sheds so copiously in the flowering season as to cover not only the leaves, trunk, and branches of the tree, but even the ground and neighbouring objects with a yellow dust."—*Henry.*

[3] Amazonian quivers. The Amazons were a warlike nation of women, who lived near the river Thermodon in Pontus, in Asia Minor.

[4] Some interpret—"would have left the issue doubtful;" *i.e.* would have made it "a draw."

almost at the end and wearied out, they neared the goal, when luckless Nisus falls in clammy gore, which, as it happened, spilt on the ground from victims slain, had soaked the verdant grass. And here the youth, exulting in success, kept not his footing, which gave way beneath his heavy tread, but on his face he fell in filthy ordure and in sacred blood, yet not forgetful he of Euryalus or of his affections; for, rising on the slippery ground, he threw himself in way of Salius, while he, in turn, rolled over in the dusty mould. Euryalus bounds forward, and victorious, thanks to his friend, gains foremost place, and midst the cheers and plaudits of the crowd he flies to goal. Next Helymus comes up, and now Diores, third to win. Then Salius fills the ample pit and benches of the Fathers with loud demands and claims that the prize, snatched from his grasp by means unfair, should be now restored. The people's favour protects Euryalus, and his bemoaning tears and merit, which appear more pleasing in a handsome form. Diores seconds him, and with loud voice appeals, he who for a prize came next, and who in vain obtained the last reward if to Salius the first be given. Then father Æneas said: Your rewards, my lads, remain to each assured, and no one thinks to disturb the order of the prizes: 'tis mine to show my sorrow for my blameless friend's mishap. This said, he gives to Salius the hide of a Gaetulian lion, ponderous with shaggy fur and gilded claws. Upon this Nisus says: If to the vanquished rewards like these be given, and pity reaches those that fell, what gifts are due to Nisus? who by my merit won the first, had not hostile fortune which baffled Salius marred me also. And while he spoke, he showed his sorry plight, and his limbs besmeared with oozy filth. The good Æneas smiled to see him, and ordered a buckler to be brought, a masterpiece of Didymaon, torn from the sacred posts of Neptune's

temple, and taken from the Greeks. This prize of noted worth he gives the noble youth.

The race being finished, and the prizes dealt to all, he says: Now let those come on who claim some merit in the art, and who possess a cool and fearless mind, and let them wield their arms with gauntlets bound. So speaks he, and proclaims two prizes for the contest: to him who wins, a bullock decked with gold and fillets; a sword, and shining helm the solace of the vanquished.

Without delay Dares presents himself in all his huge proportions, and rises to his height, amidst a buzz of wonder from the crowd: he who alone was wont to strive with Paris, and who at the tomb where mighty Hector lies, felled with a blow the champion Butes, and stretched him dying on the yellow strand,—Butes, who coming from the race of Amycus the Bebrycian, stalked along with giant bulk. Then such in size does Dares raise his towering head as prelude to the fight, and shows to view his breadth of shoulders, and tosses his arms, projecting them alternately, and with his blows buffets the air. No rival offers: and no one from so great a throng dares face the man, and put the gauntlets on his hands. So deeming all decline the strife, he stood with forward eagerness before Æneas, and then, without ado, he on the horns lays hold and speaks as follows: Goddess-born, if no one dares the fight to risk, how long am I to stand? how long to be detained? Bid me lead off the prize. The Trojans all with one accord murmured their assent, and wished the hero to receive the promised gift. Then Acestes with earnest words thus chides Entellus as he sat beside him on the grassy couch: Entellus, once the bravest of the brave, and all for nought, will you so quietly allow such prizes to be taken hence without a contest? Where now is Eryx, that god of yours, in vain recorded as your master? Where is your fame, through all Trinacria known, and these

noble trophies hanging in your hall? In reply the other said: My love of glory has not left me, nor is pride of victory by fear dispelled; but my blood, cooled down by slowing age, has lost its force, and my powers of body, fruitless now, are numbed and dull. If I had yet that youthful buoyancy which once I had, and in which that shameless braggart there so confidently boasts, I would have met him, though not induced by gain and by the noble bull, for prizes I regard not. This said, he threw into the ring two gloves in weight enormous, with which fierce Eryx in his day was wont to bear him to the fight, and brace his arms with hardened hide. Men stood aghast; for seven huge skins of oxen so immense were stiffened with iron enclosed, and with leaden studs. Above all others, Dares is amazed, and "out and out" declines the fight; Æneas feels the weight, and turns in this way and in that the endless folds of straps. Then thus the older champion spoke: What, had you seen the cæstus with which Hercules himself was armed, and had beheld the lamentable[1] battle on this very shore? Your brother Eryx[2] wore these arms in former times. They still are stained with blood and scattered brains. With these he faced the great Alcides. These I was wont to use in better days, when younger blood gave strength, nor yet had envious age begun to scatter hoary hairs upon my brow. But if the Trojan Dares declines these gloves, if it so please the good Æneas, and if my friend Acestes yields, let us equalise the fight. In deference to you I throw aside the arms of Eryx: dismiss your fears: now you put off the Trojan cæstus. So speaking, he flung his doublet from his shoulders, and bared huge limbs and joints, his great bones and sinewy arms, and in the middle of the ring stood forth in all his massive bulk. Then

[1] The combat is called *tristis*, lamentable, or bloody, because Eryx was slain in it by Hercules.

[2] Eryx was a son of Venus, and thus brother to Æneas.

gauntlets of equal size Æneas brought forth and bound their hands with equal weapons. At once they both stood up on tiptoe, and undismayed they raised their arms in air. Far from the blow they warily withdrew their towering heads, and mingle hand with hand in sparring fight. The one excelled in nimbleness of foot, and trusted too on youthful vigour; the other in size of body and of limb surpassed his rival, but his knees are slack and languid, and his heavy breathing causes all his frame to shake. The men deal many blows to one another with no result; many on their hollow sides they rain, and from their breasts the thuds resound, and the gauntlets come and go in quick succession around their ears and temples, and with hard hit strokes the bones of jaw and cheek are made to rattle. Entellus in the same position stands unmoved and solid as a rock, and only shuns the blows by watchful eye and movement of the body. The other, just like one who with offensive works attacks a lofty city, or besieges under arms a mountain fortress, now this now that approach observes, and with skilful eye surveys the place all round, and baffled, presses it with various assaults. Entellus, rising to the stroke, showed his right and raised it high: the other quickly saw the blow descending from above, and shunned it by a rapid spring. Entellus spent his force upon the air, and, heavy himself, he fell to earth with heavy fall by his own effort and vast weight of frame: as sometimes a hollowed pine uprooted falls on Erymanthus[1] or great Ida. The Trojans and Trinacria's sons start to their feet with eager interest; loud shouts mount upward to the sky; and first Acestes runs and, with pitying look, lifts from the ground his aged friend of equal years. But the hero, neither daunted nor disabled by his fall, returns with greater keenness to the fight, and through vexation calls up all his

[1] Erymanthus, a mountain of Arcadia, where Hercules slew the famous Erymanthian boar.

force. And then did shame and conscious merit rouse his powers, and with furious onslaught Dares over all the field he headlong drives, repeating blow on blow, now with his right hand, now with his left; nor stay, nor stop: as showers of copious hail rattle on the housetops, so with his blows, both thick and fast, the hero pummels Dares, and with his hands cuffs him from side to side. Then father Æneas did not let their passions farther go, or permit Entellus to vent his fury with embittered mind; but brought the combat to an end, and rescued Dares, worn and wearied out, and with soothing words thus speaks: Unhappy man, what folly seized you? Discern you not powers more than mortal, and gods estranged? Yield to the deity. He spoke, and by his orders stopped the fight. But him his trusty comrades lead to the ships, dragging his sickly limbs along, swaying his head from side to side, discharging from his mouth the clotted gore, and teeth mixed up with blood; and, summoned, they receive the helmet and the sword: the palm branch and the bull they to Entellus leave. On this the victor, in triumphant mood, and glorying in the bull, thus spoke: O goddess-born, and Trojans here, take note of this and learn both what my strength was in my youthful frame, and from what a death you have restored your Dares back to life. He spoke, and placed himself before the bull which stood hard by as the reward of battle won, and rising to the stroke, right between the horns he plants the cæstus blow, and crashes into the bones and through the brain. The ox is felled, and lifeless lies all quivering on the ground: then over him he utters from his breast such words as these: Eryx, instead of Dares' death, to thee I pay this life, more pleasing sacrifice: and here, victor in my latest fight, I lay aside my cæstus and the "noble art."

Æneas forthwith calls on such as wish to try their skill with arrows swift, and names the prizes: and with strong

arm[1] a mast he raises brought from Serestus' ship, and from the lofty pole he hangs a fluttering dove, well fastened by a cord, at which to aim their shafts. The rivals gather, and a brazen helmet held a lot for each; and first of all, the place of Hippocoön,[2] son of Hyrtacus, comes forth with favouring shouts; whom follows Mnestheus, lately victor in the naval strife,—Mnestheus, still crowned with olive green. The third, to Eurytion, brother, famed Pandarus, of you, who once, when bid to violate the treaty, first shot an arrow in among the Greeks. Last, and in the bottom of the helmet, Acestes stayed, he too adventuring with his hand to try the feats of youth. Then with powerful strength they bend and curve their bows, each for himself, and from the quivers take the arrows forth. And first the arrow of the youthful son of Hyrtacus, shot through the azure from the twanging string, cleaves the fleet air: the mast it reaches, and sinks into the wood. The mast all quivered, and the frighted bird showed terror by its fluttering wings: both earth and sky resound with loud applause. Next eager Mnestheus stood with full-drawn bow, gazing aloft, and levels at once both shaft and eye. But alas, worse luck, the bird itself he failed to hit: he cut the knots and hempen string by which the dove, bound by the foot, was hanging from the lofty mast. She, with winged speed, shot into the air and dusky clouds. Then, quick as lightning, Eurytion, holding his arrow already at the stretch upon his ready bow, poured forth to brother Pandarus a hurried prayer, when now he saw the bird delighting in the free and open sky, and as she flapped her wings for joy he pierced her 'neath a lowering cloud. She dropped down dead, and left

[1] *Ingenti manu*—may also be translated "by means of a large band of men."

[2] Hippocoön was brother to Nisus, and friend of Æneas. Eurytion and Pandarus were sons of Lycaon: the latter was slain by Diomede in the Trojan war.

her life among the stars of heaven; and as she falls, she brings to earth the arrow in her body fixed. Acestes alone remained, the prize thus lost; but yet he shot his arrow into upper air to show his master skill and twanging bow. Here suddenly a sight is seen, ere long to be a sign of weighty import: the great result informed them later on, and the seers, who in alarm delight, hailed it a future omen. For the arrow, flying among the vapoury clouds, took fire, and by its flame marked out a track, and then, when quite consumed, it vanished into empty air; as often falling stars, detached from heaven, shoot o'er the firmament, and as they fly draw after them thin streaks of light. The men of Sicily and of Troy stood fixed in wonder, and besought the gods; nor does the great Æneas refuse the omen, but, clasping Acestes in his joy, loads him with full rewards, and speaks as follows: Accept the gifts, O sire; for heaven's great king by these his omens signifies his will that you receive a special honour. You shall retain this as a gift from old Anchises' self: a bowl with figures chased, which Thracian Cisseus once to my father gave, a splendid gift, to take with him as a memento of himself and as a token of his love. This said, he wreathes his temples with verdant laurel, and declares Acestes victor, foremost of them all. Nor does good Eurytion in envy grudge him the honour, though he alone from heights of heaven brought down the bird. He next advances for his prize who cut the cord, and last of all he who pierced the mast with winged shaft.

But ere the contest closed, Æneas calls to him the son of Epytus, guardian and companion of Iülus, and thus whispers in his trusty ear: Go quick, says he, desire Ascanius, if he holds in readiness his company of boys and has his troop, to bring his cavalry and show himself in arms in honour of my sire. And then he orders all the people, who had crowded in, to leave the larger circus, and to clear the field. The boys file in, and in their shining

uniforms look bright upon their bridled steeds, full in their parents' sight; and all the Trojan and Trinacrian youth admiring them as they pass, break forth in murmurs of applause. All in due form with a trimmed garland had compressed their hair. They bear two cornel spears pointed with steel; some have polished quivers on their shoulders. A pliant chain of twisted gold their neck encircles, dropping to the breast. Three troops of horsemen and three leaders on the plain parade: twelve striplings following each look gay and bright, in band divided, and with commanders dressed and armed alike. One set of youths young Priam, with his grandsire's name, leads on in honest pride: your illustrious offspring, O Polites,[1] destined to raise a stock for Italy and augment her fame: he rides a Thracian steed, marked with white, showing white pasterns on his feet in front, and a white forehead as he tosses it on high. The second is Atys,[2] from whom the Atii of Rome derive their origin,—young Atys, a boy dear to the boy Iülus. Last and handsomest of all, Iülus rode on a Sidonian steed which the fair Dido gave him as a memento of herself and as a token of her love. The other youths ride on Trinacrian horses of good old King Acestes. As they approach with beating hearts the Trojans welcome them with loud applause, and are delighted as they look on them and recognise the features of their ancestors. Now when the joyous youths have traversed on their steeds the whole inclosure, and have paraded full in their parents' view, Epytides at distance gave a signal shout, as they stood ready, and cracked his whip. Forth they rode in equal line, and forming in three bands broke up the company in smaller sets: and again, at command, they wheeled and presented

[1] Polites, a son of Priam and Hecuba.

[2] Atys, who also accompanied Æneas, is supposed to have been the progenitor of the family of the Atii at Rome. This is a compliment to Augustus, whose mother's name was Atia.

arms in hostile attitude. They then move forward in different courses, and return to the charge in different parties, confronting one another with a space between, and they involve alternately circle within circle, and armed engage in mimic war. And now they show their backs in flight, and now in anger turn their darts against their pursuers; now peace being made, they ride on, side by side. As in olden days there was a labyrinth in lofty Crete which had a path constructed between darkening walls, and a deceptive maze with walks innumerable, where a mistake undetected, and unable to be remedied by retracing one's steps, would conceal the marks of the onward track: in such a course the sons of Troy involve their movements, and in sport feign flight and battle, like dolphins which swimming through the watery deep cut the Carpathian or the Libyan Sea, and gambol on the waves. These evolutions and these contests Ascanius first revived when he surrounded Alba Longa with a wall, and taught the early Latins to practise them, as he did when a boy, and as the Trojan youth did with himself: the Albans taught their sons, hence mighty Rome received them in succession, and retained the old observance of their sires. The boys are now called Troja, and the company Trojanum.[1] And thus the games were held in sacred memory of his honoured father.

Here fickle Fortune first proved treacherous. Whilst at the tomb the solemn rites they pay with various sports, Saturnian Juno to the Trojan fleet sent Iris down from heaven, and as she goes breathes on her favouring winds, devising many plans, her ancient grudge not sated yet. The virgin goddess, hastening down the bow of many colours, shoots along the sloping path

[1] This game, commonly known by the name of the Lusus Trojæ, is purely of Virgil's own invention: he had no hint of it from Homer.

unseen by all. She sights the vast assembly; then, as she scans the shore, observes the port deserted, and the fleet abandoned. But not far off the Trojan dames, sitting on the lonely beach apart, Anchises' loss lamented, and all of them in tears gazed on the deep, deep ocean. Ah! that so many shoals and such a length of sea should still remain after our many toils! was the one cry of all. All for a city pray; and all are weary of the hardships of the main. Therefore, not new in mischief, she hurries to their midst, and lays aside the mien and vesture of a goddess: she assumes the form of Beroe, the aged wife of Thracian Doryclus,[1] who was of noble birth, and once had name and offspring; and thus among the Trojan matrons she intrudes: Ah! luckless we, whom in the war the Grecian bands did not drag forth to die beneath our city's walls! Ill-fated race! for what a doom does fortune save you? The seventh summer since Troy's fall now passes, during which we still are wandering onward, having traversed every sea, visited every coast, risked so many dangerous rocks, braved and outwatched so many stars; while over the wide ocean we pursue an ever-fleeing Italy, and on the waves are tossed. Here are the realms of kindly Eryx, and here his friend Acestes: who prevents him founding walls, and giving citizens a city? Ah, my country, and you Penates, saved from the enemy in vain! Shall no new Troy arise to be renowned by fame? In no land shall I see those Trojan rivers, the Xanthus and the Simois, scenes of Hector's bravery? But come, and burn with me our ill-starred ships. For in my sleep the shade of sage Cassandra seemed to hand me flaming brands: Seek here, says she, for Troy; here is your lasting home. Now is the time for action: prodigies so great admit of no delay. Lo! here are altars four to Neptune: the god himself supplies the brands and

[1] Doryclus, a brother of Phineas, king of Thrace.

will to use them. Speaking thus, she fiercely seized the deadly fire, and with uplifted hand swung back, she waves it flaming, and she flings. The Trojan dames were startled, and their hearts were stunned. Then one of them, Pyrgo by name, the oldest of them all, the royal nurse to Priam's numerous sons: Matrons, it is not Beroe you have here, it is not the Trojan wife of Doryclus: mark the tokens of divine beauty, and the bright and sparkling eyes: what fire of soul she had, what looks and tone of voice, aye, what a stately step! Parting just now from Beroe, I left her sick, and much distressed that she alone should fail in such a duty, and not present due offerings to Anchises. So much she said. But the matrons, at first in doubt, and hesitating between their liking for the present land and those that by decree of fate invite them, looked at the ships with mischief in their eyes: and then the goddess on her spreading wings ascended through the air, and traced a giant bow up to the very clouds of heaven. Now, indeed, the matrons, stunned by the portent and impelled by frenzy, shout out and seize the fire from the inmost hearths.[1] Some rob the altars, and as brands fling leafy boughs and branches; without control the blazes rage amidst the rowers' seats, and oars, and sterns of painted fir. To Anchises' tomb and to the benches of the circus Eumelus bears the news of ships on fire, and men themselves look round and see the sparks and embers floating upward in a pitchy cloud. And first Ascanius, as in joy he led the movements of his troop, just as he was, spurs to the troubled camp his fiery steed, nor could his breathless guardians keep him back. What a strange madness this? What aim you at, alas, my wretched fellow-citizens? Not the enemy and the hostile camp of Greeks, but your own hopes you burn. Here am I, your own

[1] *i.e.*, from the neighbouring dwellings.

Ascanius. Before them he threw down the light and empty helmet which he wore while in sport he led the mimic war. At the same time, Æneas and bands of Trojans hasten forward. But the matrons in terror fly this way and that, up and down the shore, and take to the woods to hide themselves, and to the hollow rocks wherever they are found. They mourn the deed they've done, and hate the light of day, and, changed in mind, they recognise their friends, and from their hearts Juno is driven. But yet the flames and conflagration abated not their furious rage. The tow still burns beneath the moistened boards, emitting languid smoke; the lingering flame consumes the keel, and through all the vessel's frame the plague sinks down. Neither toils of men nor floods of water aught avail. Then good Æneas from his shoulders tore his robe and help of gods invoked, and heavenward stretched his hands: Almighty Jove, if thou dost not yet abhor the Trojans to a man, if thy former loving-kindnesses regard with pity human woes, grant that the fleet, O Father, may now escape the flames, and save from utter loss the Trojans' poor estate. Or, as to what remains, hurl it to ruin with thy thunderbolts of wrath if so I merit, and crush us here by thine own right hand. Scarce had he spoken when a tempest black with rain in torrents bursts in fury unrestrained, and hills and plains shake with the thunder: from all the heavens there pours a drifting shower with turbid waters, and black as night by the condensing south winds: and from above the ships are filled; the beams, half-charred, are soaked; until the heat is quite extinguished, and all the vessels, with the loss of four, are from destruction saved.

But father Æneas, stunned by this cruel blow, pondering his weighty cares, now turned his thoughts in this way, now in that, whether he should settle in the Sicilian land, forgetful of the Fates, or to the Italian shores should steer his

course. Then aged Nautes,[1] whom with special care Tritonian Pallas taught and made renowned for skill,—he used to declare either what the anger of the gods portended, or what the scheme of destiny required,—consoling Æneas thus begins: Goddess-born, let us follow the Fates, whether they draw us on to Italy or drag us back; whate'er may happen, all strokes of fortune by endurance must be met. You have Trojan Acestes of origin divine: advise with him, and take him as a willing friend: to him entrust such men as are superfluous, now that some ships are lost, and those who of your enterprise are tired and of your fortunes; select the aged men, and women wearied of the sea, and whatever tends to weakness and of danger is in dread, and let them, exhausted as they are, have here a settlement: the city they will call Acesta,[2] if you consent.

Moved by the counsel of his aged friend, his mind is led to ponder all his varied cares. Sable Night borne in her chariot in the zenith rode, and then an image of Anchises, gliding from the sky, poured forth these words: Son, to me than life once dearer, while life remained; my son, much harassed by the fates of Troy; hither I come by the command of Jove, who drove the fire from your fleet, and at length in heaven high has pity on you. Follow the advice, the best for you, which aged Nautes gives: carry with you to Italy the choicest of the youth, the stoutest hearts. In Latium you must subdue a race stubborn in battle, and savage in their habits. But first, my son, visit the home of Pluto in the nether world, and seek an interview with me through realms of deep Avernus: for Tartarus, where dwell the wicked, and

[1] Nautes, a Trojan soothsayer. He was the progenitor of the Nautii at Rome, a family to whom the Palladium of Troy was afterwards intrusted.

[2] Acesta, or Segesta, a city of Sicily, called in honour of king Acestes.

the abode of the unhappy shades, do not possess me, but I enjoy delightful converse with the righteous, and dwell in Elysian plains.[1] To me the holy Sibyl will conduct you, black victims freely slain. Then you shall hear of all your future race, and walls assigned you. And now, farewell: moist Night careers in her mid-course, and Morning, in relentless haste, has breathed on me with panting steeds. He ceased to speak, and fled like smoke into the subtle air. Where then rush you? where do you hasten? says Æneas. Whom do you fly from? or who withholds you from my fond embrace? So saying, he stirs the embers and the slumbering fire, and with prayers he worships the Trojan household god and hoary Vesta's shrine with sacred cake and brimming censer.

Forthwith he calls his followers, and first, Acestes, and tells them Jove's command, and his father's words, and what he thinks himself. The plan's approved at once, nor does Acestes thwart his wish. Women for the city they select,[2] and him who wishes leave on shore—those that sought not great renown. The benches they renew, and to the ships restore the planks half eaten by the flames; and shape new oars and fasten ropes,—in number few, but keen and resolute for war.

Meanwhile Æneas marks out a city with the plough, and by lot assigns the houses: this part he calls Ilium, and that Troy. Trojan Acestes with joy accepts the sovereignty, institutes a court of justice, and gives to the assembled senators a code of laws. Then on the top of Eryx a temple of commanding height is raised to Venus of Idalium;[3] and a priest and sacred grove are given to Anchises' tomb.

[1] Elysium, a place in the infernal regions, where, according to the mythology of the ancients, the souls of the virtuous were placed after death.

[2] *Transcribere*, "to change the enrolment," is a word properly used of colonising.

[3] So called from Idalium, a town, grove, and mountain in Cyprus, where she was worshipped. The poet seems to have wished to suggest a connection with Mt. Ida, near Troy.

And now had they kept a nine days' festival, and sacrifices were on the altars offered; lulling breezes smoothed the seas, and the south wind blowing fresh and fair invites them to the deep. Loud wails arise along the winding shore: in mutual embraces they spend both night and day. Even the women, and the men as well, to whom the sea seemed lately dreadful,—its very name they could not bear,—now wish to go and brave the toil of exile. These the good Æneas with kindly words consoles, and with tears commends them to his friend Acestes. Three calves to Eryx then he offers, and to the winds a lamb, and then he bids the hawser to be duly loosed. Having wreathed his head with olive garland, and standing on the prow close to the sea,[1] he holds the bowl and casts the entrails on the briny waves, and pours libations of wine unmixed. A wind rising astern, attends them on their way. The crew, in eager rivalry, smite the sea and tear up the main.

Meanwhile Venus, harassed with cares, addresses Neptune, and utters these complaints: The direful wrath of Juno, and her rancorous heart that will not have enough of vengeance, compel me, Neptune, to descend to all entreaties: for neither length of time nor duteous prayers appease her, and, unchecked by Jove's command or by the Fates, she never is at rest. It's not enough for her accursed hates to have devoured a city from the very heart of Phrygia, and dragged its people through every hardship: she persecutes those saved from ruined Troy—aye, their very bones and ashes. Let her be very sure she has just grounds for rage so wild. You yourself were witness of the storm she lately raised in Libyan waters: she mingled sea and sky in wild confusion, not needing to rely upon Æolian blasts: and this she dared even in your very realm. Then next the Trojan matrons she incited by a foul device to burn the

[1] Standing at the extremity of the prow, so as to be as near as possible to the sea, for facility in performing the oblation *into the sea*.

ships, and so has forced them to leave their comrades in a foreign land. In fine, I pray you grant that they may sail in safety on the waters, and reach Laurentian Tiber,[1] since 'tis Jove's own boons I ask and walls allowed by Fate. Then Saturn's son, lord of the ocean, thus spoke: Cytherean Venus,[2] you have had good right to confide in my domain, from which you had your birth: I have deserved it too. Oft have I checked such wild commotions and such furious rage of sea and sky. Nor with less care did I by land Æneas guard—Simois and Xanthus I call to witness. When Achilles, pursuing the breathless troops of Troy, dashed them against their walls, to death gave many thousands, when the gorged rivers groaned, and Xanthus failed to find his channel, or roll his waters to the sea, then in an enshrouding cloud I snatched away Æneas, while encountering the great Achilles, with strength and gods unequal; although I should have wished to raze the walls of perjured Troy, reared by my hands. Now, too, my kindly feeling is the same: banish your fear; in safety he shall reach the harbour of Avernus, as you wish. One only shall you miss, lost in the deep: one life for many shall be given. Thus, having soothed and cheered the goddess' heart, Neptune yokes his team with golden harness, puts on the mettled steeds the foaming bits, and all the reins shakes loose. In his azure car he lightly skims the surface of the waters: the waves subside, and under the thundering axle the swollen sea is levelled; from the vast firmament the clouds all disappear. Then of his retinue are seen the various forms, fish of monster size, and the aged train of Glaucus, and Palaemon,[3] Ino's son, the swift Tritons, and the whole array

[1] Laurentian Tiber, so called from Laurentum (Paterno), the capital of Latium in the reign of Latinus.

[2] Cytherea: a surname of Venus, from the island of Cythera (Cerigo), on which she first trod when she emerged from the sea-foam.

[3] Palæmon, the same as Melicertes and Portumnus. See note 59,

of Phorcus; on the left are Thetis, Melite, and the virgin Panopea, Nesæe and Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce.

On this a pleasing sense of joy thrills through Æneas' anxious mind. Forthwith he bids that all the masts be raised, and the yards with canvas clothed. All at once adjust the sails, and together they let go, sometimes the left-hand sheet, sometimes the right: at once they turn the yard ends, and at once reverse them: favouring gales impel the fleet. Palinurus, foremost of all, leads on the ships in close array: the rest were bid to steer their course by him.

And now the dewy night had almost reached her middle course; the weary sailors, on the benches laid, with oars at hand, relaxed their limbs in peaceful rest; when the god of sleep, descending from the ethereal stars, parted the dusky air, and moved aside the shades; to you, Palinurus, shaping his course, visiting you, though guiltless of neglect, with dismal dreams: and on the lofty poop the god sat down, assuming the form of Phorbas,[1] and thus he spoke: Palinurus, son of Iasïus, the seas themselves bear on the fleet; the gales blow fair and steady: a period of rest is offered you; recline your head, and from toil withdraw your weary eyes. For a little while I will assume your duty. To whom Palinurus, scarce looking up, replies: Do you bid me then to show my ignorance of smooth seas and peaceful billows? Think you I would rely on such a wondrous calm? For why should I entrust Æneas to the faithless winds, and that, too, so oft deceived by the false aspect of a cloudless sky? These words he uttered, and not for a moment left he go the rudder, grasping it tightly, and kept his eyes fixed on the

Georgics, bk. i. page 46. Tritons, &c., sea-deities. The name Tritons was generally applied to those only who were half men and half fishes.

[1] Phorbas, a son of Priam, killed in the Trojan war by Menelaus. The god Somnus, by assuming his shape, deceived Palinurus, and threw him into the sea.

stars ; when, lo ! the god over his temples shakes a branch, dripping with the dew of Lethe, and endued with death-sleep power, and in spite of all his efforts overcomes his swimming eyes. Scarcely had unexpected sleep begun to relax his limbs, when the god, leaning on him, flung him into the sea with the rudder and the broken stern, and as he headlong fell he often called in vain on his companions : then the god himself took flight, and on his wings rose heavenward. No less securely does the fleet pursue its way, and, true to Neptune's promise, is borne onward free from fear. And now, as it advanced, it neared the Siren reefs,[1] dangerous of old, and white with bones of many men, and even then the rocks were sounding harshly from afar by the incessant plashing of the waves, when Æneas, feeling that the ship, its pilot lost, now swayed unsteadily, himself took charge to guide her in the midnight sea, heaving many a sigh, and stunned by the disaster of his trusty friend : O Palinurus, too confiding in a cloudless sky and waveless sea, you shall lie unburied on a foreign shore.

[1] Sirens : these were three fabulous sisters who usually resided in a small island near Cape Pelorus in Sicily, and by their melodious voices decoyed mariners to their destruction on the fatal coast. Ulysses having, by an artifice, escaped their fascination, the disappointed Sirens threw themselves into the sea, and perished.

BOOK VI.

In the Sixth Book Æneas on reaching the coast of Italy visits, as he had been instructed, the Sibyl of Cumæ. She attends him in his descent into the infernal regions, and conducts him to his father Anchises, from whom he learns the fate that awaited him and his descendants, the Romans. The book closes with the beautiful and well-known panegyric on the younger Marcellus, who was prematurely cut off in the flower of his youth. See Eclogue IV.

So speaks he, weeping, and gives his fleet full sail and at length he reaches the Eubœan coast[1] of Cumæ. They turn their prows to sea : then the anchor with its tenacious fluke steadied the ships, and the curved sterns line all the shore. The youthful crews spring forth with ardour on the Hesperian strand : some seek the sparks of fire latent in the stony flint ; some scour the woods, close covert of wild beasts, and point out rivers newly found. But Æneas hies to the towers where great Apollo in his lofty temple reigns and to the Sibyl's dread retreat, a cave of wondrous size, into whom the god of Delos largely breathes both soul and understanding, and to her the future tells. And now Diana's groves and golden roofs they reach.

Dædalus,[2] as the story is, flying from the realms of Minos, venturing to trust himself to the sky on nimble wings, floated towards the cold north by an untried course, and at

[1] Eubœan coast, applied to Cumæ in Italy, as having been built by a colony from Chalcis, a city of Eubœa (Negropont), an island in the Archipelago.

[2] Dædalus, a most ingenious artist of Athens, who, with his son Icarus, fled, by the help of wings, from Crete, to escape the resentment of Minos ; but Icarus fell into a part of the Ægean Sea, which afterwards received his name.

length alighted gently on the tower of Chalcis. First landed on these coasts, to you, O Phœbus, he consecrated his oary wings, and reared a spacious temple. On the gates the death of Androgeos[1] was pictured: then the Athenians were seen, ordered to pay a yearly penalty—a sad necessity!—seven bodies of their children: there stands the urn for drawing of the lots. On the other side, as balance to the scene, the land of Crete is shown, as raised above the sea. Here is shown the passion of Pasiphaë for the bull, by cruel vengeance stirred, and she herself, by cunning trick, submitting to his stolen embrace, and the mongrel offspring, and the Minotaur, half-man half-beast, monuments of unholy lust. Here appears that laboriously formed retreat, and the maze not to be threaded. But Dædalus, pitying Ariadne's ardent love, of his own accord resolves the puzzle of the windings, directing the steps of Theseus[2] by a cord. You, too, O Icarus, should have borne a worthy part in that great work had the artist's grief permitted. Twice did he try to carve in gold your sad mischance: twice did a father's hand drop powerless. But in detail they would have viewed the work, were not Achates now at hand, and with him the priestess of Phœbus and Diana, Deiphobe,[3] daughter of Glaucus, who thus bespeaks the king: This is no time for seeing sights. 'T would be fitter now to sacrifice, with all due rites, seven bullocks that have not been yoked, and

[1] Androgeos, the son of Minos and Pasiphaë, famous for his skill in wrestling, was put to death by Ægeus, king of Athens, who became jealous of him; to revenge his death, Minos made war upon the Athenians, and at last granted them peace, on condition that they sent yearly seven youths and seven virgins from Athens to Crete, to be devoured by the Minotaur, a fabulous monster, half man half bull.

[2] Theseus, king of Athens, and son of Ægeus, was, next to Hercules, the most celebrated of the heroes of antiquity. He slew the Minotaur, and escaped from the Labyrinth of Crete by means of a clue of thread given to him by Ariadne, daughter of Minos.

[3] Deiphobe, the Cumæan Sibyl, daughter of Glaucus.

chosen ewes as many. The priestess having spoken thus,—nor are the attendants slow to perform the sacrifices ordered,—calls on the Trojans to the lofty temple.

The huge side of Cumæ's rock is hewn into a cave, whither a hundred broad avenues conduct, and hundred doors; whence rush as many voices, the responses of the Sibyl. They had come to the entrance, when thus the virgin exclaims: Now is the time to ask responses by your prayers: the god! lo, the god! As she thus speaks before the gate, her look at once is changed; her colour comes and goes; her locks are flying free; her bosom heaves and her heart swells with the wild frenzy of inspiration: moreover, she appeared taller to the view, nor did her accents sound as mortal's, since she was touched by the more present influence of the god. Trojan Æneas, do you delay your vows and prayers? why stay you? For not till you have prayed shall the broad gates of this awe-stricken house unfold to view. Thus having said, she ceased. Through the hardy Trojans' very bones cold horror ran; and from his inmost soul the king poured forth these prayers: O Phœbus, who hast ever pitied Troy's heavy woes, who to Achilles didst direct the hand of Paris and his Trojan darts; in thy safe keeping I have braved so many seas bounding great lands, and the Massylian nations far remote, and regions fronting Syrtes. Now at length we grasp the coast of Italy that still recedes. Enough that Troy's ill-fortune has thus far followed us. Now it is just that even you should spare the Trojan race, ye gods and goddesses to whom Ilium and the high renown of Dardania were obnoxious. And thou too, most holy prophetess, skilled in futurity, grant—I ask no realms but what to me by fate are destined—that the Trojans, their wandering gods, and storm-tossed deities of Troy may now in Latium settle down. Then will I raise to Phœbus and Diana a marble temple, and festal days arrange, called by Apollo's name. Thee, too, a spacious sanctuary in our

realms awaits: for there, O gracious one, thy oracles I'll place, and the secret fates assigned my race, and for them their special guardians will select. Only thy verses to the leaves commit not, lest they fly about, the sport of rapid winds: I beg that thou thyself wilt tell them. This said, he ceased to speak.

But the prophetess, to Phœbus not yet subject, raves wildly in the cave, struggling to shake off the mighty god: so much the more he wearies her rabid mouth, taming her fiery spirit, and by the curb he moulds her to his will. And now the hundred gates of the abode flew open, and bear to the air the answers of the priestess: Æneas, the dangers of the ocean are at length exhausted, but greater perils on the land await you. The Trojans to the kingdom of Lavinium shall come; from your breast dismiss that fear; but they shall wish they ne'er had come. Wars, horrid wars, I see, and Tiber foaming with a tide of blood. Nor Simois, nor Xanthus, nor Grecian camps shall fail you there; a new Achilles in Latium has been found, he too son of a goddess; nor shall Juno, bane of the Trojans, leave them, where'er they are: and then, in your distress, which of the Italian states, which of its cities, shall you not beseech for aid? Once more a wife, a hostess too, to the Trojans shall become the cause of greatest woe; once more a foreign marriage. To troubles yield not, but meet them with more boldness as your fortune shall permit. The earliest path to safety will be opened by a Grecian city, a thing you little think.

In such words does the Cumæan Sibyl these mysteries from her secret shrine declare, and the moaning tones re-echo from the cave, wrapping truth in obscurity. So strong restraints does the god exert, and deep in her bosom the pointed spur revolves.

Soon as her frenzy ceased, and her raving mouth was still, Æneas thus begins: To me, O virgin, no sufferings

can arise new or unlooked for; I have foreseen them all, and conned them in my mind. One thing I ask: Since here the gate of the infernal king is said to be, and the darksome lake, the overflow of Acheron, be it granted me to see my father, face to face: pray show the way, and open wide the sacred gates. On these my shoulders did I save him through flames and thousand vengeful darts, and from the enemy I bore him off. He, sharer in my toils, endured with me, weak as he was, hardships by every sea, and braved the dangers both of winds and waves, beyond the strength and destiny of age. Nay more, he gave me strict commands to pray you as a suppliant and approach your gates. O gracious One, I humbly beg, have pity on a son and on a father: for all things you can do, and not for nought has Hecate entrusted you with Avernus and its grove. If Orpheus could recall his consort's shade, relying on his Thracian harp and sounding strings; if Pollux[1] by alternate death relieved his brother, and goes and comes the way so oft — why should I mention mighty Theseus, why Hercules?—I too spring from Jove supreme.[2]

So did he pray, and to the altar clung, when thus the prophetess began: Offspring of the gods, Anchises' Trojan son, easy is the path that to Avernus leads,—grim Pluto's gate stands open night and day; but to retrace one's steps, and escape to upper earth, that is the task and that the toil. Some few, whom favouring Jove has loved, or glowing merit raised to the stars, being sons of gods,

[1] Pollux and Castor were twin brothers. According to ancient mythology Pollux was the son of Jupiter, and so tenderly attached to his brother Castor, that he entreated Jove he might share his immortality; which being granted, they alternately lived and died every day. They were made constellations, under the name of Gemini, which never appear together, but when one rises the other sets.

[2] That is, if these did it, why may not I, as I am descended from Jove?

have gained this boon. Woods cover all the space between, and Cocytus, as it flows, surrounds it with his dismal windings. But if so strong your love, if your desire so ardent twice to sail the Stygian lake, twice to visit gloomy Tartarus, and if it gives you pleasure to indulge in this mad feat, learn what must first be done. On a shaded tree there hangs a bough, concealed from view, golden in its leaves and pliant stem, held sacred to Juno of the nether world.[1] This the grove covers, and the winding glades shut out from view. Still to none is it given to enter the hidden recesses of the earth till from the tree he pluck the bough with golden locks. Fair Proserpine has ordained that this be given her as her proper gift. When the first is torn off, a second fails not to appear, and a twig of gold again shoots forth. Therefore seek it on high with eager gaze, and duly pluck it with the hand when found; for if the Fates invite you, it will come away with willing ease; otherwise you cannot overcome it by any force, nor lop it off by steel. Besides, the lifeless body of your friend lies bare—alas! you know it not—and by a corpse pollūtes the fleet, while you responses seek, and linger at my gate. First bear him to deserved rest, and lay his ashes in the tomb. Black victims bring: let these be first atonements. So at length you shall behold the Stygian groves, and realms which living foot ne'er treads. She said, and with closed lips was still.

Æneas, with downcast eyes and sorrowing looks, goes on his way, leaving the cave, and ponders in his mind these strange events. On whom faithful Achates waits, and moves with pensive steps, sharing his grief. Many and various guesses did they make to one another, to what dead comrade did the prophetess refer, what corpse was yet unburied; and then, as to the spot they came,

[1] *Juno inferna, i.e.* Proserpine, wife of Pluto, otherwise called *Jupiter Stygius.*

Misenus they behold laid dead upon the beach—he merited a better death—Misenus son of Æolus, whom none excelled in rousing warriors by the brazen trump, and kindling the battle by its blast. He had been of great Hector's band, and close by Hector fought, distinguished both by clarion and by spear. When Hector by Achilles had been slain, the valiant hero had attached himself to Dardanian Æneas, following a chief of equal worth. But then, as it chanced, while with hollow shell he makes the seas to ring, and in his presumption challenges the gods to test their skill, Triton, in jealousy, if the story be believed, had caught him 'mongst the rocks, and overwhelmed him in the foaming tide. Therefore all joined in wailings round his body, and most of all Æneas: then forthwith, with many tears, they hasten to perform the Sibyl's order, and strive to build the altar-pyre with trees, and to raise it high to heaven. To a wood of aged growth they go, the wild beasts' lofty homes; the pine trees fall before them, to the axe's stroke the oak resounds, and aspen beams and clean-grained trees are split by wedges, and from the heights great trunks of mountain-ash they roll. Æneas, too, is first to cheer his comrades in their tasks, and arms himself with implements like theirs. And in his sorrowing heart he ponders with himself, as he sees the vastness of the wood, and then he prays aloud: O, if that golden bough would show itself in this great wood, since all the prophetess has told me of you has turned out true—ah! far too true. Scarcely had he spoken thus when, as it chanced, two pigeons, in their airy flight, came close before the hero's view, and alighted on the verdant ground. The chieftain knows his mother's birds, and prays in joyful confidence: O, guide my way, where'er it be, and fly to the groves where on the fertile soil the branch now casts its shade. And thou, my goddess-mother, oh fail me not in my perplexity! Thus having said,

he halted on his step, watching with care what sign they give, in what direction they proceed. They, feeding as they go, flew forward just so far that the eyes of those who follow keep them in view, and then, when they reached the jaws of fell Avernus, they ascend in rapid flight, and floating through the air, they both sit down together on their chosen spot above the bough, from which the golden hue, discordant with the tree, gleamed through the branches. Just as in the woods the mistletoe, which its own stem yields not, grows green with leaves in winter's cold, and the smooth trunk entwines with yellow berries, such was the appearance of the gold when sprouting forth on shady holm; so the foil of gold tinkled with the gentle gale. Forthwith Æneas grasps it, and eagerly tears off the willing branch, and bears it to the Sibyl's cave.

Meanwhile the Trojans no less keenly wept Misenus on the shore, and to his ashes paid the last sad rites, an unwelcome task.[1] And first a pile they reared, with great and unctuous pines, and logs of oak, whose sides they interweave with mourning boughs, and place in front funereal cypresses, and deck the top with glittering arms. Some warm up water, and place caldrons which bubble on the flames, and wash and with oil anoint the body, stark and stiff. The wail is raised. Then, the washing done, the body next they gently rest upon a couch, and over it they throw the purple robes, his well-known dress.[2] Others lift the massive bier, a mournful duty, and with their faces turned away, as all our fathers did, apply the torch beneath. Offerings of incense and of meats, and goblets of

[1] "*Ingrato cineri.*" These words have been variously interpreted "to his ashes which can feel no gratitude," or "to his sad ashes," implying a melancholy death, or as above, the adj. *ingrato* being transferred from one substantive to another, as is often done by Virgil and other poets.

[2] Or, the usual covering of the dead.

outpoured oil are burned in one great heap. When the ashes sink, and flames subside, with wine they drench the relics and the thirsty embers; and Corynæus gathers up the bones and puts them in a brazen urn. Thrice, too, the mourners he goes round with holy water, and with a branch of the prolific olive he sprinkles them with dewy spray, and purifies the crews, and speaks the last farewell. But over him Æneas rears a tomb of size enormous, and on it represents the hero's special arms, his oar and trumpet, beneath the lofty Cape, which to the present day is called Misenus after him, and keeps his name to future ages known.

This done, without delay he carries out the Sibyl's orders. There was a cave, deep and hideous with yawning mouth, shingly, sheltered by a black lake and gloomy woods, o'er which no winged thing could fly unhurt, such exhalations from its dismal jaws ascended to the vaulted skies — [for which reason the Greeks called the place by the name of Avernus].[1] Here first the priestess places four bulls with backs of swarthy hue, and on their foreheads pours forth wine, and cropping topmost hairs between the horns, lays them as offerings on the sacred flames, loudly invoking Hecate, who wields her power in heaven and in Erebus. Others employ the knives,[2] and the blood in bowls receive. With the sword Æneas smites a lamb of sable fleece to the mother of the Furies and her great sister; and to you, O Proserpine, a cow that has not yet brought forth. Then the sacrifice by night to the Stygian king she next begins, and on the flames she lays whole carcases of bulls, pouring rich oil upon the roasting entrails. But lo, as the early sun arose, the ground beneath their feet began to rumble, the wooded heights to quake,

[1] *i.e.*, birdless. This line is perhaps the work of a grammarian, and not of Virgil.

[2] *i.e.*, cut the throats of the victims.

and dogs seemed howling in the darkness as the goddess came. Hence, far hence, all ye impure, exclaims the prophetess, and from the grove begone. Do you march boldly forward, and your sword unsheathe: now, Æneas, now you courage need, now an undaunted heart. This said, in raving frenzy madly into the cave she plunged. With fearless steps his guide he follows close, who leads the way.

Ye gods who rule in Ghost-land, and ye silent shades, and Chaos, and Phlegethon, where silence reigns in darkness far and wide! permit me to repeat things heard by me: permit me to disclose the secrets of that dismal world below the earth.

They moved along amid the gloom, in stillness of the night beneath the shade,[1] and through the empty halls and shadowy realms of Pluto; such as is a journey in the woods under an unsteady moon, with faint and glimmering light, when Jupiter has wrapped the heavens in darkness, and sable night has robbed the earth of colour.

Before the very porch, and in the entrance door of Orcus, Grief and remorseful Cares have placed their dens; there pale Diseases dwell, and disconsolate Old Age, and Fear, and Famine that prompts to wrong, and squalid Indigence, forms ghastly to the sight! and Death, and Toil; then Sleep, Death's cousin-german, and wicked Pleasures; and in the threshold opposite is murderous War, and the iron chambers of the Furies, and frantic Discord, her viper's locks entwined with bloody fillets.

In the midst a shady elm, of size immense, expands its boughs and aged arms, which place they say that dreams deceptive occupy in crowds, and closely cling 'neath every leaf. Many monstrous shapes, and beasts of every kind, are stationed at the gates: Centaurs and Scyllas of a double

[1] Observe the accumulation of epithets, all denoting the excessive darkness: "*obscuri*"—"*sola nocte*"—"*per umbram.*"

form, and Briareus[1] with his hundred hands, and Lerna's[2] hydra hissing dreadful, and Chimæra armed with flames, Gorgons and Harpies, and the form of Geryon's triple ghost. Here, stricken with sudden fear, Æneas grasps his sword, and, to the approaching shades, presents the naked edge; and had not his practised guide told him that these are airy phantoms, which, void of flesh and blood, flit here and there under the empty form of body, he would have rushed upon them, and with his blade in vain have cleft the air.

Hence is a path which to Tartarean Acheron conducts. Here a seething eddy, turbid and impure, boils up with mire and vast abyss, and into dark Cocytus vomits all its filthy sand. These pools and streams the dreaded ferryman preserves, Charon[3] of hideous squalor, whose chin is matted with a crop of hair unkempt and hoary; his fiery eyes stand in his head, and his filthy cloak hangs from his shoulders in a wisp; unaided, with a pole his boat he paddles, and helps it by the sails, and in his murky bark brings up the dead: now elderly, but a god's old age is fresh and ever green. Hither crowds rush to the bank in eager swarms, matrons and men, the souls of gallant heroes whose life was done, boys and unmarried maids, and young men who on the pyre had lain before their parents' eyes, in number countless as the leaves that by autumn's early chills fall in the woods, or many as the birds that flock to land from ocean deep when winter drives them over sea,

[1] Briareus, a famous giant, son of Cœlus and Terra. The poets feigned that he had one hundred arms and fifty heads, and was thrown under Mount Ætna for having assisted the giants against the gods.

[2] Lerna, a lake of Argolis in Greece, where Hercules killed the famous hydra. Chimæra, a fabulous monster, represented with three heads—those of a lion, a goat, and a dragon. Geryon, a celebrated monster, whom Hercules slew. He was represented by the poets as having three bodies and three heads.

[3] Charon, son of Erebus and Nox, who conducted the souls of the dead in a boat over the river Styx to the infernal regions.

and pours them down on sunny shores. They stood, each begging to be taken first to cross, and stretched their hands in eager longing for the farther bank; but the boatman stern now these, now those admits, whilst others he drives backward, and keeps them from the banks.

Æneas, moved with wonder and with pity by the scene, thus speaks: O virgin, say what means this flocking to the river? what do the spirits wish? or by what principle of choice must these desert the banks, and those sweep with oars the darkling flood? To him the aged priestess thus replied: Son of Anchises, undoubted offspring of the gods, this that you see is deep Cocytus, and the Stygian lake, by whose dread majesty no god will falsely swear. Those there are a helpless and unburied crowd: that is the boatman Charon: these whom the stream now bears across already have been buried; for it is not permitted to transport them o'er the horrid banks and murmuring waters before that in their resting-place their bones are laid in peace. They wander for a hundred years, and flit about these shores: then at length admitted, they behold again the stream for which they yearned.

Æneas paused and checked his steps, thinking of many things, and pitying in his heart their hapless lot. There he beholds, mournful and tombless, Leucaspis,[1] and Orontes, the commander of the Lycian fleet, whom as they sailed with him from Troy over the stormy seas the south wind overwhelmed, engulfing in the waves both ship and crew.

Forward the pilot Palinurus slowly came, who lately in his Libyan voyage, while watching the stars, had fallen from the stern, and plunged among the waves. When scarce, by reason of the shade, Æneas knew him in this mournful mood, he thus accosts him: What god, O Palinurus, snatched you from us, and overwhelmed you in the

[1] Leucaspis, one of Æneas' companions, lost during a storm in the Tyrrhene Sea.

middle of the ocean? Come tell me: for Apollo, whom I ne'er before found false, in this one oracle deceived me, declaring that on the deep you should be safe, and should reach Ausonian coasts. Is this his plighted faith?

But he replies: Neither did Phœbus' oracle beguile you, prince of Anchises' line, nor did a god in ocean plunge me; for, falling headlong, with the strain I tore away the helm, as chanced, and dragged it with me, while to my charge I clung, and steered our course. By the stormy seas I swear, that not for myself I feared so much, as that your ship, without her rudder, of her pilot reft, might founder in such waves as rose. Three wintry nights by south winds was I driven on sea-plains vast; by the fourth day's light I dimly sighted Italy from summit of a wave. I gradually approached the land, and now was good as saved, had not the barbarians with the sword attacked me, weighted by soaking garments, and clutching with bent hands the jagged cliff, and had they not, in ignorance of my hap, deemed me a prize. Now me the waves possess, and the winds drive me all up and down the shore. But by the pleasant light and vital air of heaven, by your father, by the hope of rising Iülus, I implore you, invincible one, release me from these woes: cover me with earth, for you can do so, and make for the port of Velia; or, if there be any means, if your goddess mother show you any,—for you do not, I think, without heaven's will attempt to cross such mighty rivers and the Stygian lake,—give me your right hand in my woe, and bear me with you o'er the water, that in death at least I may repose in peace.

So did he speak, when thus the prophetess began: Shall you unburied behold the Stygian floods, and the forbidding river of the Furies, or approach the bank without permission? O Palinurus, how can you cherish such a wish? Cease to hope that heaven's decrees can by a prayer be

changed, but as a solace for your hard mischance hear and remember these my words: The neighbouring peoples,[1] forced in all their cities by prodigies from heaven, shall make atonement to your shade, and shall erect a mound, and at that mound shall offer annual rites, and the spot for evermore shall bear the name of Palinurus. So were his griefs removed, and sorrow for a time was banished from his heart: he takes a pleasure in the namesake-shore.[2]

Their journey thus begun they follow on and near the river; and when the boatman from the Stygian water saw them moving through the silent grove and heading to the bank, he first accosts them, and challenges, to boot: Whoe'er you be who now approach our river under arms, say quick, just where you are, what is your business, and call a halt. This is the abode of Shades, of Somnus, and of sleepful Night: it is against the law of heaven for me to carry in my Stygian boat the limbs of living men. Nor had I, sooth, much comfort in receiving on the lake goodly Hercules on his way, nor Theseus and Pirithous,[3] although they were the sons of gods, and of might invincible. The former sought to chain the guard of Tartarus at Pluto's very throne, and dragged him off all trembling: the latter tried to bear away his queen even from the halls of Dis.

In reply the Amphrysian prophetess briefly spoke: No treacherous designs have we,—be not alarmed,—nor do our weapons threaten violence: for aught that we intend, the dreadful dog may bark till doomsday in his den, and terrify the sapless ghosts: for aught that we intend, Proser-

[1] This befell the Lucanians.

[2] The cape is still called "Punta di Palinuro."

[3] Pirithous, a son of Ixion, and king of the Lapithæ, whose friendship with Theseus, king of Athens, was proverbial. According to the poets, the two friends descended into the infernal regions to carry away Proserpine, but Pluto, who was apprised of their intention, bound Pirithous to his father's wheel, and Theseus to a huge stone.

pina may still abide in honour in her uncle's home. 'Tis to behold his much loved sire that Trojan Æneas, famed for piety and arms, goes to shades of Erebus. If the sight of such affection moves you not, at least behold this branch,—she shows the branch still hidden by her dress. Then after passion's storm, his swollen heart is still. Nor more was said.[1] With reverence admiring Fate's bough, not seen for many a day, he turns to shore the dingy stern, and nears the bank; the Shades still seated on the benches he bundles out and clears the thwarts; and in the hold receives the great Æneas. The cobbled boat[2] groaned with the weight, and took in water through its opened seams. At length across the flood he lands the hero and the prophetess in safety, on the green sedge and the unsightly slime. These realms huge Cerberus makes to resound with barking from his triple jaws, stretched at enormous length in a den that faced them as they came. To whom the prophetess, his neck all bristling with snakes, flings a honeyed cake of wheat with lulling drugs. Ravenous with hunger his triple mouth he opens, and snatches the offered morsel, then prostrate on the ground, relaxes his monstrous body, and lies at length through all the cave. Æneas quickly gains the entrance, its guardian lulled in sleep, and nimbly mounts the bank of that stream "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Forthwith are heard loud wailing sounds, and weeping cries of infants at the very entrance; whom, without a taste of life's delights, and torn from the breast, a black day carried off, and plunged in an untimely doom.

Next these are they condemned to death on charges false: yet to their place assigned not without trial, not

[1] Nor more was said: literally, "nor to these words did the sibyl add more." Or, according to some, "nor did Charon return any reply to these words." The version given will suit either view.

[2] *i.e.*, formed of hides sewn across wicker ribs.

without a judge. Minos,[1] as president, shakes the urn: he calls the dead before him, and scans their lives and hears the crimes alleged.

The sorrow-stricken ones come next, who, free from crime, committed suicide, and hating light, in madness flung away their lives. How gladly now would they their poverty endure and painful toils on upper earth! Fate hinders, and that unlovely lake with its grim waters holds them fast, and Styx, in ninefold circling stream, bars their escape. Not far from this are seen the Fields of Mourning, spreading far and wide: so they are called. Here secluded walks, with myrtle groves around, conceal all those whom love relentless has consumed by wretched pining: their fond regrets desert them not, even in death. In these abodes he sees Phædra[2] and Procris,[3] and Eriphyle, sad of look, pointing to the wounds inflicted by her cruel son: Evadne[4] also, and Pasiphaë; these Laodamia accompanies, and Cæneus, once a youth, then a woman, and again

[1] Minos, a celebrated king and lawgiver of Crete, son of Jupiter and Europa. He was rewarded for his equity, after death, with the office of judge in the infernal regions, with Æacus and Rhadamanthus.

[2] Phædra, a daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, who married Theseus. Her criminal passion for Hippolytus, and the tragical end of that young prince, by his chariot being overturned and dragged among rocks, so stung her with remorse, that she hanged herself.

[3] Procris, a daughter of Erecththeus, king of Athens, and wife of Cephalus. Eriphyle, a sister of Adrastus, king of Argos, and the wife of Amphiaraus; she was murdered by her son Alcmæon, for having discovered where Amphiaraus was concealed, to avoid accompanying the Argives in their expedition against Thebes.

[4] Evadne, the wife of Capaneus, one of the seven chiefs who went against Thebes: she threw herself on his funeral pile, and perished in the flames. Laodamia, a daughter of Acastus, and the wife of Protesilaus, whose departure for the Trojan war, and subsequent fall by the hand of Hector, caused her death from excessive grief. Cæneus, one of the Lapithæ, originally a maiden, by name Caenis, but changed into a man by Poseidon, and now again a female in the lower world.

by fate restored into his pristine form. Among these Phœnician Dido, fresh from her wound, was wandering in a spacious wood; and soon as the Trojan hero approached and recognised her dimly through the shades, just as ones sees, or thinks he sees, the moon rising through the clouds in the beginning of the month, he dropped a tear, and addressed her in endearing terms of love: Hapless Dido, was the news then true that reached me you had died, and by the sword had sought your end? Was it death I was the means of bringing on you? By the stars, I swear, by the powers above, and by whatever object of reverence there may be in the depths of the earth, that against my will, O queen, I departed from your coast. But the mandates of the gods, which now force me to explore these shades, these places rough and pathless from disuse and long neglect, and pass through gloomy night, compelled me, by their stern authority; nor could I have believed that I could cause such anguish by my going. Stay your steps, and withdraw not from my sight. How is it that you flee from me? This last time fate allows me to address you. With such words Æneas tried to calm her, enraged and eying him with scowling look, and as he spoke he shed a flood of tears. She, turning from him, kept her eyes fixed on the ground, nor do her features change at his attempted speech, more than if she were a hard and flinty rock or a Marpesian cliff.[1] At length she hurried off, and fled with angry look into the shady grove, where Sychæus, once her husband, sympathises with her griefs, and returns her love for love. Not less Æneas, deeply moved by her misfortunes, follows her afar with tears and pity as she goes.

He then resumes his journey; and now they reached

[1] Marpesa was a mountain in the island of Paros, in the Ægean sea. Paros was famed for its marble.

the region[1] which as their special haunt those famed in war frequent. Here Tydeus[2] meets him, here Parthenopæus, illustrious in arms, and pale Adrastus' shade. Here he finds those Trojans, who much bewailed on upper earth, were slain in war; and when he sees them all in long array he heaved full many a sigh—Glaucus,[3] and Medon, and Thersilochus, Antenor's sons, and Polybœtes, priest of Ceres, and Idæus[4] still in charge of chariot and of armour. The ghosts in crowds around him stand on right and left: nor is't enough to see him once; they wish to keep him long, to walk beside him and to learn the reason of his coming. But when the Grecian chiefs and Agamemnon's[5] hosts beheld the hero, and his arms which glittered in the shade, they trembled, sore in dread: some turned their backs, as when to the ships they fled in former days; some utter a shrill squeak; the purposed war-cry fails the opened mouth.[6]

And here he saw Deiphobus, son of Priam, in all his body mangled, his face and both his hands, his head of ears bereft, and his nose struck off by shameful blow. He scarcely knew him cowering with shame, and striving to

[1] This region, *i.e.*, that part which was neither in Tartarus nor Elysium.

[2] Tydeus, the son of Œneus, king of Calydon, was one of the seven chiefs of the army of Adrastus, king of Argos, in the Theban war, where he behaved with great courage, but was slain by Melanippus. He was father to Diomedes, who was therefore called Tydides. Parthenopœus, a son of Meleager and Atalanta, was also one of the seven chiefs who accompanied Adrastus in his expedition against Thebes.

[3] Glaucus, a son of Hippolochus, and grandson of Bellerophon. He assisted Priam in the Trojan war, and was slain by Ajax. Thersilochus, a son of Antenor, and leader of the Pæonians, was slain by Achilles.

[4] Idæus was charioteer and herald of king Priam, whose chariot and arms he seems to be in charge of in the lower world.

[5] Agamemnon was king of Mycenæ and Argos. He was chosen commander-in-chief of the Greeks in the Trojan war.

[6] Literally, "fails them as they open their mouths to utter it."

conceal his dreadful torture; and in well-known tones he first accosts him: O brave Deiphobus, of Teucer's noble blood, who had the heart to mete to you a penalty so dread? Who was allowed such vengeance to exact? To me, in that last night, the news was brought that, tired with slaying Greeks, you fell at last on heaps of mingled dead. Then on Rhœtean shore to you a cenotaph I raised, and with loud voice I thrice invoked your Manes. Your name and arms still mark the spot. Your body, friend, I could not find, and, in your native land, at leaving, lay to rest. To which the son of Priam made reply: Nothing, dear friend, by you was left undone: all dues to poor Deiphobus you paid, and to his corpse's shade. But bitter Fates, and the foul deed of that Laconian woman, have sunk me in these woes: 'twas she that left these sad memorials. For how we passed that latest night amidst ill-grounded joys you know, and must too well remember. When the fatal horse o'erleapt our lofty walls, and in its pregnant womb brought men in arms, pretending Bacchanalian dance she round the city led a train of Phrygian women, shouting the orgies. In midst of them she held a flaming torch, and from the lofty citadel she called the Greeks. Just then my luckless chamber held me, worn out by cares and sound asleep, and sweet and deep repose, like to calm death, o'ercame me as I lay. Meantime my "precious" wife moves all my armour from the house, and from beneath my head had drawn my trusty sword: she opens wide the doors and calls on Menelaus,[1] hoping, no doubt, that to her lover it would be a valued boon, and that by that act the scandal of her former sins might

[1] Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon, and husband of Helen, daughter of Tyndarus, with whom he received the crown of Sparta. This, however, he had enjoyed only a short time, when Helen was carried away by Paris, son of Priam, which was the cause of the Trojan war.

be removed. In fine, they burst into my room: Ulysses, son of Æolus,[1] prompter of every cruelty, is with them. O ye gods, pay back the Greeks, with interest due, such dire barbarities, if, without offence to heaven, I ask for worthy vengeance. But come, pray tell me now what chances brought you here while still in life? Is't that you lost your course upon the deep, or by special order of the gods? or what misfortune harasses you to drive you to these sunless regions, abodes of trouble and unrest? Thus as they talked, Aurora, in her rosy team, had passed the zenith in her course; and they had likely spent the whole allotted time in such communing; but the Sibyl, as attendant guide, admonished him, and briefly spoke: Æneas, the night comes on apace; we spend the hours in lamentation. The road here branches off: the right is that which leads beneath great Pluto's walls; by it our route is to Elysium: the left exacts meet punishment on evildoers, and takes the path to Tartarus, abode of the accursed. Deiphobus replies: Great priestess, be not angry; I will be gone: I will complete our company, and return to darkness. Go, glory of your race: may you experience better fates. So much he said, and went upon his way.

Æneas on a sudden looks around, and on the left beneath a rock he sees vast towers surrounded by a triple wall, which Phlegethon, the rapid flood of Tartarus, environs with flaming torrents, and whirls its roaring rocks along. Facing these there is a gate of size enormous, with columns of solid adamant, which no power of man, nor of the gods themselves, can destroy by war's machines. An iron tower uprises heavenward; and there Tisiphone, clad in a bloody robe, is seated, and with sleepless eye watches the porch both night and day. Hence groans are heard, and sounds of horrid lash, and grating iron, and clank of

[1] Son, rather grandson, of Æolus. Ulysses is here meant; Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, being, according to some, his father.

dragging chains. Æneas halted, and by the din appalled, stood riveted. What forms of crime are these? O virgin, say; or with what punishments are they chastised? what hideous wailing rises to the skies! Then thus the prophetess began: Renowned leader of the Trojans, it is forbidden to the pure to tread the accursed threshold: but when Hecate appointed me as priestess in the groves of Avernus, she told me of the punishments by the gods decreed, and led me through it all. This is the realm of Cretan Rhadamanthus,[1] which with a rod of iron he rules: he hears the tale of crime and punishes the guilty, and forces them to tell what ills they did on earth, and glorying in a useless fraud, put off the penalty till death. Armed with a whip, Tisiphone, who vengeance wreaks, scourges the guilty with exulting zest, and in her left hand holding out her hideous snakes, calls to her aid the savage band of sister Furies.

At length the gates of the infernal gods are thrown wide open, with horrid grating of their massive hinges. See what a sentinel sits in the porch? what monster guards the gate? Within, a Hydra[2] huge, fiercer than e'en Tisiphone, is seated, with fifty black and gaping throats. Then Tartarus itself descends precipitous, and stretches to the nether shades as far again as is the prospect upwards to the ætherial sky. Here Earth's first progeny, the sons of Titan, hurled down by thunderbolts, welter in the bottomless abyss. Here, too, I saw the two sons of Aloeus,[3] of colossal size, who tried by strength of arms

[1] Rhadamanthus, a son of Jupiter and Europa, who reigned over the Cyclades and many of the Greek cities in Asia, and for his justice and equity was made one of the judges of hell.

[2] Hydra, a fabulous monster of the serpent tribe: that which infested the neighbourhood of the lake Lerna, in Peloponnesus, was killed by Hercules.

[3] Two sons of Aloeus, the giants, Otus and Ephialtes, who made war against the gods, and were killed by Apollo and Diana.

to tear down highest heaven, and from his throne above to hurl almighty Jove. I saw Salmoneus[1] too, suffering his awful punishment, in act of mimicking the lightning and the thunder of Olympus. Riding in his four-horse car and brandishing his torches, he went in triumph through the tribes of Greece and the very midst of Elis' city, and claimed the honour due to gods alone, fool that he was, as if by brazen waggons and the prancing of his horny-footed team he e'er could match the thunder and the lightning, which baffle rivalry. But through the frowning clouds almighty Jove his thunder hurled—it was no firebrands he threw, or light of smoky torches—and in the whirling tempest of the bolt drove him down to dark perdition. There Tityus[2] also you could see, child of earth, parent of all, whose body "lay extended long and large" o'er nine whole acres: and the frightful vulture, with his crooked beak, preying on his liver unconsumed, and on his vitals which ever breed new pangs, both digs in them for feasts and makes his home in the deep breast, and to his flesh, which grows anew from day to day, no rest is given. Why should I name the Lapithæ, Ixion, and Pirithous? over whom there hangs a flinty rock, threatening each moment to give way, and as in act of falling? Conspicuous to view are lofty couches with their golden feet, and before their eyes the feasts of father Jove, of royal splendour.[3] Beside the guests the oldest of the Furies sits, nor suffers them to touch the dishes with their hands, but rises with uplifted torch, and threatens them in tones

[1] Salmoneus, a king of Elis, who for his impiety in imitating the thunder of Jupiter, was feigned to have been struck by a thunderbolt, and placed in the infernal regions, near his brother Sisyphus.

[2] Tityus, a celebrated giant, son of Terra, or, according to others, of Jupiter and Elara.

[3] This line refers especially to Tantalus, son of Jupiter, who was represented as suffering the tortures of perpetual hunger and thirst.

of thunder. Here are those who, while in life, had hated kindred, had ill-used parents, or played a client false; or who in selfish greed brooded over gotten wealth, nor shared it with their own—a class most numerous; and those who for adultery were slain, who joined unholy wars, and scrupled not to violate the faith due to their masters:[1] in dungeon dark they wait their punishment. Seek not to be told what penalty, what kind of crime or what ill-luck has been their ruin. Some a huge stone uproll, or with racked limbs hang bound to spokes of wheels. There sits, and evermore shall sit, the unhappy Theseus: and Phlegyas,[2] in utmost misery, with loud and warning voice throughout the shades proclaims, "Take warning all: learn righteousness, and reverence the gods." His country one for gold betrayed, and forced on it a tyrant master; the laws for filthy lucre made and then unmade again: another sought his daughter's bed and gratified incestuous love: all dared some heinous crime, and what they dared they gained. Had I a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, a voice of iron, I could not catalogue their crimes, nor name their punishments.

When Phœbus' aged priestess thus had said, she adds: But come now, forward yet, and end the task you have begun; let us hasten on. I see the walls reared by the Cyclops' forge, and the arching portal this way facing, where, as the rules demand, we must present this offering. She said; and advancing side by side by gloomy paths, they quickly cross the middle distance, and approach the gates. Æneas to the entrance springs, his body with fresh water sprays, and on the door in front fixes the bough.

[1] The civil and the servile wars of Rome are here hinted at.

[2] Phlegyas, a son of Mars, king of the Lapithæ in Thessaly, who plundered and burnt the temple of Apollo at Delphi: for this impiety he was killed by Apollo, who placed him in hell, where a huge stone was suspended over his head, which kept him in continual torture.

These rites concluded, and the offering to the goddess duly made, they came at length to realms of joy, the charming lawns amidst the mansions of the Blest, and those sweet homes of happiness. Here an atmosphere more buoyant and expanded than our own enfolds the plains in purple light; they see a sun their own, and stars their own. Some on the grassy sward their limbs exert, in sports contend, and wrestle on the yellow sand: some tread the dance with measured step, and sing their songs of joy. Orpheus too, the Thracian priest, suits to their strains his lyre's seven notes, and these he strikes, now with his fingers, now with his ivory comb. Here may be seen that ancient race of Teucer, a most illustrious line of high-souled heroes, born in better days, Ilus,[1] and Assaracus, and Dardanus, Troy's founder. At a distance Æneas views with wonder the arms and ghostly chariots of the chiefs. Their spears stand fixed in earth, and up and down their loosened horses freely feed through all the plain. What pleasure when alive they took in chariots and in arms, what love for rearing horses sleek and plump: the same now follows them in nether world.

Lo! others he beholds on right and left, feasting upon the grass, and in chorus chanting to Apollo a joyful pæan, in a fragrant grove of laurel; from which, on upper earth, Eridanus wells forth in mighty volume through the wood. Here is a band of those who in defence of father-land their wounds received; those who were priests of pure and holy life, while life remained; those who were blessed bards, and verses sang worthy of Apollo's ear, or who by wise invention the life of man refined, and those who made their memory sweet and loved by deeds of kindness and of mercy: all these have snow-white fillets on their brows. Whom, as they gathered round, the Sibyl thus addressed,

[1] Ilus, the fourth king of Troy, was son of Tros and Callirhoe, and father of Themis and Laomedon.

Musæus[1] chiefly: him a numerous crowd encircled, and looked up to, as by head and shoulders he o'ertopped the rest: Say, blessed souls, and you, noblest of poets, what quarter and what spot contains Anchises? For sake of him we came, and crossed the direful streams of Erebus. And thus to her the hero briefly made reply: None here have fixed abodes: in shady groves we dwell, or occupy the couches of the banks, and meadows ever freshened by the stream: but since your heart thus eagerly inclines, ascend this rising ground, and I will put you on the easy path. He spake, and went before, and from the height points out the glistening plains; and from the summit they descend.

Far inward in a verdant glen, Anchises, with anxious thought, surveyed the spirits yet in prison, who by and bye must rise to upper earth, and was passing in review successive generations of his dear descendants,—their fates their fortunes, their characters and deeds. Soon as he beheld Æneas coming straight across the grassy plain, with eager joy he stretched out both his hands, and bathed his cheeks with tears, and from his mouth these words let fall: You have arrived at last: and has your dutiful affection, long looked for by your father, o'ercome the arduous journey? Is it really given me to see you, face to face, to hear your well-known tones and to return my own? Just so was I concluding in my mind, and thought it soon would come about, counting the time, nor has my careful thought deceived me. Over what lands, O son, and over what stormy seas, have you, I hear, been tossed! by how great dangers harassed! how I dreaded lest the realms of Libya should work your ruin! But he replied: Your Shade, O father, your Shade with look of sadness, often coming up, urged me to seek these realms: my fleet rides in the

[1] Musæus, an ancient Greek poet, supposed to have been the son or disciple of Linus or Orpheus, and to have lived about 1410 years B.C.

Tyrrhene Sea. Permit me, father, to clasp your hand; and withdraw not from my fond embrace. So saying, he bathed his cheeks with floods of tears. On this he thrice essayed to throw his arms around his neck: thrice the phantom, grasped at in vain, escaped his hold, light as thin air, and like as may be to a fleeting dream.

Meanwhile Æneas, in a winding vale, observes a lonely grove, and brakes that rustle in the woods, and the Lethean stream which skirts those peaceful homes. All around were flitting countless crowds and troops of ghosts; even as when, on a peaceful summer's day, bees in the meadows settle on the various flowers, and swarm around the snow-white lilies; the whole plain buzzes with their humming noise. Æneas is startled by the sudden sight, and in his ignorance, he asks the cause, and farther what that river is, and who the men that fill its banks with such a crowd. Then Anchises said: Those souls, to which a second body falls by fate, at Lethe's stream are quaffing draughts that care dispel, and bring oblivion of the past. Long have I wished to tell you in detail, and in your sight to point them out, and to enumerate my future race, that all the more you may rejoice with me in reaching Italy.

O father, is it to be thought that any souls will go from this to upper air, and once again return to sluggish bodies? What mad desire for life possesses wretched spirits? I certainly will tell you all my son, replies Anchises, nor will I keep you in suspense: and thus in order he explains the whole.

In the first place, a living power feeds and sustains the air, and the earth, and the ocean, and the resplendent orb of the moon and the Titanian stars; and an intelligent principle pervading every member puts the whole mass in action, and blends itself with the mighty frame of the universe. Thence spring the human species, and the race of beasts and the flying kind, and the monsters which the

deep brings forth beneath its glassy surface. In these germinating elements there is a fiery energy and a heavenly origin at work, so far as polluted bodies do not deaden their power, or earth-sprung limbs and perishable members mar not their influence. Hence they are subject to fears and to eager longings, to griefs and joys; nor do they, pent up as they are in darkness, and in the gloomy prison-house of the body, regard with care their celestial original. Nay, even when life has left them at their latest day, every ill does not quit their wretched souls, nor do all the infirmities and impurities of the body entirely depart, but it needs must be that many imperfections, long manifest in growing coexistence with their natures, should be amalgamated with wondrous closeness. Therefore they are disciplined for punishment, and pay to the utmost the penalties of former misdeeds. Some are hung up, exposed to the unsubstantial winds; from others the deep-dyed stain of guilt is washed away in the depths of a vast and eddying pool, or burned out under the refining influence of fire. Each of us suffers according to the condition of his Manes; thereafter we are sent forth throughout the spacious Elysium, and but few of us succeed in occupying permanently the fields of bliss until the tardy lapse of time —the appointed cycle of years having run its course—has removed the defilement which grew with our growth and strengthened with our strength, and now leaves the ethereal principle free from taint, and the "spark of heavenly flame" single and unalloyed. All these spirits, when they have completed the circle of a thousand years, the deity summons, in long array, to Lethe's stream, with the purpose, to wit, that losing remembrance of the past, they may again revisit the vaulted arch above, and that they may begin to entertain a desire to return to mortal bodies.

Anchises ceased to speak, and takes his son, and along with him the Sibyl, into the middle of the buzzing crowd,

and selects a height from which he may be able to scan them all as they advance before him, and know their faces as they come.

Now then, I will show you what glory shall hereafter attend the Trojan race, what descendants of Italian stock[1] await them, glorious spirits about to pass into our posterity; to you too I will tell your fates. That youth you see, who on his pointless spear inclines, by fate now holds the station nearest life; he shall ascend to upper earth the first, in his veins both Trojan and Italian blood uniting, Silvius, an Alban name, your latest issue, whom in the woods your wife Lavinia shall bring forth to you in your old age, himself a king, and of kings the father; our race derived from him shall over Alba Longa[2] reign. The next is Procas,[3] the glory of the Trojan nation; then Capys and Numitor follow, and Æneas Silvius, who shall recall your name, equally renowned for piety and arms, if ever he receive the crown of Alba. See what youths are these, what manly force they show! and have their temples wreathed with civic oak: these to your honour shall build Nomentum,[4] Gabii, and the city of Fidenæ: these on the heights shall raise the towers of Collatia,[5]

[1] Italian family: *i.e.*, Æneas' family by Lavinia. Silvius, a son of Æneas by Lavinia, from whom afterwards the kings of Alba were called Silvii.

[2] Alba Longa, a city of Latium, built by Ascanius.

[3] Procas, a king of Alba, father of Numitor and Amulius. Numitor, the father of Rhea Silvia, and grandfather of Romulus and Remus, who restored him to his throne, from which he had been expelled by Amulius, his younger brother.

[4] Nomentum (La Mentana), a town of the Sabines in Italy. Gabii, a city of the Volsci, between Rome and Præneste, where Juno was worshipped, who was hence called Gabina. Fidenae, a town of the Sabines, on the Tiber, north of Rome.

[5] Collatia, a town of the Sabines on the river Anio, built on an eminence. Pometia, a town of the Volsci, which was totally destroyed by the Romans because it had revolted. Inuus, a town of Latium, on

Pometia, the fort of Inuus, and Bola, and Cora. These shall then be famous names; now they are lands without renown. Moreover, martial Romulus, whom Ilia of the line of Assaracus shall bear, shall rise to join his grandsire, Numitor. See you not how a double crest springs from his head, and how his father already marks him as a deity, by merit all his own? Lo, my son, under his auspices, that glorious Rome of high renown shall extend her empire to utmost earth and her genius to the heavens, and shall wall into one city the circuit of her seven hills, prolific of a race of heroes; like mother Berecynthia, when, crowned with turrets, she rides in glory through the Phrygian towns, joyful in a progeny of gods, embracing a hundred grandchildren, all inhabitants of heaven, all seated in the high celestial abodes. This way now turn your eyes: view this lineage and your own Romans. This is Cæsar, and this the whole race of Iülus,[1] who shall one day pass beneath heaven's great pole. This, this is the man so often promised you, Augustus Cæsar, the offspring of a god,[2] who once again shall renew the golden age in Latium, through those lands where Saturn reigned of old, and shall extend his empire beyond the Garamantes and the Indians: their land lies outside the zodiac signs, beyond the sun's yearly course, where Atlas, bearing heaven on his shoulders, revolves the sky, studded with flaming stars. At his approach, even now the Caspian realms[3] and the Mæotic shores are in dismay by warnings of the gods, and the mouths of seven-fold Nile tremble with dread.

the shores of the Tyrrhene Sea. Bola, a city between Tibur and Præneste. Cora, a town of Latium, on the confines of the Volsci, built by a colony of Dardanians before the foundation of Rome.

[1] Iülus, a name given to Ascanius.

[2] Offspring of a god: adopted son of the deified Julius Cæsar.

[3] Caspian realms: the Scythian nations inhabiting the borders of the Caspian Sea. Palus Mæotis, Sea of Azof.

Not even did Hercules so many countries traverse, though he transfixed the brazen-footed hind, stilled the forests of Erymanthus, and struck Lerna with terror by his bow; nor Bacchus, who in triumph drives his car with reins of vine-twigs, chasing the tigers from Nysa's[1] lofty top. And doubt we still to raise our glory by our gallant deeds? or does fear prevent us from setting foot on the Ausonian land?

But who is he at distance, with the sacred things, distinguished by the olive boughs? I know the locks and hoary beard of that Roman king, called from Cures'[2] petty town, and from its poor domain to a great empire, who first shall base the city on a Code of law. Him next Tullus shall succeed, and he shall rouse his subjects from ignoble ease, and stir to arms his languid men, and bands to triumphs now unused. Next in succession follows boastful Ancus, courting too much even now the breath of popular applause. Do you also wish to see the Tarquin kings, and the noble soul of the avenging Brutus,[3] and the fasces gained?[4] He first shall gain a consul's power, and the remorseless axes; and the father shall, for the sake of glorious liberty, summon to death his own-begotten

[1] Nysa: the name of several cities in various quarters of the world, sacred to Bacchus.

[2] Cures, a town of the Sabines: it was the birthplace of Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, a monarch distinguished by his love of peace. Numa was succeeded by Tullus Hostilius, who was of a warlike disposition. Ancus Martius, the grandson of Numa, was the fourth king of Rome after the death of Tullus: he inherited the valour of Romulus with the moderation of Numa, and after a reign of twenty-four years, was succeeded by Tarquinius Priscus.

[3] Brutus (L. Junius), son of M. Junius and Tarquinia, second daughter of Tarquinius Priscus. He was the chief instrument in expelling the Tarquins from Rome, thus avenging Lucretia's violated honour.

[4] *i.e.*, the Consular government.

sons, raising a civil war before unknown, unhappy man! However future men shall judge that action, love to his country and the unbounded thirst for glory will prevail.[1] But see at some distance the Decii, Drusi,[2] Torquatus[3] with axe[4] unmerciful, and Camillus bringing back the standards. But those you see in glittering armour both alike, in perfect friendship now, and while they stay in darkness—ah! what a war will they with one another wage if ere they reach the light of life: what armies will they raise, what slaughter will they cause! the father-in-law descending from the Alpine hills and Monœcus' tower;[5] the son-in-law arrayed against him with an eastern host. O my children, accustom not your minds to wars so dreadful, and turn not your sturdy strength against the vitals of your country. And you, O Cæsar, do you first forbear, you who derive your origin from heaven, you, my own blood, cast down your weapon. That one, having triumphed over Corinth,[6] shall, as a conqueror, drive his chariot to the lofty Capitol, made famous by Achæans slain. The other shall overthrow Argos, and Mycenæ,

[1] Alluding to the punishment of his sons for attempting the restoration of Tarquin.

[2] Drusus, the surname of the Roman family of the Livii, of which was Livia Drusilla, the wife of Augustus.

[3] Torquatus, a surname of Titus Manlius, a celebrated Roman, whose severity in putting to death his son, because he had engaged the enemy without his permission, though he had gained an honourable victory, has been deservedly censured.

[4] *i.e.*, strict in exacting justice.

[5] Monœcus, a maritime town on the south-west coast of Liguria, where Hercules had a temple. The two warriors here referred to are Julius Cæsar and his son-in-law Pompey the Great. The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, which terminated with the battle of Pharsalia, B.C. 48, led to the overthrow of the Roman republic.

[6] Corinth, the capital of Achaia in Greece, was situated on the isthmus between the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs. This famous city was totally destroyed by L. Mummius, the Roman consul, B.C. 146.

Agamemnon's royal town, and Æacides[1] himself, the descendant of the warrior Achilles, avenging his Trojan ancestors, and the violated temple of Minerva. Who can in silence pass over you, great Cato,[2] or you, Cossus?[3] who, the family of Gracchus,[4] or the two Scipios,[5] those thunderbolts of war, the ruin of Africa, and Fabricius, rich in his poverty,[6] or you, Serranus,[7] sowing in the furrow? Whither, ye Fabii,[8] do you hurry me, wearied? You are that Fabius Maximus, greatest of your race, who by your single effort saved the state by wise delay. Others, I know, will mould the breathing brass with a finer and a softer touch; in marble trace the features to the life; plead causes better; with the rod describe the motions of the heavens, and tell the risings of the stars: to rule the subject nations with imperial sway be that your care, O Roman; these shall

[1] Æacides is here applied to Perseus, king of Macedon, who was descended from Achilles, the grandson of Æacus. Perseus was totally defeated and taken prisoner by Paulus Æmilius, the Roman consul, in the battle of Pydna, B.C. 168. Soon after this period, the whole of Greece fell under the Roman power.

[2] Cato, surnamed Uticensis, great-grandson of Cato the censor, was distinguished for his integrity and justice. To prevent his falling into the hands of Cæsar, he stabbed himself, after he had read Plato's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul.

[3] Cossus, a military tribune, who killed Tolumnius, king of Veii, in battle, and was the second to obtain the spolia opima.

[4] Gracchus, T. Sempronius, was distinguished both in the senate and the field; he was the father of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.

[5] Scipios: both the father and son are meant.

[6] Fabricius, C. L., the conqueror of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was remarkable for the great simplicity of his manners, and his contempt of luxury and riches.

[7] Serranus was a surname of Regulus, who defeated the Carthaginian fleet off the Lipari islands in B.C. 257. He was found working on his farm, like Cincinnatus, when an offer of the consulship was made to him.

[8] Fabii, a noble and powerful family at Rome, of whom sprung Quintus Fabius, the opponent of Hannibal.

be your arts—to impose the ways of peace, to spare the humbled, and to crush the proud.

Thus father Anchises; and to them, in wondering admiration, he farther adds: Behold how decked with spoils of triumph Marcellus[1] stalks along, and as a victor overtops the other heroes! He, with his cavalry, shall prop the Roman state in dangerous risings; the Carthaginians he shall humble, and the rebel Gaul, and the third "rich spoil" to great Quirinus give. And upon this Æneas says,—for beside him he beheld a youth distinguished by his beauty and his shining armour, but his brow was sad, and his eyes were downcast,—What youth is he, O father, who thus accompanies the hero as he walks? is he a son, or one of the illustrious line of his descendants? What a buzz of admiration all about him! What a model in himself he is! but sable Night with dreary shade hovers around his head. Then father Anchises, midst his gushing tears, replied: Seek not, my son, to know the crushing sorrow of your race: him the Fates shall only show to earth, nor let him longer stay. Ye gods, Rome's sons had seemed to you too powerful had these your gifts been lasting. With what wailings shall the men of Mars' great city fill the place! what funeral pomp shall you behold, O father Tiber, when you flow past that fresh-made tomb! Neither shall any of the Trojan line raise hopes so high in Latin fathers, nor shall the land of Romulus e'er boast so much of any of her sons. Ah piety! ah that faith of ancient times! and that right hand invincible in war! none with impunity had encountered him in arms, either

[1] Marcellus, Marcus Claudius, a famous Roman general, who signalised himself against the Gauls, having obtained the spolia opima, by killing with his own hand their king, Viridomarus. After achieving the conquest of Syracuse, he was opposed in the field to Hannibal, but perished in an ambuscade. The "Spolia Opima," or glorious spoils, were those taken by a Roman commander from the opposing general.

when on foot he rushed upon the foe, or when with his spur he struck his foaming courser's flanks. Ah youth, much to be pitied! if by any means the bonds of fate you burst, Marcellus[1] you shall be. Give me lilies in plenty; let me strew the blooming flowers; these offerings at least let me heap upon my descendant's shade, and discharge this unavailing duty. Thus up and down they roam through all Elysium in its spacious airy plains, and every object scan. And when Anchises through them all had led his son, and fired his soul with love of coming fame, he next recounts to him what wars he must hereafter wage, informs him of the Laurentine peoples and the city of Latinus,[2] and by what means he may avoid or conquer every toil.

Two gates there are of Sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn, by which is given an easy egress to true visions; the other quite transparent, wrought of the finest ivory, but through it the infernal gods send up false dreams to earth. To it, then, Anchises, with such converse, convoys his son, and along with him the Sibyl, and by the ivory gate he sends them forth. Æneas hastens to the ships, and sees again his friends; then straight along the coast he seeks the harbour of Caïeta:[3] the anchor from the prow is cast, the sterns upon the shore are staid.

[1] Marcellus, son of Octavia, sister of Augustus. He married Julia, the emperor's daughter, and was intended for his successor, but died suddenly at the early age of eighteen. Virgil procured himself great favour by celebrating the virtues of this amiable prince. See Eclogue IV.

[2] City of Latinus, Laurentum (Paterno), which was the capital of Latium in the reign of Latinus.

[3] Caïeta (Gæta), a seaport town of Latium in Italy.

BOOK VII.

In the Seventh Book Æneas reaches the destined land of Latium, and concludes a treaty with king Latinus, who promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, in marriage. The treaty is, however, soon broken by the interference of Juno, whose resentment still pursues the Trojans. The goddess excites Turnus to war, and he calls to his aid the neighbouring princes. The book concludes with a description of the enemy's forces and their respective chiefs.

You too, Caieta, Æneas' nurse, have by your death given to our coasts immortal glory; and your fame preserves your resting-place, and the name marks your grave in great Hesperia—no small renown. But Æneas having performed her obsequies, and raised a tomb, pursues his voyage, and leaves the harbour soon as the deep is calm and still. The breezes freshen towards night, nor does the moon refuse her guidance: the sea glances under her tremulous light. They skirt the shores of Circe's land, where the rich daughter of the Sun makes those groves of danger ring with incessant song, and in her gorgeous palace burns fragrant cedar for her light by night, while through the slender web her whistling shuttle flies along the loom. Hence were distinctly heard the roars and angry growls of lions struggling with their chains, and bellowing at the midnight hour: bristly boars and bears were furious in their stalls, and men in shape of monster wolves were howling; whom Circe, cruel goddess, had by her powerful

herbs transferred from human form into the appearance and the guise of beasts.[1] And that the honest Trojans might not undergo such hideous change if borne to the port, and that they might not land on that accursed coast, Neptune filled their sails with favouring winds, and sped their flight, and wafted them beyond the boiling shoals. And now the sea began to redden with the sunbeams, and in the lofty sky the saffron-coloured morn shone from her rosy car; the winds then fell, and every breeze at once was lulled, and the oar-blades[2] labour in the sluggish brine. And here Æneas from the deep espies a spacious wood. Through this the Tiber, beauteous stream, rushes to the sea in rapid eddies, yellow with his stores of sand. All around and overhead the many birds, which haunt the banks and channel of the stream, sweetened with their song the balmy air, and fluttered through the grove. Æneas bids his mates to change their course and turn their prows to land, and enters with joy the shaded river.

Now come, O Erato:[3] I will set forth what kings there were, what was the order[4] of events, and what the state of ancient Latium when this foreign host landed their fleet on the Ausonian coasts, and trace the first beginning of the strife. Do you, O goddess, aid the memory of the poet. I will sing of horrid wars, of armies, and of kings by fierce passions hurried to the grave, and of the troops

[1] *Quos hominum ex facie.* Circe is said to have transformed men into wild beasts by means of certain herbs and a magical wand with which she touched them. The fable is taken from Homer, Odyss. x. 135.

[2] "*Tonsæ*," scil. "*arbores*," used for oars.

[3] Erato, one of the Muses, who presided over lyric, tender, and amatory poetry.

[4] "*Tempora*" refers to the condition of the different states in their mutual relations; "*status*" to the independent condition of each respectively.

of Tuscany, and of all Hesperia mustered under arms. A grander series of events opens before me, a greater task I now begin. King Latinus,[1] full of days, had ruled for long the country and its quiet cities in a lasting peace. He was the son, we hear, of Faunus and a Laurentine nymph, Marica. Picus[2] was Faunus' father; and he, O Saturn, claims you as his sire: you are the remotest author of the race. To Latinus, by heaven's decree, no son, no offspring male remained; but one, just growing up, was carried off in early youth. To his house and great inheritance an only daughter now remains, in body quite developed, and of marriageable years. Many from wide Latium, and from all Ausonia, sought her hand: her Turnus[3] woos, surpassing all the rest in face and figure; possessing, too, high claims from royal blood and ancient lineage; whom the royal consort, with greatest eagerness, wished as her son-in-law: but various and alarming prodigies from heaven oppose the match. In the centre of the palace, within the inner court, stood a bay with sacred foliage, and for many years preserved through reverential awe: this father Latinus having found when first he raised his palace walls devoted it to Phœbus, and from it gave the name Laurentines to the people. On the summit of this tree thick clustering bees, strange to relate, sailing through the liquid sky, settled down with buzzing loud; and having linked their feet with one another, hung from the leafy bough, a sudden swarm. At once the prophet said: We see a foreign hero coming, and an army making hither from the same direction, and in the fortress bearing sway. Again, while with holy torches Lavinia lights the

[1] Latinus, son of Faunus, and king of the aborigines in Italy, who from him were called Latins.

[2] Picus, a son of Saturn, and father of Faunus, reigned in Latium, and was feigned to have been changed by Circe into a woodpecker.

[3] Turnus, son of Daunus and Venilia, and king of the Rutuli.

altar fires, and stands beside her father, she was seen, unhallowed sight! to catch the fire in her flowing hair, and to be singed in all her dress by the crackling flames, her royal locks ablaze, ablaze her coronal with jewels bright; and then, still smoking, to be wrapped in dingy light, and to spread the fire throughout the palace. This, in truth, was said to be a terror-causing and a wondrous sign; for seers told that she herself would be renowned by fame and fortune, but that to her people the augury portended awful war.

But king Latinus, by such portents awed, goes to the oracle of Faunus, his prophetic sire, and consults his grove beneath Albunea's height,[1] which, chief of forest streams, roars with its sacred flood, and, buried in gloom, exhales a noisome stench. From this the Italian nations and all Œnotria's land seek oracles in doubt. Hither, when the priest brought offerings, and in the silent night lay down on outspread skins of sheep and sought repose, he sees airy forms of many kinds flitting about in wondrous ways, hears strange and varied sounds, and enjoys the converse of the gods, and speaks with Manes in the nether world. Then, too, Latinus himself, seeking a reply, duly sacrificed an hundred fleecy ewes, and lay supported on their outspread skins: from the deep grove a sudden answer came: Seek not, my son, to join your daughter in Latin wedlock, and approve not of the future nuptials. A son-in-law will come from far, destined by his blood to raise our name to heaven, whose posterity shall see all things put beneath their feet and governed by their sway, where the sun, at his rising and his setting, visits either ocean. These words of father Faunus, and his warnings given in the silent night, Latinus keeps not to himself; but already Fame, in rapid flight, had borne the

[1] Albunea, a wood near the city Tibur and the river Anio, sacred to the Muses. The roar is supposed to proceed from a waterfall.

tidings far and wide through the Ausonian cities, when to[1] the grassy bank the Trojans moored their fleet.

Æneas and the other chiefs and fair Iülus laid them down beneath the shade, and prepared their meal, and seated on the grass, they placed the flesh on sacred cakes,—so Jupiter himself inspired,—and on the wheaten platter they piled the apples of the wood. Here, as it chanced, all else being eaten up, when scarcity of food compelled them to devour the slender cakes, and to break with daring hand and tooth the circle of the fateful crust, and not to leave the quarters, flat and broad,—Holloa, Iülus says, in jest, we eat our very tables,—and not another word. That phrase, when heard, first brought our labours to an end, and his father caught it up, and, struck by the omen, followed on. Forthwith he spoke: Hail, O land, destined to me by the Fates! and hail, ye faithful guardian gods of Troy! Here is our home, this is our country. My father Anchises, now I recollect, declared to me these secret Fates: When famine shall compel you, wafted to the strangers' shore, to eat your tables when your victuals fail, then confidently a settlement expect, and there be sure that with your hand you build and with a rampart fortify your earliest houses. This is that hunger spoken of; this the last trial that awaits us, and it shall put an end to our mishaps. Come, then, and with the dawn of day let us in joyful hope explore what place is this, who hold it, or where stand the cities of the race; and from the port let us go forth by different ways. And now to Jove pour out libations, and by prayers invoke my sire Anchises, and serve[2] again the feast.

Thus having said, he binds his temples with a verdant bough, and supplicates the Genius of the place, and Earth,

[1] It must be observed that the preposition *ab* is used in reference to the place whence the fastening proceeds.

[2] *i.e.*, "renew the banquet."

the eldest of the gods, together with the nymphs and rivers yet unknown; then Night, and the rising stars of night, and Idæan Jove, and, with due respect, the Phrygian mother Cybele, and both his parents, one in heaven, and one in Erebus.[1] At this the almighty Father thrice from lofty heaven thundered in a cloudless sky, and from the firmament with his hand displayed a cloud refulgent with golden beams of quivering light. Here suddenly through Trojan bands the rumour spreads that the day has come on which to build the destined city. With vying eagerness they renew the feast, and rejoicing in the weighty omen, they place the goblets and the bumpers fill.

Soon as the morrow's dawn was traversing the earth with early beams, choosing different routes they try to find the city, the nation's boundaries and its coasts: these are the waters of Numicus, this the river Tiber, here the valiant Latins dwell. Then the son of Anchises orders a hundred deputies, selected from every rank, to seek the sacred palace of the king, all wreathed with olive boughs; and carry presents to the hero, and ask a peaceful welcome for the Trojans. They stay not, but hasten on their way, and at rapid pace proceed. Æneas in person with a shallow trench marks out the walls, and prepares the place, and on the shore incloses his first home, a camp in form, with battlements and rampart. And now the ambassadors, their journey finished, beheld the towers and lofty buildings of the Latins, and approached the wall. Before the city boys and youths in the early bloom of life are trained in riding, and break horses for the chariot on the dusty plain; or bend the eager[2] bow, or hurl the quivering dart, and challenge one

[1] *i.e.*, Venus and Anchises.

[2] The word *acres* may apply to the bows, as if eager to discharge the arrow, or it may be joined with boys and youths in the sense of "in keen rivalry."

another in running or in boxing:[1] when a messenger, galloping on in haste, reports to the aged king that men of giant size and of strange dress have come. He orders them to be invited to the palace, and in the midst sat down on his ancestral throne. On the summit of the city stood a sacred building, of great extent, raised high upon a hundred pillars, the justice hall of Picus of Laurentum, held in veneration from its sacred groves and worship of their fathers. To receive the sceptre here, and here at first to raise the fasces, was the right and lucky thing for kings: this temple was their senate-house, this their apartment for their sacred feasts: here, having slain a ram, the fathers took their seats together at the lengthy tables. Moreover, in the hall the statues of their ancestors, carved in cedar, stood in rows: Italus,[2] and father Sabinus,[3] planter of the vine, holding, even as a statue, a curved pruning-hook, and the image of the two-faced Janus;[4] and other monarchs from the origin of the race, and those who for country battling had their wounds sustained. Besides, on the sacred door-posts many arms and captive chariots are hung, and curved battle-axes, helmet-crests,

[1] Boxing: the Latin word is *ictu*, which by some has been translated "throwing the javelin." But that exercise has been already mentioned, while boxing has not been named: *ictus* and the verb *icere* are often used of boxing.

[2] Italus, an Arcadian prince, who is said to have established a kingdom in Italy, which received its name from him. Sabinus, from whom the Sabines were named. He received divine honours after death, and was one of those deities whom Æneas invoked when he entered Italy.

[3] Saturn, the son of Cœlus and Terra, married his sister Ops, who is also called Rhea and Cybele.

[4] Janus, the most ancient king of Italy, was a native of Thessaly, and according to some, the son of Apollo; after death he was ranked among the gods. He is represented with two faces, as if looking to the past and to the future. His temple at Rome, where he was chiefly worshipped, was always shut in time of peace, and open in time of war.

and massy gates, and darts and shields, and beaks from galleys torn. Picus himself, a horseman bold, sat with his wand of augury, wrapped in his scanty robe, and in his left hand held a little shield; whom Circe, baffled in her base desires, smote with her golden rod, and by her potions changed into a bird,[1] and marked his wings with spots. In such a temple of the gods, and seated on ancestral throne, Latinus called to him the Trojans; and when they had entered, he addressed to them these kind and pleasant words: Say, sons of Dardanus,—for your city and your race to us are known, and by fame renowned you reach our shores by sea,—what seek you? What cause has brought your ships to the Ausonian coasts over the many shallows of the seas, and you yourselves in need of what assistance? Whether through error in your course, or driven by storms, which things in plenty sailors suffer on the deep, you enter the river and in the haven moor, spurn not our kindness, and learn that the Latins are the seed of Saturn, just and upright without constraint or law, but hating wrong by instinct, and following the habit of the god of old. And, indeed, I call to mind—the tradition is obscure through length of time—that the sages of the Aurunci[2] thus told how Dardanus, a native of this land, reached the Idæan cities of Phrygia, and Thracian Samos, now called Samothracia.[3] Him who went from his Tuscan home at Corythus the golden palace of the starry heavens now on a throne receives, and to the altars of the gods adds one for him.

He said; and Ilioneus replied: O king, illustrious offspring of Faunus, neither has a fierce storm forced us by its billows to land upon your shores, nor did the stars or coast deceive us in our course. On set purpose and

[1] Picus was changed into a pie—magpie.

[2] Aurunci, an ancient people of Latium, south-east of the Volsci.

[3] Samothracia, an island in the Archipelago, off the coast of Thrace.

with eager minds we sought this city, driven from a kingdom once the greatest which the sun coming from utmost bounds of heaven surveyed. From Jove descends our race; the sons of Dardanus glory in Jove their ancestor. Our king himself, the Trojan Æneas, sprung from Jove's exalted line, sent us to your court. What a fearful storm let loose from fell Mycenæ swept over the Idæan plain, by what dire destinies impelled the Continents of Europe and of Asia rushed into hostile struggle, has been heard both by him whom the earth at her utmost border, by the stream of ocean with returning flow,[1] keeps far away, and by him whom the torrid zone, extended in the midst, separates from other men. Borne by that torrent over seas so vast, for our country's gods we beg a small abode, and a shore of peace, and the common liberty of air and water. Your kingdom we will not dishonour; and no small credit shall be yours, nor shall our gratitude for such an action ever fade; nor shall Ausonia repent that in her bosom she received the Trojans. I swear by the fates of Æneas, and by his right hand, which shows its power in friendship or in war, many peoples, many nations—despise us not because we bring these fillets in our hands and utter suppliant words—both wished and courted our alliance; but the decrees of heaven by their unbending will have compelled us to seek your realm. Here Dardanus was born; hither Apollo recalls us, and by his urgent orders directs us to the Tuscan Tiber, and the sacred waters of Numicus' source. Æneas offers you, besides, some trifling gifts, which Fortune once bestowed, saved from the flames of Troy. From this golden bowl his sire Anchises made libations at the altar: this was borne by Priam, when he judged the assembled tribes—

[1] The ocean was supposed by the ancients to be a river flowing round the earth. The idea in this passage seems to be, that at its furthest part it flowed around an island (Britain, or Thule); or that it beat on the world's border, and so was forcibly driven back.

the sceptre, and sacred mitre, and robes, the work of Trojan dames.

While Ilioneus thus speaks, Latinus wears a deep and thoughtful look, and gazes motionless upon the ground, turning from side to side his eager eyes. It is not that the embroidered purple moves him, nor the sceptre, Priam's own, as that with the marriage of his daughter he is absorbed, and in his mind revolves the oracles of Faunus: he feels that this is he who, coming from a foreign home, is shown to be his future son-in-law, and equal sharer in his kingdom: that hence a race would come in valour eminent, and one which, by their power, should master all the world. At length with joy he says: May the gods crown with success our enterprise and fulfil their own predictions. Trojan, your wishes shall be granted, nor do I refuse your gifts. While Latinus is king, neither a rich and fertile soil nor the resources of Troy shall fail. Only let Æneas come in person, if such is his desire, and if he longs to join with us in rites of hospitality and to be called our ally, nor let him dread the face of friends. To me it will be a term of peace to touch your prince's hand. Do you, on your part, bear this message to your king. I have a daughter, whom the oracles from my father's shrine and numerous prodigies from heaven forbid me with a native husband to unite: this destiny they say awaits our Latium, that its sons-in-law shall come from foreign coasts, who, in their descendants, shall to the stars exalt our name. That this is he whom Fate demands I both conclude, and, if aught my mind forebodes, I wish it too.

This said, Latinus chooses horses from his stud. In lofty stalls three hundred of them stood both sleek and trim. Forthwith he commands fleet chargers to be brought for all the Trojans, caparisoned with purple and embroidered trappings. Necklets of gold fall drooping on their chests; covered with golden housings they champ the yellow bit

beneath their teeth. For Æneas, in his absence, he orders to be taken a chariot and a pair of horses of ethereal breed, from their nostrils snorting fire, of the race of those which crafty Circe reared without the knowledge of her father,—a spurious breed from a substituted mare. Bearing such gifts and cheering message from Latinus, the Trojans, proudly mounted, return and bring the news of peace.

But lo! the unrelenting wife of Jove was on her way from Argos,[1] and riding in her chariot was now well up in air; and from her lofty seat she saw afar, even from Sicilian Pachynus, Æneas full of joy, and all the Trojan fleet. She sees the Trojans building houses, settling on the soil, and that for good their ships they've left. Stung with bitter grief she stopped; then shaking her head, she poured forth these words: Ah! race detested, and Fates of Troy opposed to ours! Could they perish on Sigæan plains?[2] when taken captives, could they be kept in bondage? Did Troy, when burned, burn up the men? through the midst of armies, through the midst of flames they found their way. But I suppose the power of my divinity now wearied out is still, or fully sated with a glut of vengeance, I have given it o'er. Moreover, when they were rudely driven from their fatherland, I dared to follow them with deadly hate across the waters and over the wide ocean to set myself against the exiles. The powers of heaven and sea have been exhausted on the Trojans. What did the Syrtes me avail, or Scylla, or the vast Charybdis? In Tiber's wished-for channel they now are moored, regardless of the seas and me. Mars was able to destroy the Lapithæ's gigantic race; the father of the gods himself

[1] Inachian Argos, the capital of Argolis, in Peloponnesus, was so called from Inachus, a son of Oceanus and Tethys, who founded the kingdom of Argos.

[2] Sigæum, see note, Æneid, book ii. line 312.

gave up the ancient Calydon[1] to Diana for her vengeance: what punishment of crime the Lapithæ, or what old Calydon deserving? But I, the consort of Almighty Jove, who have left no stone unturned, who had recourse to all expedients, am vanquished by Æneas. Yet if my own divinity fails in its power, should I hesitate to call to my aid whatever might exists elsewhere? if I cannot gain the gods above, I'll move even hell itself. Suppose I cannot bar him from the Latin kingdom, and that Lavinia be destined as his spouse, yet I may postpone these great events and cause delays; I still may slay the subjects of both kings. At such cost of their people's blood, let the father and the son-in-law be joined. Your dowry, virgin, shall be paid in Trojan and Rutulian blood, and Bellona[2] waits you as your bridesmaid: nor did Hecuba[3] alone, pregnant with flame, give birth in marriage to a firebrand; nay, to Venus too this son of hers shall prove a second Paris, and a fatal torch to Troy, as once again it rises from its ruins.

This said, scowling down to earth she plunged. From the abodes of the dire sisters and the darkness of hell she calls up fell Allecto, whose heart's delight are rueful wars, wrathful violence, and treachery and deadly quarrels. Even her own father Pluto abhors her: her fiendish sisters detest the monster: so many aspects does she assume, so hideous are her shapes, so black with snakes that

[1] Calydon, a city of Ætolia in Greece, where Œneus, the father of Meleager, reigned. The king having neglected to pay homage to Diana, the goddess sent a wild boar to ravage the country: at last it was killed by Meleager. All the princes of the age assembled to hunt this boar, an event which has been greatly celebrated by the poets, under the name of the Chase of Calydon, or of the Calydonian Boar.

[2] Bellona, the goddess of war, daughter of Phorcys and Ceto, and, according to some, the sister and wife of Mars.

[3] Hecuba, daughter of Dymas, a Phrygian prince, or, according to others, of Cisseus, a Thracian king, was the second wife of Priam, king of Troy, and mother of Paris.

sprout all round her head. Whose hate thus Juno whets with words like these: Virgin, offspring of Night, perform for me this service, a task peculiarly your own: do your endeavour that my honour and my fame suffer no damage, nor be forced to yield; and that the Trojans may not be able to circumvent Latinus by a marriage, and beset the soil of Italy. Even fond brothers you can array in mutual war, and families distract by bitter hatred; you can bring scourges into houses, and the fatal torch of discord. Yourself under a thousand names you show; a thousand are your means of mischief. Rack your fertile breast; scatter to the winds this peace they've made, sow broadcast seeds of strife. Let the youth desire, demand, and seize the sword.

Forthwith Allecto, steeped in Gorgon poison, makes first for Latium and the lofty palace of the Laurentine king, and in silence at Amata's[1] chamber door she sat her down, whom woman's cares and woman's frets worried about the arrival of the Trojans and Turnus' nuptials. At her the goddess flings from her dark locks one of her snakes, and in her bosom drives it deep, that, maddened by the monster, she may embroil her house and home. It, gliding among her robes and over her smooth bosom, moves on with unfelt touch, and, without her knowledge, breathed its poisonous breath into her frenzied heart: the huge snake is now a twisted chain of gold around her neck, now a long ribbon of her fillet, and it entwines her hair, and in slippery mazes o'er her body creeps. And when the serpent's first contagious breath, stealthily entering, with humid poison thrills through her every sense and instils the fire into her bones, and while her mind has not yet fully felt the flame throughout her bosom, she spoke with softer accents, as mothers wont to do, lamenting much about her daughter

[1] Amata, the wife of king Latinus: she zealously favoured the interest of Turnus against Æneas.

and the Phrygian match: And is Lavinia, father, given in marriage to Trojan exiles? have you no pity on your daughter, or yourself? Have you no pity on her mother, whom with the first fair wind the faithless pirate will desert, and bear the maiden off to sea? Was it not thus the Phrygian shepherd into Lacedæmon stole, and Helen, Leda's daughter, to the Trojan city bore away? What of your solemn pledge, what of your former love of friends, and your hand so often given to kinsman Turnus? If a son-in-law is sought for the Latins from a foreign state, and if that is fixed, and the commands of father Faunus weigh upon your mind, all lands I reckon foreign which lie apart, nor fealty own: this is what the gods intend. But if his origin be traced, his grandsires were Inachus and Acrisius,[1] and he himself's a pure Mycenian.

When Latinus she had tried in vain, and found his mind unmoved, and when the serpent's maddening poison had now sunk deeply in and permeates her frame, then, hapless woman, agitated by awful phantasies, she rages in delirium through the city: as at times a top whirling under the twisted thong, which boys intent on sport whip in great circles round some empty court; it, driven by the scourge, is carried round and round in curves; the innocent and youthful throng bend over it "with open mouth and eyes," wondering at the flying box;[2] the lashes lend it life,— with no less rapid course the queen is hurried on through midst of cities and excited tribes. Nay more, she rushes to the woods, feigning the influence of Bacchus, to cause a greater scandal and wilder frenzy, and hides her daughter in the wooded hills, that she may cheat the Trojans of the marriage and delay the nuptials: shouting, Evoe Bacchus, and loudly exclaiming that you alone, O Bacchus, are

[1] Acrisius, king of Argos, was descended from Inachus, its founder, and was one of Turnus' ancestors.

[2] Tops were usually made of boxwood.

worthy of the maiden; for, in honour of you, the thyrsus she assumes, round you she circles in the dance, to you she consecrates her locks and lets them grow. Rumour spreads fast, and soon an equal zeal drives all the women, with minds by fury mad, to seek strange homes. Their houses they at once abandon, and to the winds commit their necks and hair. But others fill the heaven with wild and faltering howls, and clad in skins they carry wands with leaves of vines bedecked. In thickest of the crowd, she bears on high a blazing torch, and loud proclaims the wedding-day of Turnus and her child, rolling wild her bloodshot eyes; and suddenly she fiercely cries: Ho, Latin mothers, hear, where'er you be: if in your kindly hearts you feel some pity for Amata's woes, and if a care for mothers' rights affects your minds, unbind the fillets of your hair, and now begin with me the orgies of the god. So among the woods, among the wild beasts' haunts, Allecto plies the queen on every side with spurs of Bacchus' fury.

Now when she saw that she had raised mad passions in her earliest victim, and had upset Latinus' plan and all his home, the vicious goddess soars on dusky wings to the bold Rutulian's town—a city which Danaë[1] founded of old for her Acrisian settlers, driven there by boisterous winds. The place by ancient men was first called Ardea; and Ardea still retains its noble name,[2] but its greatness is no more. Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus enjoyed repose at midnight hour. Allecto lays aside her hideous shape and Fury's limbs: into a crone she changes, and with wrinkles tracks her loathsome face: grey hair with woolly fillet she assumes, and in it binds an olive spray: she takes the form of Calybe, Juno's aged priestess, and with these words stands full before the youth: Turnus, will you suffer so

[1] Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos: she fled to Italy, and founded the city of Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli.

[2] *i.e.*, "a name, and nothing more."

many labours to be lost for nought, and your sceptre to be passed to Trojan colonists? The king refuses you the marriage and dowry-kingdom which with your blood you earned; and a foreigner is sought to fill his throne. Go now, thus mocked, expose yourself to thankless dangers: go, o'erthrow the Tuscan armies; by your protection give the Latins constant peace. This message, then, Almighty Juno bid me tell you plainly as you lay asleep by night. Then come, and in joyous hope command the youth to arm and march to war, and the Phrygian leaders, who by the beauteous stream have pitched their camp, extirpate, with their painted ships. Heaven's mighty power commands. Let king Latinus feel it, if he declines to ratify your marriage and accept your terms, and at length experience Turnus and his arms.

Deriding the prophetess, the youth replies: The news has not escaped me, as you fancy, that a fleet has reached the waters of the Tiber—feign not such fears on my account; for me imperial Juno ne'er forgets; but age, old "Mammy," weakened by disease, unable to conceive true views, worries you with needless cares, and mocks your power of foresight midst visions of fierce warring kings. Your duty is to heed the statues and the temples of the gods: men, by whom wars must needs be made, will deal with war and peace.

Allecto blazed forth in passion. But as he speaks, a sudden shiver thrills the youth: his eyeballs stiffen: with snakes so many does the Fury hiss, into a shape so huge and horrid does she change. Then wildly waving her fiery torch, she spurned him from her, as he falters and attempts to speak, and in her hair she reared two snakes, and cracked her whip, and added this in words of fury: Ah! here I am, "weakened by disease," whom "age, unable to conceive true views, mocks with false fear midst wars of kings." Look here: I come from the abode of the dire

sisters; wars and death in my hand I bear. Thus having spoken, she flung a firebrand at the youth, and planted in his breast the torch still smoking with its murky light. Dread terror broke his rest, and sweat bursting from every pore bathes his bones and limbs. Frantic he madly calls aloud for arms, for arms he searches in both bed and house: a passion for the sword, a cursed madness after war, and indignation most of all, rage in his breast. As when with crackling loud a fire of thorns is lit beside a quivering caldron, and by the heat the liquid dances up; within, the steaming water furiously boils and overflows with foam, nor does the wave now check itself: in vapour dense it heavenward flies. Therefore he bids his captains to march to king Latinus and disturb the peace, to make ready implements of war and defend Italy, and from their territories drive the foe: saying that he himself is a match for all the forces of Troy and of Latinus. When he had thus spoken, and had invoked the gods, the Rutulians, with rival zeal, encourage one another to the war. His distinguished mien and youthful beauty fire the hearts of some; others his noble ancestry; others again his own great deeds of valour.

While Turnus the warlike spirit of the Rutulians thus rouses, Allecto, on Stygian wings, towards the Trojans speeds her flight: having with fresh artifice espied a spot of shore where fair Iülus hunted game by snares and by pursuit. Upon this the Fury from Cocytus suddenly gives to his hounds a mad incitement, and affects their nostrils with the well-known scent, in order that with keenest ardour they might run down a deer; this was the moving cause of all their sufferings, and to war it fired the minds of the rustics. There was a stag of beauteous shape and splendid horns, which, when weaned, the sons of Tyrrhus used to feed, as also father Tyrrhus did, to whom was given the charge of all the royal herds and pastures round. Their sister Silvia, with her utmost care, was wont to deck the

tame and gentle beast, wreathing its horns with garlands, and combed him too, and bathed him in the crystal fountain. Fond to be handled, and accustomed in his stall to feed, he would roam the woods, and of his own accord would home return at night, however late. Him, as he strayed at distance from the house, the keen dogs of Iülus raised, when, as it chanced, he floated down the stream, and cooled himself upon the grassy bank. Ascanius himself, too, fired with the love of praise, aimed arrows at him with his bended bow; nor failed the god to help his prentice hand, and the shaft, with whizzing sound impelled, pierced his belly and his flanks. But wounded, he fled to his familiar homestead, and groaning reached his stall; all bloody, and with an imploring look he filled the house with moans. Sister Silvia, beating her arms with her hands, implores aid, shouting for the sturdy rustics. They—for the savage fiend lurks silent in the woods—suddenly appear; one armed with a brand charred in the fire, one with a sturdy knotted club; passion uses as weapons whatever each in hurried search had found. Tyrrhus, panting with rage, seizes his axe, for then, as it chanced, he was cleaving an oak with driven wedges, and calls upon his men. But the savage goddess, from her place of observation having found a time for mischief, flies to the roof, and from its highest point she sounds the shepherd's call, and in the winding horn she strains her hellish voice, with which every grove was shaken, and the woods re-echoed to their depths. Even the lake of Diana heard it from afar; the Nar,[1] white with sulphureous water, heard it, and the waters of Velinus too; and terror-stricken mothers pressed their

[1] Nar (Nera), a river of Italy, rises in the Appenines, and forming a junction with the Velinus, flows with great rapidity, falling ultimately into the Tiber. Its waters are celebrated for their sulphureous properties. Velinus also rises in the Appenines, and after forming a lake near the town of Reate, joins the Nar near Spoletium.

infants to their breasts. Then, at the sound by which the trumpet clanged alarm, the hardy rustics seize their arms and from all sides flock together; and no less readily the youth of Troy open the gates and in crowds pour forth to help Ascanius. The lines are ranged. Nor now in rustic skirmish do they meet with hardened clubs and stakes burned at the point, but with the two-edged steel they fight it out, and a horrid crop of swords unsheathed starts up with spiky heads, and the brazen weapons glitter in the sun, and flash the light to heaven; like as when with the first breath of wind the wave begins to whiten, the sea rises by degrees, and higher and higher heaves its waters, then from the lowest depths mounts to the clouds in swelling heaps. Here, before the foremost line, young Almo, eldest of the sons of Tyrrhus, is by a whizzing arrow slain; for in his throat the dart stuck fast, and with the blood it stopped the passage of the voice and breath. Round him many heroes fall, even old Galæsus, while he comes between to make the peace: a man who was of all most famed for love of justice, and formerly the richest in Ausonian lands. Five flocks of sheep, five herds of kine came daily home from pasture; and with an hundred ploughs he turned the soil.

And now, whilst o'er the plain an equal fight is waged, the goddess, when she'd made her promise good, and drenched the field with blood, and had begun the havoc of the first encounter, leaves Hesperia, and wheeling round up heaven's slope, proud of her success, addresses Juno: See discord brought for you to full maturity in bitter war! Just bid them now unite in amity and form their treaties. Since I have stained the Trojans with Ausonian blood, to these things will I add this also, if I am assured of your consent: the neighbouring towns by rumours will I urge to battles, and inflame their minds with frantic love of war, that from all sides

auxiliaries may come: arms will I scatter over all the land. Then Juno in return: Of panics and of fraud there is enough: well-grounded are the causes of a war; in arms they combat hand to hand; the weapons which mere chance supplied first blood has stained. Such marriage and such nuptial rites let Venus' "precious" brood and king Latinus celebrate. Almighty Father, ruler of heaven supreme, may not wish that you should roam with farther freedom in this upper air. Begone from here. What the chance of war may further need I will myself direct. These words Saturnia uttered: at which the Fury raises her wings, hissing with snakes, and hies to her home Cocytus, leaving the realms on high. In the centre of Italy, at the base of lofty mountains, lies a place well known, and celebrated by fame in many regions, the valley of Ampsanctus:[1] it, darkened by dense foliage, a wooded hillside bounds on either hand, and in the middle of the grove a mountain stream tumbling among the stones makes roaring noise. Here are shown an awful cavern and the breathing-holes[2] of cruel Pluto, and a vast whirlpool from Acheron's o'erflow expands its pestilential jaws; plunging into which, the Fury, power detested, relieved both earth and sky.

Meanwhile, with no less zeal Saturnian Juno to the opening war gives final impulse. From the battle to the city the shepherds rush and carry the slain—the youthful Almo, and Galæsus, his face with wounds disguised—and they implore the gods, and adjure Latinus. Turnus is present, and in the furious outcry at the slaughter, aggravates the terror; saying that the Trojans are invited to share the kingdom; that a Phrygian race is being mixed with theirs; that he himself is driven from the

[1] Ampsanctus, a pestilential lake near Capua, in Italy, supposed by the poets to be the entrance to the infernal regions.

[2] *i.e.*, the vents through which the mephitic vapour exhales. B.

palace. Then those whose wives, inspired by Bacchus, roam the pathless woods in choirs—for Amata's name had no small power—gather from all sides, and cry aloud "War," "War." All, under evil spell, demand accursed war against the omens, against even heaven's decrees. In their eagerness they surround the palace of Latinus. He withstands them like an ocean-rock unmoved, like an ocean-rock beneath a coming billow's crash, which by its massy size maintains its ground, though many waves upon it dash; the peaks and foamy cliffs all round roar with the surges, but to no effect, and the sea-weed dashed against its sides is driven back. But when he is unable to prevail against their blind resolve,[1] and when matters move at beck of cruel Juno, Latinus, with many protestations to the gods and empty air in vain, exclaims: Alas! by the Fates we're crushed, and carried onward by the tempest! O wretched citizens, yourselves with your sacrilegious blood shall pay the penalty for this. You, Turnus, vengeance for this impiety will await, you a stern punishment will overtake, and when too late you will implore the gods. Rest is assured for me, and the haven is full in view: I am deprived of nought but a happy death. He ceased; and shut in his palace, laid down the reins of government.

In ancient Latium it was a custom, which the Alban cities handed on as sacred, and which Rome, the mistress of the world, now strictly follows, when first they rouse the god of war to battle; whether with the Getæ[2] they prepare to wage a tearful contest, or with the Hyrcanians, or the Arabs, or to go against the Indians, and the remotest east, and from the Parthians redemand the standards. There are

[1] *Cæcum consilium* may mean either the blind resolve of Turnus and the people, or the hidden purpose of Juno and the Fury.

[2] The Getæ were a people of European Scythia, inhabiting part of Dacia near the mouth of the Danube.

two gates of war—so they are called—deemed sacred from superstitious veneration and the awe-inspiring presence: a hundred brazen bolts and strongest bars of iron shut them fast; and guardian Janus stirs not from the threshold. When the Fathers have resolved on war, the consul, conspicuous in the robe of Romulus and with the Gabine cincture, unlocks the creaking portals: himself calls forth the battle-sprites: then all the youth follow his lead, and the brazen cornets blow at once in hoarse assent. In this mode too Latinus then was urged to declare war against the Trojans, and unfold those gates of sorrow. The good old king refrained from touching them, and with abhorrence shrank from the hated office, and shut himself up in secret retirement. Then the queen of the gods, shooting from the sky, with her own hand pushed violently the reluctant gates, and, Saturn's daughter though she was, she threw wide-open the iron-bound doors of war on turning hinge.

Ausonia, previously at rest and still, is all on fire. Some prepare to take the field on foot; some, mounted on their steeds, rush wildly round midst clouds of dust: all seek for arms. Some rub their bucklers with rich fat to make them smooth, and polish bright their spears, and whet their axes on the stone: it pleases them to bear the standards, and to listen to the trumpet's sound. In all, five wealthy cities mount their anvils and renew their weapons. Atina[1] the powerful, and Tibur the exalted, Ardea and Crustumeri, and Antemnæ with its "diadem of towers." They hollow trusty coverings for their heads, and bend the osier hurdles as framework of their shields: others beat

[1] Atina, a city of the Volsci. Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, a city of the Sabines, about sixteen miles north-east of Rome, delightfully situated on the banks of the Anio: it was a favourite country residence of the Romans. Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli. Crustumerium and Antemnæ, towns of the Sabines: the latter was situated near the confluence of the Anio and Tiber.

out the brazen corslets, or from ductile silver mould the polished greaves. To this, all regard of the share and pruning-hook gives way, to this all love for the plough. In furnaces they forge their fathers' swords anew. And now the trumpets sound: the tessera, battle-token, passes round. One, with palpitating heart, takes his helmet from his house; another yokes his neighing steeds, and braces on his buckler and his mail with three-ply chains of gold, and to his side he girds his trusty sword.

Now open Helicon,[1] ye goddesses, and inspire my song: what kings were stirred to war; what troops following each leader filled the plain; with what heroes even then the fruitful land of Italy abounded, what hosts it had, and what a martial spirit burned. For you, O goddesses, both remember and can relate: to us a faint breath of fame is wafted down.

First there advances to the war the fierce Mezentius,[2] from the Tuscan coasts, despiser of the gods, and arms his troops. Conjoined with him was Lausus, his son, than whom none was nobler in form save Turnus of Laurentum. Lausus, famed horseman and famed hunter, from Agylla leads a thousand men,—all for nought,[3]—worthy of a better training, and whose father should have been—not a Mezentius.

Next princely Aventinus comes, son of the noble Hercules, and on the grassy plain he proudly shows his chariot decked with palm-leaf, and his victorious steeds, and on his shield he bears his sire's device, a hundred snakes and a hydra begirt with serpents; whom in the wooded hill of Aventine the priestess Rhea in secret bore, a mortal mixing with a

[1] Helicon, a celebrated mountain of Bœotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, from which issued the fountains Hippocrene and Aganippe.

[2] Mezentius, king of the Tyrrhenians, was expelled by his subjects on account of his cruelties, when he fled to Turnus, who employed him in his war against the Trojans. He and his son Lausus were slain by Æneas.

[3] Because he was never to return.

god, when the Tirynthian hero[1] reached the Laurentine fields as conqueror of slaughtered Geryon, and bathed his Spanish bulls in Tuscan stream. For war they carry in their hands the javelin and the horrid pike, and fight with polished spear and Sabine dart. Himself on foot, wearing a lion's shaggy hide, uncombed and bristly fierce, and having on his head the skin, with grinning teeth displayed, entered the palace, hideous to behold, his shoulders wrapped in robe of Hercules.

Two brothers next come from the walls of Tibur,—a race called from their brother's name Tiburtus,—Catilus and the valiant Coras, Argive youths, and they advance before the van, even amidst showers of darts: as when two cloudborn Centaurs from the hills descend, leaving Homole[2] and snowy Othrys at rapid speed; the forest parts before them as they go, and with noisy crash the brushwood yields.

Nor did Cæculus, founder of Præneste,[3] fail, whom after ages reputed Vulcan's son, begotten in the shepherds' haunts, and found amidst the embers. Him a rustic band accompanies from far and near around: both those who dwell in high Præneste, and those who cultivate the fields of Gabine Juno, or the Anio's cool stream and the mountain towns of the Hernicans,[4] watered with rills: whom you, fertile Anagnia, whom you, father Amasenus, feed. These are not all supplied with metal armour, no

[1] Tirynthian hero, a name of Hercules, from Tiryns, a town of Argolis in Peloponnesus, where he was said to have been brought up.

[2] Homole and Othrys, two lofty mountains in Thessaly, once the residence of the Centaurs.

[3] Præneste (Palestrina), a city of Latium, about twenty-four miles east from Rome, supposed to have been built by Cæculus, the son of Vulcan.

[4] Hernicans, a people of Campania, who were inveterate enemies of the Romans. Anagnia, a city of the Hernici. Amasenus (La Toppia), a river of Latium, falling into the Tyrrhene Sea.

shields or chariots make a rattling sound: most leaden bullets sling: some carry in the hand two javelins, and for covering to their heads wear tawny beavers of the fur of wolves: these walk with left foot bare, an untanned shoe protects the right.

Messapus,[1] horseman bold, Neptune's own son, whom none may slay by fire or sword, suddenly calls forth to arms his people, now at listless ease, and bands unused to war, and wields again the sword. These lead Fescennia's troops, and Æqui Falisci;[2] those possess the strongholds of Soracte,[3] and the Flavinian land, and the lake and mountain of Ciminus, and Capena's groves. They marched with measured tread, and sang the praises of their king: as when at times the snow-white swans in liquid clouds return from pasture, and from their necks pour forth melodious notes; the river Caÿster and the Asian lake, struck from far, return the sound. Nor would you think these brass-clad lines are formed from such a multitude, but that a flock of hoarse-voiced birds is hastening from the deep abyss to land. Lo! Clausus,[4] of the ancient Sabine blood, came on, with mighty host, he too "a host in himself,"—Clausus, from whom the Claudian tribe and clan are now through Latium diffused, from the time that Rome was to the Sabines given in part. With them Amiternum's[5] numerous bands, and the

[1] Messapus, a son of Neptune, who left Bœotia, and came to settle in Italy, where he assisted Turnus against Æneas.

[2] Æqui Falisci, a people of Etruria, originally a Macedonian colony. Some make Æquos a common adjective, meaning "famed for equity." Fescennia, also a town of Etruria.

[3] Soracte (M. S. Oreste), a mountain of Etruria, about twenty-six miles north of Rome, sacred to Apollo. Flavinia and Copena, towns of Etruria. Ciminus, a mountain and lake of Etruria.

[4] Clausus, king of the Sabines. He was said to be the progenitor of Ap. Claudius, the founder of the Claudian family.

[5] Amiternum, Eretum, and Mutusca, towns of the Sabines.

ancient Quirites,[1] the might of Eretum, and of the olive-bearing Mutusca; those who inhabit the city Nomentum, and the Rosean plains of Velinus, the rocks of rugged Tetrica,[2] and Mount Severus, Casperia, and Foruli, and the river Himella;[3] those who drink the Tiber and the Fabaris; those whom cold Nursia sent, the Hortine squadrons, and the Latin nations; and those whose territory Allia[4] drains, an inauspicious name: numerous as the billows roll in the Libyan main, when Orion sinks in fury in the wintry waves; or as many as the ears of corn, when scorched by the sun's first heat on Hermus' plain, or in Lycia's yellowing fields. Their bucklers ring, and earth echoes, startled by their prancing tread. Next Halæsus,[5] of Agamemnon's race, foe to the Trojan name, to the chariot yokes his steeds and hurries to Turnus' aid a thousand warlike tribes; those who with hoes break up the soil of Massic slopes, fertile in vines, and whom the Auruncan fathers sent from their lofty hills, and those who till the neighbouring plains of Sidicinum;[6] those who march from Cales, and who border on Vulturnus, with its many fords; together with the hardy natives of

[1] Quirites: the Sabines were so called from the town of Cures which they inhabited; the name was also given to the citizens of Rome after their union with the Sabines.

[2] Tetrica and Severus, mountains in the country of the Sabines, near the river Fabaris. Casperia and Foruli, towns of the Sabines.

[3] Himella and Fabaris, rivers of the Sabines; the former falls into the Tiber below Cures. Nursia and Hortanum, towns of the Sabines.

[4] Allia, a river of Italy, falling into the Tiber. On its banks the Romans were defeated with great slaughter by the Gauls under Brennus, B.C. 390. Hence it was deemed inauspicious.

[5] Halesus, a son of Agamemnon and Briseis, or of Clytemnestra. Having been driven from home, he came to Italy, where he settled on Mount Massicus, in Campania.

[6] Sidicinum and Cales, towns of Campania, in Italy. Vulturnus, a river of Campania, rising in the Appenines, and falling into the Tyrrhene Sea, after passing near the city of Capua.

Saticula,[1] and the Oscan troops. Their weapons are round-shafted clubs, but their custom is to fit them with a pliant thong. A small target covers their left arms; for close fight they have scimitars.

Nor Œbalus[2] shall you be in my verses left unsung, borne to Telon, as the story is, by nymph Sebethis, when, now advanced in years, he held Capreæ, Teleboan realms. But the son, not satisfied with his father's realm, even at that time extended his rule far and wide over the Sarrastes,[3] and the plains which Sarnus waters. Those also who inhabit Rufræ and Batulum, and the fields of Celemna, and those whom the walls of fruit-bearing Abella overlook; who, after the Teutonic fashion, are wont to sling cateian darts;[4] whose helmets are the rind fresh from the cork-tree pulled, and whose half-moon shields and swords are made of glittering brass.

And you, too, Ufens,[5] hilly Nersæ sent to the war, well known by reputation, and by success in battle, whose subjects are the Æquiculi, a savage race, bred in a hardened soil, inured to frequent hunting in the woods. With their weapons by their side they till their fields, and ever take delight in gathering recent booty, and in living on their spoils.

[1] Saticula, a town of the Samnites, east of Capua. Osci, a people between Campania and the country of the Volsci.

[2] Œbalus, a son of Telon, king of the Teleboans, a people of Ætolia, in Greece, and the nymph Sebethis. The Teleboans under Œbalus settled in Capreæ (Capri), an island on the coast of Campania, in Italy.

[3] Sarrastes, a people of Campania, on the river Sarnus, which divides that country from the Picentini, and falls into the Bay of Naples. Rufræ, &c., towns of Campania.

[4] Perhaps resembling the "aclydes" in vs. 730.

[5] Ufens, a river of Latium, falling into the Tyrrhene Sea near Tarracina. Nersæ, a town of Umbria in Italy. Æquiculi, a people of Latium near Tibur.

There came, moreover, from the Marruvian nation, Umbro[1] the priest, bravest of the brave, sent by his chief, Archippus, his helmet wreathed with leaves of the auspicious olive; who by charms and by his hand was wont to lull to sleep the viper's race, and hydras of foul and poisonous breath; their fury he assuaged, and by his art disarmed their stings. But to cure the hurt of Trojan steel surpassed his power; nor soporific charms, nor herbs of Marsian mountains availed him aught against its wounds. For you, Angitia's grove, for you, Fucinus, with his crystal waters, for you the glassy lakes lamented.

Virbius,[2] too, son of Hippolytus, of noblest form and mien, marched to the war; whom his mother Aricia[3] sent forth in splendid armour, reared in Egeria's groves, near the humid shores, where stands the rich and kindly altar of Diana. For legend tells that Hippolytus, when by his step-dame's art he perished, and being torn in pieces by his frighted steeds, with his blood had paid the penalty to his father due, came once again to upper earth and viewed the stars of heaven, recalled to life by healing herbs and kind Diana's love. Then almighty Jove, incensed that mortal should from the infernal shades rise to the light of life, himself with thunder hurled to the Stygian floods Apollo's offspring, the author of such medicine and such skill. But Diana, in her kindness, hides Hippolytus in lonely

[1] Umbro, a general of the Marsi, whose capital, Marrubium, was situated on the banks of the lake Fucinus. Angitia, a wood in the country of the Marsi, between Alba and the lake Fucinus (L. di Celano).

[2] Virbius, a name given to Hippolytus after he had been restored to life by Æsculapius at the instance of Diana, who pitied his unfortunate end. Virgil makes him the son of Hippolytus.

[3] Aricia, an Athenian, whom Hippolytus married, after he had been restored to life by Æsculapius. Egeria, a nymph of Aricia in Italy, where Diana was particularly worshipped.

coverts, and consigns him to Egeria's grove; where in solitude obscure he might live for ever in the Italian woods, and change to Virbius, with an altered name. On which account steeds are debarred from Trivia's[1] temple and her sacred groves, because, scared by sea-monsters, they overturned the driver and his car upon the shore. Yet, notwithstanding this, on the level plain the son his horses trained, and in his chariot rushed to war.

Turnus himself, of commanding mien, among the foremost moves in armour clad, and by a head o'ertops them all. Whose towering helmet, with three-crested plume, bears a Chimæra breathing from its jaws flames copious as Ætna's. The bloodier the fight becomes, the more outrageous does she grow, and more savage with her baleful fire. An Io, with horns erect and formed of gold, adorned his polished shield; an Io, already covered with coarse hair, already become a heifer—a splendid device; and Argus,[2] the guardian of the maiden, and father Inachus pouring forth his river-stream from a sculptured urn. A cloud of infantry succeeds, and shielded battalions in condensed array o'erspread the plain; the Argive youth, and the Ausonian bands, the Rutuli, and Sicanians, early settlers; the Sacranian hosts, and the Labici with their painted bucklers: those, Tiberinus, who cultivate your glades, and the sacred banks of Numicus, and with the ploughshare labour the Rutulian hills and Circe's ridge; lands which Jupiter of Anxur[3] overlooks, and Feronia rejoicing in her verdant grove, where lies the gloomy fen of Saturn,

[1] Trivia, a name given to Diana, because she presided over all places where three roads met.

[2] Argus, feigned to have a hundred eyes, of which only two were asleep at once. Juno sent him to watch Io.

[3] Anxur, a city of the Volsci in Latium, sacred to Jupiter, whose temple was on a height and overlooked the adjacent country. Feronia, a Roman goddess, the mother of Herilus: she had the care of woods and orchards.

and where Ufens, with his icy waters, seeks a channel through the valley's depths, and hides him in the sea. In addition to these came Camilla[1] of the Volscian nation, leading a troop of horse and bands of foot, with brazen armour bright, a virgin warrior she, who to distaff and to woman's needle-work ne'er lent her hands, but, maiden though she was, essayed the hard-fought fight, and in speed of foot was able to outstrip the winds. Over the standing grain she'd fly, nor damage in her course the tender ears; or along the deep would skim, buoyant on the swelling waves, nor with her nimble soles once touch the watery plain. At her would crowds of men and matrons, rushing from the houses and the fields, gaze with wonder, and with their eyes would follow her in distant flight, agape in their astonishment to see how royal purple mantles on her shoulders soft and plump; how a golden clasp confines her hair; with what grace she bears her Lycian quiver, and a shepherd's myrtle spear with head of steel.

[1] Camilla, queen of the Volsci, was the daughter of Metabus and Casmilla.

BOOK VIII.

In the Eighth Book Æneas forms an alliance with Evander, who sends to his assistance a chosen body of men under his son Pallas. Venus presents Æneas with a suit of armour fabricated by Vulcan: on the shield are represented the future glory and triumph of the Romans.

When Turnus on Laurentum's towers had raised the battle-flag and with hoarse notes the horns brayed forth, and when he roused the mettle of the horses, and clashed together shield and spear, forthwith the minds of men were stirred, and at once all Latium bands together in wild excitement, and a more savage spirit fills the young. The captains, Messapus and Ufens, and the godless Mezentius, are first to collect their troops from all sides called, and from the fields withdraw the husbandmen. Moreover, to the city of great Diomede Venulus is sent to beg his aid, and to tell him that the Trojans are setting foot on Latium; that Æneas, coming in his fleet, is bringing in his conquered household gods, and is declaring that him the Fates demand as king; that many tribes are joining the Dardan prince, and that his name is gaining ground through all the land. What he aims at by these measures, what result of the war he expects if fortune attend him, he knows better than king Turnus or king Latinus.

So matters stood in Latium. The Trojan prince, seeing all this, is driven to and fro by a strong tide of troubles, and turns his rapid mind now here, now there, and hurries it to various objects, and ponders all again, and yet again: like as when in brazen caldrons the tremulous light of water, reflected from the sun, or from the image of the radiant moon, flits over every place around, and now is

darted upwards, and strikes the ceiling of the lofty roof. It was night, and deep sleep had enchained all wearied animals in every land, both cattle and the flying kind; when on the bank, and beneath the sky's cold canopy, Æneas, perplexed in mind by this untoward war, lay down, and suffered sleep to spread, though late, through all his limbs. To him father Tiberinus, god of the place, seemed to rise from the delightful stream among the poplar leaves: a linen robe enwrapped his limbs in sea-green folds, and a crown of reeds covered his head. Then thus he addressed him, and with these words relieved his cares:

O offspring of the gods, who bring to us Troy saved from its foes, and preserve the towers of Pergamus, henceforth imperishable, O long looked for on Laurentine soil and Latin realms, here is your sure abode, here is your certain home: desist not, nor fear the threats of war; all the anger and the grudges of the gods have ceased. And now, that you may not think that sleep makes up these visionary dreams, you will find a sow lying on the ground under the holm-oaks on the river bank, having brought forth a litter of thirty young—white herself, white the sucklings at her teats: [that will be the site of your city, that a sure rest from your toils:] in fulfilment of which omen, after thirty revolving years Ascanius shall found Alba, a city of illustrious name. I tell you things which bear no doubt. Now attend: I will briefly show you by what means you may carry to success the work in hand. On these coasts the Arcadians, a race descended from Pallas, who followed their king Evander[1] and his standards,

[1] Evander, an Arcadian, and the grandson of Pallas, left his native city, Pallanteum, probably in consequence of parricide, committed at the instigation of his mother Nicostrata or Carmentis (Servius on vs. 51), and founded a city in Latium, called after the mother state. Afterwards the Romans called it the Palatium. It was the most sacred and hallowed part of Rome.

chose out a spot and among the hills a city built called Pallanteum, from name of ancient Pallas,—these with the Latin race maintain a constant war. Them to your camp admit as allies, and form a treaty. I myself will guide you straight along my channel, that sailing up you may by rowing overcome the current's force. Arise, bestir yourself, O goddess-born, and at earliest dawn to Juno offer prayers, and by suppliant vows disarm her anger and her threats. To me due honours you shall pay when you have gained success. I am the azure Tiber, a river by heaven beloved, whom you behold grazing the banks with brimming stream, dividing fertile lands. Here is my home; midst noble cities is my source.

He said, then in the pool he hid himself from view, plunging to its depths: from Æneas night and sleep departed. Up he starts, and gazing at the sun's new beams, with due devotion in his hollowed palm he holds some water from the stream, and to the gods these words pours forth: Ye nymphs, ye Laurentine nymphs, whence rivers have their origin![1] and you, O father Tiber, with your sacred flood receive Æneas, and at length from dangers save. In whatever source your home may be, who feel for our distress, from whatever soil you spring, fairest on earth, to you my worship and my offerings I will ever bring. O horned monarch of Italian streams, be near to aid us, and with present deity your omens seal. Thus he speaks; and from his fleet selects two galleys, fits with oars; and the crews with arms supplies.

But lo! a strange and sudden prodigy appears — a sow all white with her litter in the wood had laid her down, and on the grassy bank is seen, which to you, O mighty Juno, the good Æneas at the altar slays together with her brood. That livelong night the Tiber stayed his

[1] That is, ye nymphs of the river-fountains.

swelling current, and with backward heave so gently flowed, that, like a placid pool or peaceful lake, he smoothed the surface of his flood, that nothing might impede the oars. Therefore, with a hearty cheer, they speed upon their voyage. The well-pitched galleys glide quickly on the stream: the waves in wonder see the heroes' shields glittering from far, and painted keels floating upon the water; the groves, unused to such a sight, are in amaze. In rowing they exhaust both night and day, and overcome the tedious windings, and sail beneath the shade of trees[1] of changing hue, and upon the placid stream they pass through verdant woods. The scorching sun had scaled the heights of heaven when they espy the walls and citadel hard by, and roofs of houses here and there; places which now Rome's power has raised to heaven. Evander at that time ruled the humble state. Quickly they turn the prows to shore and approach the town.

That day the Arcadian king chanced to be holding solemn festival before the city in a grove to the great Hercules and to the gods. Then too did his son Pallas, and with him all the chief young men and the humble[2] senate offer incense, and the tepid blood smoked at the altars. When they espied the lofty ships, and saw that they were moving onward through the shady groves, and that the crews in silence were bending to their oars, they are startled at the sudden sight, and leaving the feasts, all rise at once. But Pallas, dauntless, forbids them to delay the sacred rites, and seizing his lance, in person flies to meet them, and speaks at a distance from a rising ground: Warriors, what cause has led you to attempt an unknown way? whither are ye bound? says he: who are you by descent? whence came you? bring you

[1] Which overhung the banks on both sides.

[2] This phrase elegantly expresses the humble resources of the times.

peace or war? Then from the lofty deck thus speaks Æneas, and in his hand holds forth a branch of peaceful olive: The sons of Troy you see, and arms hostile to the Latins, whom they have driven forth by outrage and by war. We seek Evander. Bear this message, and say that certain Trojan chiefs have come asking a friendly league. At mention of a name so great Pallas was stunned. Come ashore, says he, whoe'er you are, and see my father face to face, and be our guest. Then he welcomed him, and grasping his right hand, held it fast. Advancing they enter the grove, and leave the river. Then Æneas addresses the king in words of friendship: Worthiest of the sons of Greece, to whom fortune has willed that I should make appeal, and extend these suppliant boughs. Indeed I feared not, because you were a Grecian leader and an Arcadian, and because you were by race allied to Atreus' sons; but my motive pure and the holy oracles of the gods, and the affinity of our ancestors, and your own repute well known o'er all the land, have bound you to me as a friend, and urged me here by fate with right good will. Dardanus, the first father and founder of the city Ilium,[1] born of Electra, the daughter of Atlas, as the Greeks record, comes to the Trojans: the mighty Atlas, who on his shoulder bears the heavenly bodies, begot Electra. Your father is Mercury, whom beauteous Maia bore on cold Cyllene's heights. But Atlas is the father of Maia, if to tradition we may credit give; that same Atlas who supports the stars of heaven. Thus from one stock our stems divide. Relying on this, neither to embassies have I had recourse, nor do I artfully make overtures of peace: me and my life I have exposed, and am come a suppliant to your threshold. The same

[1] Ilium, the citadel of Troy, generally taken for the city itself, so named from Ilus, one of the Trojan kings.

Daunian nation[1] which pursues you in cruel war attacks us also: if they once defeat us, nothing, they presume, will hinder them from entirely forcing all Hesperia under yoke, and from commanding both the upper and the lower sea.[2] Take and give pledges of faith. With us are hearts valiant in war, with us are high resolves, and warriors well tried in deeds of daring.

Æneas ceased to speak. Evander during all the while observed with care the speaker's face, and his eyes and body. Then thus he briefly replies: Bravest of the Trojans, how gladly do I receive and hail you! how well I recollect the words, the voice, and features of the great Anchises! For I remember that Priam, Laomedon's son, in his way to Salamis[3] to visit the realms of his sister Hesione, came on to see Arcadia's chilly realms. At that time early youth was covering my cheek with down: I admired the Trojan chiefs; and Laomedon's son I specially admired, but Anchises as he walked was taller than them all: my soul burned with youthful desire to accost the hero, and to clasp his hand. I went forward, and with keen delight I led him to the walls of Pheneus.[4] At his departure he gave me an ornamented quiver and Lycian arrows, a mantle interwoven with gold, and two bridles with golden bosses, which my son Pallas now has. Therefore in league with you I join my hand as you desire, and as soon as the morrow's light to earth returns I will dismiss you, gladdened by my

[1] Daunian nation: Daunus, a son of Pilumnus and Danae, and father of Turnus, came from Illyricum into Apulia, where he reigned over part of the country, from him called Daunia.

[2] *i.e.*, the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian Seas.

[3] Salamis (Colouri), an island of Greece in the Saronic Gulf, near the coast of Attica. Hesione, a daughter of Laomedon, king of Troy, and sister to Priam. Hercules, having delivered her from a sea-monster to which she was exposed, gave her in marriage to Telamon, king of Salamis.

[4] Pheneus (Phonia), a town of Arcadia, near Mount Cyllene.

assistance, and will help you with my means. But now, since friends you come, with right good will observe with us this annual feast, which must not be deferred, and now at banquets of your allies feel at home.

Thus having spoken, he orders the dishes and cups which had been removed to be replaced, and himself directs the heroes to the grassy banks; and as a special mark of favour, he receives Æneas on a couch and shaggy lion's skin, and seats him on a maple throne. Then with earnest zeal selected youths and the altar-priest the roasted joints of bullocks bring, heap loaves of bread in baskets, and serve the wine. Æneas and the Trojan youth feast on the sacred entrails and a bullock's chine.

As soon as hunger was removed and appetite allayed, Evander says: No empty superstition or ignorance of ancient gods has imposed on us these solemn rites, this customary banquet, this altar of so great a deity: from cruel dangers saved, my Trojan guest, these rites we offer, and from year to year renew these honours justly due. Now, first observe this crag with overhanging rocks; how the huge masses are scattered far abroad, and the mountainous abode stands desolate, and the cliffs have fallen with dreadful crash. Here, far removed from sight, in a vast recess, there was a cave, which the hideous figure of the half-man Cacus[1] occupied, to sunbeams inaccessible; and ever with recent blood the pavement smoked; and on the cruel entrance hung the heads of men, all ghastly with the piteous gore. Vulcan was this monster's father: belching from his mouth his sooty flames, his giant bulk he proudly carried. In answer to our earnest prayers the arrival of a god at length brought aid. For Hercules, the great avenger, came, uplifted by the death and spoils of triple

[1] Cacus, the son of Vulcan and Medusa, a notorious robber, slain by Hercules.

Geryon, and victorious, drives his bulls, and his cattle filled the river's vale. But Cacus, whose mind was maddened by the Furies—to leave no act of villany or of deceit undared—from their pasture steals four bulls for size and beauty famed, and cows as many of excelling make. By the tail he dragged them to the cave that not a mark of foot might point the way in front, and hurried them into the covert of the hollow rock with tracks reversed. Though he searched with care, no oxen[1] led him to the cave. Meanwhile, when Amphitryon's son from the pasture moved his well-fed herds, and made to go elsewhere, the cows at their departure lowed, and by their plaintive cries the wood was filled, and they left the hill still lowing. From the spacious cave one answered by a roar, and, though guarded, cheated Cacus' hopes. On this Alcides's wrath with fiercer passion burned. He takes his weapon, and his club heavy with knots, and at running speed makes for the summit of the mountain. Then first our shepherds saw Cacus in dismay, and by his eyes betraying dread: at once he flies swifter than the east wind, and seeks the cave: to his feet fear added wings. No sooner in than he undid the chains and let down the enormous rock, which father Vulcan by iron had artfully suspended, and had made fast the door-posts by a strengthening bolt. But lo! the Tirynthian hero, furious with rage, was upon him, and, examining every approach, turned his eyes now here now there, gnashing with his teeth. Boiling with indignation, he thrice surveys the whole of Aventine; thrice in vain essays the gates of rock; thrice in the vale, wearied, he sat him down to rest. There stood a sharp flint cliff, which rose from the cave's roof, with sheer cut sides all round; it towered high, and was a fitting home for nests of birds of evil omen. As it leant down-

[1] Because the foot-prints pointed the wrong way.

ward to the river on the left, Alcides wrenched it with might and main in the opposite direction, to the right, and from its base he tore it clean away, and hurled it forward: with this impulse aether thunders to its utmost bounds, the banks in terror leap asunder, and the surges of the affrighted stream rush backward. And now the palace-den of tyrant Cacus was opened full to view, and those darksome caverns were to their very depths exposed; just as if, by some mighty shock, the earth, yawning to her centre, should disclose the nether world and dismal realms by gods detested, and from above were seen a vast abyss, and ghosts should huddle in dismay at influx of the light. Him therefore, taken by surprise in the unlooked-for light, and close imprisoned in the hollow rock, and bellowing with unearthly roars, Alcides plies with weapons on the higher ground, and calls to his aid missiles of every kind, even trunks of trees and massive millstones. But he—for now there's no escape from danger—disgorges from his jaws great clouds of smoke, 'tis wondrous to relate, and wraps his den in pitchy night, through which no eye can see, and from beneath the cave sends up a steaming darkness, with fire and gloom combined. Alcides, in his wrath, lost patience, and with a bound leaped headlong through the flames, where the thickest smoke wreathes upward, and the vast cave surges with a murky cloud. And thus he grasps, as with a knot, the monster Cacus, disgorging fire in vain, and clinging, throttling, squeezes out his starting eyes, and chokes his bloodless throat. Immediately the doors are burst and the dungeon opened up, and the stolen cattle are shown to light of day, and his many robberies,[1] oft disclaimed; and the shapeless carcase is dragged forth to view. Men cannot gaze enough on those dread eyes, on that hideous

[1] *i.e.*, those robberies which he had committed before the arrival of Hercules, and which he had denied on oath.

face, on the breast of half-wild beast, shaggy with bristles, and those fires now in his awful jaws extinct. From that time forth this festival is yearly held, and posterity with joy the day still keeps: and especially Potitius,[1] the first founder, and the Pinarian family, the guardian of this sacred rite of Hercules, erected this altar in the grove, which shall always be styled by us the Great, and shall be the Great for ever. Wherefore come, Sirs: in doing honour to such services, wreathe your locks with leaves, and hold forth your cups, and invoke our common god, and with ready will supply the wine. He said; then with its Herculean shade the poplar of double hue both decked his locks, and with its leaves festooned hung down, and a sacred goblet filled his hand. Quickly all with joy pour out libations, and supplicate the gods.

Meanwhile, with heaven's decline the evening draws near; and now the priests, with Potitius at their head, marched in procession, clad in skins, as was their wont, and carried torches. They renew the feast, and present the dainties of the second service,[2] and heap the hearths with loaded dishes. Then round the smoking altars the Salian[3] minstrels advance, their temples bound with poplar boughs; one choir of youths, another of old men; who celebrate the praises of Alcides, and record in verse his mighty deeds: how first by squeeze of infant hand he crushed his step-dame's monster snakes; how noble cities he in war

[1] Potitius and Pinarius, Arcadians, who came with Evander to Italy, and who were entrusted with the sacrifices of Hercules.

[2] *i.e.*, the evening repast, as shown by Weichart. The other had taken place at mid-day.

[3] Salii, an order of priests at Rome, who had the charge of the sacred shields called Ancilia, which they carried every year, on the first of March, in solemn procession round the walls of Rome, dancing and singing praises to the god Mars.

o'erthrew, Troy and Œchalia;[1] how under king Eurystheus[2] he underwent a thousand grievous labours by the unfair decrees of partial Juno. O invincible one, it is thou who didst by thy might subdue the cloud-born Centaurs of double form, Hylæus and Pholus, who didst slay the Cretan monster, and the huge lion in the cave of Nemea.[3] For fear of thee the Stygian lakes did tremble; so did hell's watch-dog, cowering in his bloody den upon his half-gnawed bones: but no forms, however dreadful, caused thee fear; not even Typhœus,[4] with his armour raised to strike: nor did the snake of Lerna, with its horrid host of hissing heads encircling thee, disturb thy mind's composure. Hail, undoubted offspring of Jove, a glory added to the gods: visit both us and these thy sacred rites with thy auspicious presence. Such deeds they celebrate in song: above all, they add the den of Cacus, and himself emitting flames. The grove rings with the din, and the hills resound.

Then, the service finished, all to the city hie them back. The king, beset by marks of age, went on in front, and near him, as he walked, he kept Æneas and his son, and beguiled the way by varied conversation. With wondering delight Æneas looks, and quickly turns[5] his eyes o'er all the scene, is charmed with every spot, and asks and learns with joy the story of the men of old.

[1] Œchalia. There were several towns called Œchalia. The one here referred to is generally thought to have been in Thessaly. But the ancients themselves were not agreed on the point.

[2] Eurystheus, the brother and task-master of Hercules.

[3] Nemea, a valley in Argolis in Peloponnesus, near which Hercules performed his first labour by killing the celebrated Nemean lion.

[4] Typhœus, a famous giant, son of Tartarus and Terra, said to have had a hundred heads like those of a serpent or a dragon. He made war upon the gods, but Jupiter put him to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed him under Mount Ætna, or, according to some, under the island Inarime (Ischia).

[5] "*Faciles*," *i.e.*, easily bending and turning in all directions.

Then king Evander, founder of the Roman stronghold, spoke as follows: These groves the native Fauns and Nymphs possessed, and a race of men sprung from the trunks of trees and stubborn oak; who walked by no set rules of life, nor had they life's enjoyments, nor did they think to yoke the steers, or wealth amass, or spare their gains, but fed on branches and on the hunter's hard and scanty fare. From heights of heaven first Saturn came, an exile of his realms bereft, Jove's violence to shun. The race untaught and scattered on the mountain sides he brought together, and gave them laws, and chose the name of Latium because within its bounds he had lived latent and secure. Under his reign the so-called golden age existed, in peace so perfect did he rule his realm; till by degrees an era more depraved and of dimmer colour came, and rage for war, and greed for wealth. Next came the Ausonian bands and the Sicilian nations, and more than once the land of Saturn changed its name. Then were there various kings, and fierce Thybris of gigantic make, from whom Italians in after times have named the river Thybris; ancient Albula lost its real name. Me driven from my country, and tracking the remotest seas, almighty fortune and overmastering Fate in these lands have placed; and the urgent orders of my mother, the nymph Carmentis,[1] and Apollo's divine commands drove me to settle here.

So he spoke: then, going on, he shows him both the altar and the Carmental gate, as by the ancient name the Romans call it, in honour of the nymph Carmentis, the prophetess who was first to tell the future grandeur of the Ænean race, and the after fame of Pallanteum. Next he points out the spacious grove which Romulus a refuge made,

[1] Carmentis, a prophetess of Arcadia, mother of Evander, with whom she came to Italy.

and in a cold cave the Lupercal,[1] called after the Arcadian manner the grotto of Lycæan Pan. He likewise shows the sacred grove of Argiletum,[2] and identifies the spot as that on which Argus his guest was slain. He leads him next to the Tarpeian Rock and to the Capitol, now gilded, once covered with rough thickets. Even then its dreaded sanctity the timid rustics awed; even then they trembled at the wood and rocks. This grove, says he, this wood-topped hill, a god inhabits, what god we know not: the Arcadians believe they have often seen great Jove himself, when with his strong right hand he shook the ægis black and grim, and raised his thunder-clouds. Farther, says he, two towns you see with walls demolished, memorials left by men of old: this stronghold father Janus, that Saturnus built; Janiculum[3] the one, Saturnia the other. With converse such as this they neared the humble palace of Evander, and here and there saw herds then lowing in the Roman forum and the elegant Carinæ. When to his home they came: This door, says he, Alcides in his triumph[4] entered: him this house received: Venture then, my guest, all splendour to hold light, and show yourself, as he did, worthy of divinity, and come, disdaining not our humble state. So spake he: and underneath his lowly roof he led the great Æneas, and placed him on a couch of leaves, o'erspread by skin of Libyan bear.

Night hurries down, and with her dusky wings enfolds the

[1] Lupercal, a place at the foot of Mount Aventine, sacred to Pan, whose festivals, called Lupercalia, were celebrated annually.

[2] Argiletum, a place at Rome near the Palatium, where tradesmen had their shops.

[3] Janiculum, one of the seven hills of Rome, on which Janus built a town of the same name. Saturnia, an ancient town of Italy, supposed to have been built by Saturn on the Tarpeian Rock.

[4] From this circumstance Hercules probably derived his surname of "Victor," having been received into "*parva regia, sed summa religione.*"

earth. But Venus, in her mind alarmed,—and not for nought,—moved by threats of the Laurentines, and the rising of that hardy race, addresses Vulcan,[1] and in the golden chamber of her husband begins the subject, and to her words imparts a love divine. Whilst the Grecian kings in war were wasting Troy, doomed to destruction, and her bulwarks soon to fall by their hostile fires, for the wretched Trojans I asked no help, no arms forged by your skill and means; nor, O dearest husband, did I beg your toil in vain, though much I owed to Priam's sons, and often wailed the hardships of Æneas. Now, by Jove's commands, in the Rutulian realms he settles down; so I, your same fond wife, come as a suppliant, and ask your deity revered for arms—a mother for her son. You the daughter of Nereus, you the wife of Tithonus, could by tears persuade. See what nations combine, what towns with gates close shut the sword are whetting against me and mine. She ceased to speak; and as he lingers to reply, the goddess fondly clasps him in her warm embrace. At once he felt the wonted fire, and the well-known passion thrilled through his melting frame, just as at times a fiery chink bursting in the sky with flashing thunderbolt shoots with its glittering light athwart the clouds. His wife perceived it, pleased with her wiles and conscious of her charms. Then Vulcan, thralled by never-dying love, thus speaks: Why seek you far-fetched reasons? Where has fled your trust in me, O goddess?

[1] Vulcan, the son of Jupiter and Juno, and the husband of Venus, was the god of fire, and the patron of all artists who worked in iron and metals. He is said to have been cast down from heaven, and by his fall in the island of Lemnos to have broken his leg, and ever after to have remained lame of one foot. The Cyclopes in Sicily were his workmen, and with him they fabricated in his forges, which were supposed to be under Mount Ætna, not only the thunderbolts of Jupiter, but also arms for the gods and the most celebrated heroes.

Had you felt the same desire, then too I might have armed the Trojans: neither Almighty Jove nor the Fates forbade that Troy and Priam should survive for ten years more. And now, if you prepare for war, and this is your resolve, whatever in my craft I can effect by care and skill, whatever can be made from steel or amber metal,[1] as much as fire and bellows can, I promise: cease by entreaties your powers to distrust. Having spoken thus he gave the wished embrace, and on the bosom of his spouse sought deep and peaceful sleep.

Then when in mid-career of night, now largely spent, first sleep had from his eyes chased drowsy slumber, when she who is forced to make her living by the distaff and the the ill-paid loom[2] first stirs the embers and the slumbering fire, adding to her labour-time the hours of night, and by torchlight works her maidens at their tedious task, that she may keep pure her husband's home and worthily bring up her little ones, just so and with no less zeal at that time does the Fire-god rise from off his downy bed and take his workman's tools. Near the Sicilian coast and Æolian Lipari[3] there rises from the sea an island with high and ever-smoking rocks, and under it a chasm, and caves like Ætna's hollowed by the forges of the Cyclops' thunder; and sturdy strokes resound from the anvils with their echoing groans, and the bars of iron hiss in the caverns, and the fire pants in the furnaces: 'tis Vulcan's home, and the land is called Vulcania. To it at that time the Fire-god comes from lofty heaven. In their ample caves the Cyclopes were working iron, Brontes and Steropes, and Pyracmon with naked body. In their hands they had a thunderbolt, but rudely shapen, but partly polished, one of the many which Jupiter hurls on the

[1] A mixture of gold and silver, of a pale amber colour.

[2] "The loom yielding but a scanty reward."

[3] Lipari, anciently the Æolian Islands, on the northern coast of Sicily; they are of volcanic origin.

earth from every part of heaven : some remained unfinished. Three rays there were of hail, three of the watery clouds, three of the ruddy blaze, and three of winged wind. Now in blended form they added to the work the awful lightning, roaring noise, and dread and wrath of Jove with persecuting flames. In another place they hurried on for Mars a chariot and its rapid wheels with which he maddens men to war, whereby he maddens towns ; and with eager rivalry they were polishing the horror-striking ægis, the weapon of enraged Minerva, with serpent's scales in gold, and clustered snakes, and the Gorgon too, rolling its eyes within the severed heads. Away with these, says he, and lay aside the work begun, Ætnean Cyclopes, and pay good heed to this : Armour is to be made for a valiant hero. Now strength you need, now rapid hands, now all your master skill. Begone at once delay. Nor said he more : all quickly set to work, and among them shared the task in equal parts. Brass flows in streams and gold as well, and wound-inflicting steel is melted in the capacious furnace. They shape in outline an enormous shield, enough itself to meet the darts of all the Latins, and seven plates together bind, orb upon orb. In the windy bellows some receive the air and give it forth again, while others dip the hissing metal in the trough. The cave groans under the mounted anvils. With alternate stroke they vigorously raise their arms in concert, and with the griping pincers turn the iron.

While in Æolian realms the god of Lemnos [1] hastens on the work, the cheering light and morning songs of birds beside his roof call forth Evander from his humble hut. The old man rises, and in his tunic girds himself, and on his feet he binds his Tuscan sandals : then to his side he

[1] Vulcan, the Hephæstus of the Greeks, is represented by Homer as falling on Lemnos when thrown from Olympus by Jupiter.

hangs his Tegean sword, strapped from his shoulders, and from his left lets droop a panther's skin, thrown loosely on. Moreover, two dogs, his guardians, go before him from the lofty threshold, and attend their master's steps. Æneas' rooms he sought, mindful of their converse and his promised boon, good, noble man. And no less early was his guest astir. Pallas attends the one, Achates the other. Meeting, they join hands, and in the middle of the court sit down, and at length indulge in conversation unrestrained. The king first speaks: O leader of the Trojans, greatest surely, for whilst you live I never will admit that Ilium's state and power have been undone, to aid in such a war our strength is small for fame so great. On one side we are hemmed by Tuscan Tiber, on the other the Rutulian presses, and thunders round our walls in war's array. I mean to league with you great nations, and warlike powers with rich domains—a safeguard which unlooked-for chance presents. 'Tis at the call of Fate you come. Not far hence is built the city of Agylla, founded of old upon its rocky site, where once a Lydian tribe, renowned in war, settled on Etruscan heights. This flourishing for many years, Mezentius thereafter held with tyrant sway and merciless soldiers. Why name his brutal massacres? why the despot's savage deeds? May the gods reserve them for himself and his posterity! Why, he was even wont to chain the living to the dead, placing hand on hand and face on face, direful torture! and thus by lingering deaths he slew his victims, dripping with gore and putrefaction in that loathed embrace. But the citizens, at last worn out, besiege his palace, and attack himself, cruel beyond description; they slay his followers, and to his roof trees toss the fire. Amidst the slaughter he escaped and fled for refuge to the Rutuli, and was protected by the arms of Turnus, his host. Thus all Etruria arose in frenzy just: by instant war the king for punishment

they ask. O Æneas, to these thousands I will add you as their leader. For ships, crowding all the shore, clamour for action, and are eager to advance: an aged augur holds them back, the fates revealing: O ye, Mæonia's choicest sons, an ancient people's flower and pith, whom righteous indignation urges on the foe, and whom Mezentius fires with well-deserved rage, no leader of Italian blood may such a race subdue: wait for and choose a foreign leader. Then the Etruscan army encamp on the plain hard by, alarmed by warnings of the gods. Tarchon[1] himself has sent to me ambassadors, with the kingdom's crown and sceptre, and to me entrusts these royal badges, begging me to join the camp and take the throne of Tuscany. But my age, made slow and powerless by the frosts of time, grudge me a sovereign's place, and my powers are past the day for deeds of valour. My son I would urge to take it, were it not that, being of mixed race through a Sabine mother, he derived a portion of his country from this land. Do you, most gallant leader of the Trojans and Italians, to whose years and lineage fate is kind, you whom the oracles require, enter upon your destiny. Him, too, my hope and solace, Pallas, with you I will conjoin: under you as his master let him practise warfare and the laborious service of Mars, be spectator of your deeds, and from his earliest years make you his model. To him I will give two hundred Arcadian horsemen, the pick of the youth; and as many more will Pallas add on his own account.

Thus he spoke. Then Æneas and trusty Achates with steadfast gaze looked on the ground, and with sorrowing heart were continuing to ponder their many hardships, had not Venus given them an omen in the cloudless sky. For unexpectedly a flash of lightning, darted from the blue,

[1] Tarchon, an Etrurian chief, who assisted Æneas against the Rutulians.

came with a crash; and suddenly all nature seemed to fall in ruins, and the blast of the Tuscan trumpet rang through the skies. They gaze to heaven: again and then again it thunders with terrific peals. In a calm region of the sky, in a vapoury haze, they see arms gleaming in the azure air, and hear them dashed together, ringing loud. The others, spell-bound, stood aghast. But the Trojan hero knew the sound and promised tokens of his goddess-mother. Then he says: Ask not, in sooth, kind host, what chance these signs portend. It is I that by heaven am called. My goddess-mother told me she would send this sign if war should fiercely threaten, and through the air would bring me armour by Vulcan forged. Ah! what havoc awaits the hapless Laurentines! what ample satisfaction shall you, O Turnus, give me! what numerous shields, and helmets, and bodies of gallant heroes shall you, father Tiber, roll down beneath your waves! Now let them call to arms and break their treaties.

This said, he rises from his lofty seat: and first with fire from Alcides' altar lights the slumbering embers, and in worship the Lares[1] and Penates of yester eve he greets. At the same time Evander and the sons of Troy offer in sacrifice choice ewes with all due rites. Then to the ships he goes, and his men revisits, from whom he chooses such as excelled in valour to attend him to the war; the rest by the descending stream are onward borne, and without exertion float down the current to bring Ascanius tidings of his father and how their matters stand. To the Trojans, who to the Tuscan lands repair, chargers are given: for Æneas they bring one chosen with special care,

[1] The Lares were two in number, sons of Mercury and Lara, one of the Naiads. The Romans paid them divine honours. They presided over houses and families.

which a lion's tawny hide, decked in front with gilded claws, covers all over.

Rumour, suddenly spreading, flies through the little city, that a band of horse are off in haste to the palace of the Tuscan king. The matrons in alarm their vows redouble, and fear now treads more closely on the heels of danger, and the war-god's spectre more gigantic seems. Evander, clasping the hand of his departing son, holds it fast, and cannot satisfy his tears, and speaks as follows: Oh that Jupiter would recall my years now gone! Oh! to be as once I was when, 'neath Præneste's very walls, the foremost ranks I mowed, and, victorious, burned their shields in heaps, and with this hand to Tartarus despatched king Erulus;[1] to whom at birth, dreadful to relate, his mother Feronia had given three lives, three suits of arms to wield; three times in death he needs must be laid low; yet him this right hand soon bereft of all his lives, and spoiled him of as many suits of arms. Were I such, my son, nowhere should I be torn from your dear embrace; nor ever would Mezentius by the sword have caused so many deaths, trampling upon my honour, nor of so many citizens have robbed the town. But, O ye powers, and thou Jupiter, great ruler of the gods, compassionate, I pray, the Arcadian king, and hear a father's prayers. If your power divine, and if the Fates Pallas reserve for me in safety, if I live to see and meet him once again, I pray for life; I am content to suffer any hardship, whatsoe'er it be. But if, O fortune, you intend some dread disaster, now, oh! now, let me break off my wretched life, while cares are doubtful, while for the future hopes are yet unblasted; while you, dear son, my late, my only joy, I hold in my embrace; and lest more mournful tidings wound my ears. Such words of last farewell the

[1] Erulus, king of Præneste, was son of Feronia, the goddess of woods and orchards.

fond old father spoke: his attendants bear him to the palace in a faint.

And now from opened gates the horse went forth; among the foremost Æneas and the faithful Achates, then other peers of Troy. Pallas himself, in the centre of his troop, appears conspicuous in his cloak and ornamented arms; such as when, bathed in ocean's waves, Lucifer, of all the stars to Venus dearest, has flashed his light from heaven and dispelled the gloom. On the walls the matrons stand in dread, and follow with their eyes the cloud of dust, and troops gleaming with brazen sheen. Through the thickets, where nearest lies their way, they march in arms. A shout is raised; and having formed in line, they shake the dusty plain with prancing of their steeds.[1]

Near Cære's[2] cooling stream there is a spacious grove, held sacred far and wide by the reverence of antiquity: inclosing hills on all sides hemmed in the wood of gloomy pine. Tradition says that to Sylvanus, god of fields and flocks, the old Pelasgi,[3] who in early days possessed the Latin realms, this grove devoted and in it held a yearly feast. Nor far from this Tarcho and the Tuscans kept their camp, well guarded by the ground; and now from the hill their whole array could be surveyed, as it stretched away far o'er the spacious plains. To these father Æneas and his chosen band of warriors advance, and refresh their wearied horses and themselves.

[1] Note this beautiful line: the Latin is—

Quadrupe—dante pu—trem soni—tu quatit—ungula—campum.

Translate freely—

(The)—hoof of the—quadruped—shaketh the—mouldering—plain in its —flight.

If the lines are read as divided, they at once suggest the leisurely canter of a horse in the distance.

[2] Cære, anciently Agylla, a city of Etruria, once the capital of the whole country, situated on a small river north-east of Rome.

[3] Pelasgi, the earliest inhabitants of Greece.

Meanwhile the goddess Venus, in beauty bright even among the ethereal clouds, drew nigh, bearing the gifts; and when at distance she espied her son in a retired valley, apart by the cooling river, she suddenly appeared before him, and addressed him in these words: Behold, my son, the presents finished by my consort's promised skill; so that you may not fear to challenge to the fight the proud Laurentines or fierce Turnus' self. Cytherea spoke, and then embraced her son: under an oak, full in his view, she placed the radiant arms. He, overjoyed by the gifts of the goddess, and by arms so beautiful, cannot gaze enough, and turns his eyes to every point: he admires them, and between his hands and arms turns and turns again the helmet with its awful crest and floods of fiery light, and the death-dealing sword, and the mail of rigid bronze, ruddy in colour and immense in size, as when a dark cloud is lit up by sunbeams and reflects its light afar: and then the greaves of bright electrum and of gold oft in the fire tried, the spear too, and the shield's design, baffling description. On it the fire-god had depicted stories both of Roman life and Roman wars, not unaware of seers' words, or ignorant of times to come; on it was all the line drawn from Ascanius, and wars in order waged. There, too, he had depicted the fostering wolf stretched in the verdant cave of Mars, the twin boys hanging on her teats in playful glee, and without fear sucking their dam; and her, with curving neck, caressing both by turns, and licking into shape. Not far from this he had added Rome and Sabine women carried off 'gainst decency and law from centre of the circus at the great Circensian [1] games, and suddenly a new war bursting upon the sons of Rome, and upon aged

[1] Circensian games were first established by Romulus, and performed in the circus at Rome. The Romans having invited their neighbours the Sabines to the celebration of these games, forcibly carried away all the females who had attended.

Tatius,[1] and Cures, austere in virtue. Next, the same princes, their quarrels laid aside, were standing at Jove's altar, clad in armour, with goblet in hand, and having sacrificed a sow, were striking a league. Close by, rapid chariots had torn Mettus[2] limb from limb,—but, O Alban, you should have kept your word,—and Tullus was dragging the traitor's body through the wood, and the bushes were dripping with his blood. Here, too, Porsenna[3] was commanding the Romans to receive the exiled Tarquins, and was investing the city with closest siege. The Romans, in defence of liberty, were rushing on the sword. Him you might have seen like one enraged, and breathing threats, because Cocles dared to break the bridge, and Clœlia,[4] having burst her chains, was swimming over Tiber. Manlius,[5] guardian of the Tarpeian rock, was standing on the height before the temple, and was defending the lofty Capitol; and the fresh-trimmed hut of Romulus seemed rough

[1] Tatius, king of Cures among the Sabines, made war against the Romans after the rape of the Sabine women. Peace having been made between the two nations, Tatius shared the royal authority with Romulus.

[2] Mettus, dictator of Alba in the reign of Tullus Hostilius. He became subject to the Romans by the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, but as he afterwards proved faithless, Tullus put him to death by placing him between two four-horse chariots, which were driven in opposite directions.

[3] Porsenna, king of Etruria, who made war upon the Romans in favour of Tarquin, and attempted in vain to replace him on the throne. Cocles (Horatius), a noble Roman, who greatly signalised himself by alone opposing, on the bridge, the whole army of Porsenna.

[4] Clœlia, a Roman virgin, who having been given with other maidens as hostages to Porsenna, escaped from confinement, and swam across the Tiber to Rome.

[5] Manlius (Marcus), a celebrated Roman, surnamed Capitolinus, for his gallant defence of the Capitol against the Gauls under Brennus. Manlius was afterwards accused of ambitious designs, and having been condemned to death was thrown from the Tarpeian rock.

with recent thatch. Here a goose in silver, fluttering in the gilded porticos, loudly proclaimed that Gauls are close at hand: the Gauls were there among the brushwood, and were gaining the citadel, shielded by the darkness and the favour of the covering gloom; their hair was of a golden hue, and golden was their dress; they are conspicuous in their cloaks with gaudy stripes; a golden chain surrounds their milk-white necks; each in his hand displays two Alpine spears, and with an oblong shield defends his body. Here in relief he showed the dancing Salii, and the naked priests of Pan, and caps with woollen tufts, and tiny shields that fell from heaven: chaste matrons in their cushioned cars were moving through the city in sacred procession. Hard by he adds the realms of Tartarus, and hell's deep jaws, and penalties of guilt, and you O Catiline[1] on verge of frowning cliff, quaking at sight of hellish fiends: and the righteous in a spot apart, and Cato[2] acting as their judge. Midst these the wavy main was seen to roll in wide extent, gold in material, but the billows broke in hoary foam; and all around bright silver dolphins lashed the waters with their tails, and scudded through the tide. In the middle you could distinguish fleets with brazen prows, the fight of Actium;[3] and you could see all Leucate's bay alive with martial preparation, and the billows glittering with gold. On one side Cæsar Augustus, standing on the lofty stern, accompanied by the Senate and the people, the Penates and the great deities, leads the Italians to battle, whose bright and beauteous temples give forth a double flame, and on his head the Julian star is full displayed. In

[1] Catiline, a noble Roman, of the most depraved habits. He conspired against the liberties of his country, and perished in battle B.C. 63.

[2] Cato the elder is meant.

[3] Actium, the scene of the final victory of Augustus.

another part Agrippa[1] on his high look-out,[2] with favouring winds and kindly gods, leads on his squadron, whose temples, decked with naval crown of gilded beak, proud meed of battle, glitter in the sun. On the other side, Antonius,[3] with barbaric help and crowds of motley troops, fresh from his conquest of the Orient nations and from the Indian Sea, brings with him Egypt and the forces of the East, and the remotest Bactra, and, oh foul shame! a Coptic concubine[4] attends him. All rush together, and the sea-plain, torn by sweeping oars and trident beaks, seethes with the foam. They make for the deep: you could fancy that the uprooted Cyclades are floating on the waters, or that lofty mountains against mountains dash, with "such a vengeance" do the warriors on their towered ships press on the fight. The hempen torches and the flying dart are flung by hand and engine. Neptune's plains are red with blood unknown before. In the middle of the throng of ships the queen rouses her squadrons with her country's sistrum, and sees not yet behind her the serpents twain. Her monstrous gods of every form, and the dog Anubis,[5] 'gainst Neptune, Venus, Pallas, stand ready for battle. Mars moulded in iron seems wildly raging where the fight is fiercest; and the fell furies hover in the air; and Discord in her torn robes

[1] Agrippa, a celebrated Roman, who was admiral of Augustus' fleet at the battle of Actium, where he behaved with great skill and valour.

[2] "*arduus*" refers to his position on the stern of his ship.

[3] Mark Antony, the Roman triumvir. After his defeat in the battle of Actium, he fled to Alexandria in Egypt, where he stabbed himself, B.C. 30.

[4] Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, was celebrated for her beauty and mental acquirements, as also for her intrigues and licentious life. Cleopatra supported the cause of her favourite Antony against Augustus at the battle of Actium, but by flying with sixty sail, contributed to his defeat; she then retired to Egypt, where, to avoid falling into the hands of Augustus, she destroyed herself by the bite of an asp, B.C. 30. At her death Egypt became a Roman province.

[5] Anubis, an Egyptian god, represented with the head of a dog.

stalks gleefully, whom Bellona with her bloody lash accompanies. This seeing, the Actian Apollo from on high his bow was bending: for fear of it Egypt and the Indians, Arabians and Sabæans, all turned their backs in flight. The queen herself seemed to be setting sail with winds invoked, and in eager haste to be letting out the loosened ropes. Her the god of fire had represented amidst the slaughter, driven along by waves and winds, pale with approaching death; and facing her the Nile, with his gigantic form in deep distress, opening up his folds, and, with all his robe outspread, inviting the vanquished to his azure bosom and his sheltering streams. But Cæsar, entering the walls of Rome in threefold triumph, was consecrating throughout the city three hundred stately temples, his vow to the Italian gods, never to be forgotten. The streets rang with joy and games and acclamations. In all the temples are choirs of matrons, and altars, too, in all. Before these altars slaughtered bullocks strew the ground. Augustus himself, seated in the snow-white porch of shining Phœbus, reviews the offerings of the people, and fits them to the stately pillars. The conquered nations march in long procession, as various in the fashion of their garb and arms as in their speech. Here Mulciber had figured the Numidian race, and Africans of loose attire; here the Leleges,[1] the Carians, and the Geloni armed with arrows. Euphrates now flowed with gentler streams; the Morini,[2] remotest of the human race, were seen, and the two-horned Rhine, the untamed Dahæ, and the Araxes,[3] that disdains a bridge.

[1] Leleges, a wandering people who originally inhabited Caria, in Asia Minor, and who fought in the Trojan war under their king Altes.

[2] Morini, a people of Belgic Gaul, on the shores of the German Ocean.

[3] Araxes (Aras), a large river of Asia, falling into the Caspian Sea: it swept away a bridge which Alexander the Great built over it. This is what Virgil may mean by "disdains a bridge," but some refer it to the very rapid current of the stream.

Such scenes on Vulcan's shield, the present of his parent-goddess, the hero views with wonder, and, though ignorant of the events, in the picture he delights, and on his shoulder bears aloft the fame and fortune of his great descendants.

BOOK IX.

In the Ninth Book Turnus, availing himself of Æneas' absence, makes a furious assault upon his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the utmost extremity, despatch to Æneas Nisus and Euryalus, whose immortal friendship in this perilous adventure, is painted in the most glowing language. Turnus attacks the camp, but is forced, after making a great slaughter, to save himself by swimming the Tiber.

While elsewhere matters thus proceed, Saturnian Juno from heaven sends Iris down to daring Turnus. Just then, as chanced, he sat in hallowed glen and grove of Sire Pilumnus: him Thaumas' daughter[1] with rosy lips addressed. What to your hopes no god would dare to promise, time in its course has brought about unasked. Æneas leaving city, friends, and fleet, seeks the realms and the abode of Palatine Evander. Nay, more, to remotest towns of Corythus[2] he goes, and now is arming bands of Lydian rustics. Why hesitate? Now is the time to call for horses, now for chariots. Away with all delay, and seize the camp in panic. She spoke, and skyward soared on balanced wings, and in her flight she tracked the giant bow beneath the clouds. The youth at once the goddess knew, and stretched to heaven his folded hands, and followed her with words like these: Iris, glory of the firmament, who sent you down to me on earth, from upper air? Whence comes this sudden brightness in the sky? I see the heavens opened, and the

[1] Thaumantias, that is, daughter of Thaumas, a son of Neptune and Terra, who married Electra, one of the Oceanides, by whom he had Iris, the Harpies, &c.

[2] The mythic founder of Cortona, here put for the city itself.

stars all circling round the pole. Such wondrous omens I obey, whoe'er you be that summon me to arms. This said, to the river he advanced, and from the surface of the stream drew water, and in earnest prayer he loaded æther with his vows.

And now the host in full array was marching o'er the plain with steeds in plenty, and embroidered trappings bright with gold. The foremost lines Messapus marshals, the rear the sons of Tyrrhus guide: in the centre Turnus in armour moves about, and is "head and shoulders" over all the rest. [Onward they march] like the deep Ganges, rising noiseless in its seven peaceful streams, or as the Nile, with its enriching flood, when from the plains it blows, and now within its channel hides: On this the Trojans in the distance see a gathering cloud of blackish dust, and darkness rising on the plain. And from the rampart looking to the foe, Caïcus first exclaims: What band is this, my fellows, that moves along in darkening gloom? Quick, arm yourselves, bring weapons, man the walls. The enemy is upon us: haste! With shouts and noisy cries the Trojans rush for shelter through the gates and line the battlements. For at his departure Æneas, most expert in war, had charged them that whate'er betide, they should not venture on an open fight or risk the field: their camp alone, and walls by help of rampart they should keep. Therefore, though shame and passion urge them to close in fight, they shut the gates, as they were ordered, and with arms in readiness await the enemy within their towers.

Turnus, as hastening on in front he had outstripped the slowly-moving band, comes unforeseen upon the fort, attended by a troop of twenty chosen horse. He rides a Thracian steed spotted with white, and a golden helmet with a crimson crest protects his head. Which of you, my lads, will come with me and first attack the foe? Look here! says he; and with a whirl he launched his javelin into

air, as prelude to the fight, and rushed to the field in lofty pride. His comrades hail him by a shout, and follow with terrific din. They wonder at the Trojans' timid hearts, and that they do not risk the open plain like men, or meet them face to face, but closely keep to camp.

In fury he surveys the walls on this side and on that, and seeks an access where no access is, just as when a wolf howls at the inclosure on the hour of midnight, having lain in ambush for the well stocked pen, and suffers wind and rain; under their dams the lambkins bleat in safety; exasperate and insatiable in wrath he rages at the absent prey; hunger by weary fasts increased, and bloodless jaws, torment him: just so the Rutulian's anger kindles as he regards the walls and camp, and in his hardy frame vexation burns to find by what means he may try to enter, and what device may force the Trojans from their rampart, and drive their masses to the plain. The fleet, which lay concealed beside their camp, fenced round by earthen mound and river's stream, he then assails, and from his joyous fellows calls for flames, and in his burning zeal he fills his hand with blazing pines. Then, indeed, they gird them to the work: the face of Turnus spurs them on, and all the youths provide themselves with smoking torches: they light the hearth-fires: the smoky brand sends forth a lurid light, and the flames waft mingled ash and ember to the stars.

Say, Muses, what god it was who for the Trojans stayed so great a fire, and saved their ships from such a blaze. The evidence is old, but the famous tale will last for ever.

When first Æneas built his fleet in Phrygian Ida and prepared for sea, Berecynthia[1] herself, the mother of the gods, thus mighty Jove addressed: My son, now that

[1] Berecynthia, a name of Cybele, from Mount Berecynthus in Phrygia, where she was worshipped.

you reign in heaven, to my suit give ear, and to your mother grant her prayer. I had a wood of pines, long years beloved; on the topmost height there was a grove to which men brought me offerings, gloomy by darkening fir and maple trunks: these to the Dardan youth I gladly gave when he had need of ships. Now anxious dread torments my troubled mind. Relieve my fears, and let a mother by her prayers obtain that neither seas may shatter them, nor whirlwind blasts subdue: let it avail them that in my woods they grew. In reply her son—who in their orbits guides the stars of heaven—thus speaks: O mother, to what conclusion do you call the Fates? What ask you for your favourites? That ships constructed by the hand of man should have a right none but immortals gain? and that Æneas from death insured should brave uncertain risks? On what one of the gods is such a power bestowed? Verily when, their purpose served, they reach their goal and the Ausonian port, whatever shall escape the waves and carry to Laurentine fields the Dardan prince, I will divest of mortal forms and make them to become deities of ocean, like the Nereids, Doto and Galatea, who cut with their breasts the foaming deep. He ceased to speak, and nodded his assent; and to seal his oath he calls the rivers of his Stygian brother, and those banks which boil with pitch and murky shoals; and with that nod he made Olympus tremble to its utmost bounds.

The promised day had come, and the Fates had closed the seasons due, when Turnus' outrage called on Mother Cybele to shield her sacred ships from firebrands. Here, first of all, a strange, weird light flashed on their eyes, and a vast and stormy cloud appeared to rush from east to west, and thunder-peals to roar:[1] then through the air a dreadful

[1] Literally, the Idæan choir, *i.e.* the Corybantes, Curetes, and the Idæi Dactyli, who were supposed to produce the thunder-noise by beating their cymbals.

voice rings forth, and fills with dread both Trojan and Rutulian ears: Haste not, ye Trojans, to defend my ships, nor take your arms; sooner shall Turnus burn the sea than those my sacred pines. Glide on at liberty, glide ever on, as Ocean Nymphs,—the parent of the gods commands. From the bank at once each ship its hawser breaks, and with its prow dives like a dolphin to the depths below. Whence, wonder strange, so many virgin forms return and ride the deep, as erstwhile brazen prows had lined the shore.

The Rutulians were panic-stricken: even Messapus was terrified, and his steeds as well; and the river stops with murmuring roar, and Father Tiber from the sea runs back.

But daring Turnus fails not in defiant trust: nay more, he cheers their spirits by his words, and chides them too: 'Gainst Troy and not 'gainst them these prodigies are aimed: his wonted aid has Jove withdrawn: they wait not for the weapons and the brands of the Rutulians. The seas are shut against the Trojans, nor have they hope of flight; one half the globe is ta'en away, but we possess the land. So many thousands, all Italian tribes, bear allied arms. The fateful oracles of gods alarm me not, whatever the Phrygians pretend. Venus and Fate have had their due, in that the sons of Troy have reached the rich Ausonian land. I, too, have fates assigned, to blot from earth this cursed race who snatched away my bride; nor does a sorrow such as that touch Atreus' sons alone,[1] nor to Mycenæ is it given alone to draw the sword. But once to perish were enough: once to have sinned had been enough to make them hate for evermore the female race,—men who behind a rampart and a ditch—slight barrier 'gainst death—can get their courage up. Have they not seen the walls of

[1] Alluding to the abduction of Helen.

Troy, by Neptune built, sink in the flames? But, you my warriors picked and true, who will join me, sword in hand, to tear their rampart down, and attack their camp, now in dismay? I need not Vulcan's arms, nor yet a thousand ships against these Trojans. Forthwith let all the Tuscans join them. They need not fear the night, nor silly theft of a Palladium, with slaughter of the city guards: nor shall we skulk in any horse's womb.[1] By day and openly we are resolved to gird their walls with fire. I'll let them feel that they have not to do with Greeks and Argive striplings, whom, till the tenth year, a Hector kept at bay. Now, therefore, since half the day is more than passed, in what of it remains, since so far things are well, refresh your bodies in good heart, and wait an early fight. Meanwhile to Messapus charge is given to beset their gates with outposts, and surround their wall with watch-fires. Twice seven picked Rutulians shall watch the walls with sentinels, and each of them shall have a hundred youths with purple crests and flashing helms. They wander to and fro and change their posts, and lying on the grassy sward indulge in wine, and drain the brazen bowls. The fires shine bright all round: the guards in playful sport the sleepless night prolong. Such things the Trojans from the ramparts see, while in arms they occupy the summit: moreover, in anxious dread they watch the gates, connect the towers by bridges, and missiles carry up. Mnestheus and bold Serestus urge them on, whom Æneas bade command the troops and war conduct whenever dangers called. The forces guard the walls in their allotted posts, and duly take their turns as each has place assigned.[2]

Nisus, son of Hyrtacus, boldest of warriors, was stationed at a gate, whom Ida, haunt of hunters, sent to share Æneas'

[1] Turnus sneers at the conduct of Ulysses and Diomede.

[2] Literally, "take turns as to what is to be defended."

fortunes, expert and ready with his spear and light arrows; and by his side Euryalus, his friend, than whom no one of the Æneadae who wore the Trojan arms was handsomer, a stripling, marking his unshaven face with the first down of youth. They were one in purpose and in affection, and side by side they rushed to battle; at that time also they kept the gate in common guard. Nisus says: Do the gods, Euryalus, infuse into our minds this ardour that we feel, or is his own intense desire a god to each? For some time now my mind impels me to the fight or some great deed of daring, nor is it satisfied with this inactive rest. You see what confidence in their affairs possesses the Rutulians: a light is twinkling here and there: they lie prostrate, relaxed by wine and sleep: silence reigns far and wide. Hear farther what I ponder, and what purpose rises in my mind. The people and the Fathers with one accord are urgent that Æneas should be called, and that men be sent to bring him trusty tidings. If to you they promise what I ask—for the glory of the deed is enough for me—I think that I can find a way by yonder mound to the city of Pallanteum. Euryalus, smitten with keen thirst for glory, was astounded: and then at once accosts his ardent friend: Do you object, then, Nisus, to take me with you in your great exploit? Shall I allow you all alone to face such risks? No such lesson did my father Opheltes, inured to war, teach me as he brought me up amidst our terrors from the Greeks and the toilsome wars of Troy; nor have I acted such a part to you while following the great Æneas and his fortunes full of peril. Here is a soul that dreads not death, and one which thinks the glory which you seek is cheaply bought with life. Nisus replies: For my part I fear not such from you, nor ought I. No: so may great Jove, or other god who kindly looks on deeds like these, restore me to your arms in triumph. But should mishap—for many do you see in such an enter-

prise—should mishap or any god lead to disaster, I should wish you to survive. Your age has better claim to life. Let there be one to lay me in the ground, where all are laid, rescued from the battle, or ransomed by a price; or this should any chance forbid, to pay my absent corpse due rites, and grace me with a cenotaph. Nor to your wretched mother let me be the cause of grief so great, who alone of many mothers has dared to follow you, and heeded not the city of the great Acestes.[1] But he replied: Argument in vain you urge,—my purpose wavers not nor yields. Make haste, my men, he says. He calls the sentinels. They come and guard relieve. Leaving the post he goes in company with Nisus, and side by side they seek the prince.

All other creatures on the earth in sleep let loose their cares, and eased their hearts, which soon forgot their woes. The Trojan captains, a carefully selected band, were holding council on their highest needs—what they should do, and who should now be bearer to Æneas of the news. Between the camp and plain they stand, leaning on their spears and bearing shields. Then Nisus, and with him Euryalus, at once in eager haste an audience beg, as their business was of moment, and would be worth delay. Them in eager agitation Iülus welcomed, and ordered Nisus to speak on. Then thus the son of Hyrtacus:[2] Friends of Æneas, listen with open minds, and let not the plan proposed be judged of by our years. The Rutulians, relaxed by sleep and wine, are hushed in silence: we ourselves have marked for our design a place 'twixt the two roads that from the seaward gate lead forth: their fires are not continuous, and flameless smoke[3] rises to heaven. If you allow us to

[1] *i.e.*, nor cares to tarry at Segesta with the other matrons.

[2] *Hyrtacides*—Nisus and Hippocoön are so styled from their father Hyrtacus, who was a Trojan of Mount Ida.

[3] "Flameless smoke," that is, the fires were dying out, and no clear blazes lit up the smoke.

profit by our chance to seek Æneas and the walls of Pallanteum, you will see us by and bye return with plunder, after dealing many deaths. Nor are we ignorant of the way: from the shaded valleys in our hunting raids we oft have seen the outskirts of the town, and the whole river have explored.

At this Alethes, in years advanced and ripe in judgment, says: Gods of my country, in whose safe-keeping Troy for ever is, in spite of all you do not yet intend wholly to blot the Trojans from the earth when you have given us in our need young hearts so trusty and so brave. So saying, he pressed the shoulders and the hands of both, and with tears bedewed his eyes and face. What rewards, ye heroes, what recompense worthy of your glorious deeds can I deem possible to be paid you? The noblest shall the gods and an approving conscience first award; then others the pious Æneas will bestow without delay, and Ascanius in the vigour of his youth, who never will forget so great a service. Yes, subjoins Ascanius, I, whose sole safety is my Sire's return, beseech you both, and specially you Nisus, by the great Penates, by the home-god of our ancestors,[1] and the shrines of hoary Vesta: in your bosom I repose all my fortunes and my hopes:[2] recall my father, restore him to my sight: when he returns all will be bright. Two cups of solid silver, richly chased, I hereby offer, which at the capture of Arisba[3] my father gained, a pair of tripods also, two weighty golden talents, an antique goblet, the gift of Tyrian Dido. But if it be my lot to capture Italy and its sceptre gain, and on the booty make award: saw you on what a steed and in what arms proud Turnus rode,

[1] "Home-god," *i.e.* the "Lar." Assaracus, one of his ancestors, is put for the whole.

[2] *i.e.*, of my father's safety.

[3] Arisba, a colony of the Mitylenæans in Troas, destroyed by the Trojans.

all glittering with gold? That very horse, that shield and crimson crest, I will exempt from chance of lot—even now your prize. Besides, twelve mother-slaves my sire shall give, the choicest of their kind, and twelve male captives, with all their implements, and over and above the whole extent of land which king Latinus reckons as his own. But you, dear youth, due all respect, whom in the race of life I closer follow, even now I welcome to my heart, and choose you as my trusty comrade in my every risk. No glory for my fortunes shall be sought apart from you: come peace or war, in you for action or for counsel I will most confide. And in reply Euryalus thus speaks: No day of life shall prove me unworthy of adventures bold as this, let but fortune be on my side, and not against me. But above all other boons I ask this one: I have a mother, of the ancient race of Priam, whom, poor woman, neither the land of Troy nor the city of king Acestes could keep from coming with me. Her now I leave, ignorant of this danger, whatever it may be, and without a dear good-bye,—night and your right hand I call to witness,—because I cannot bear a parent's tears. But, I beseech you, comfort her, devoid of help; support her widowed age. Let me bear with me this hope from you: so shall I go more boldly into every risk. The Dardan chieftains, deeply moved, poured down tears of sympathy: and most of all the fair Iülus, for the picture of such filial love came sharply home. Then thus he speaks: Rest sure that all will be deserving of your great attempt; for your mother shall be mine, and nought but Creüsa's name shall fail, and no small gratitude is due to her who bore so brave a son. By my head I swear, by which my father swore before me, whatever to yourself I pledge, returned in safety and success, the same shall to your mother be made sure, and to your kindred. So speaks he, weeping at the thought. Then from his shoulder he removes his gilded sword, which Lycaon, Cretan artist, made with wondrous

skill, and fitted to an ivory sheath, for handy use. To Nisus Mnestheus gave a lion's skin and shaggy spoil: faithful Alethes exchanges helmets. Having armed, they start at once; and as they go, the leaders, young and old, attend them to the gates with anxious prayers. Moreover, the fair Iülus, with a mind and thoughts mature beyond his years, gave many a message for his father. But the winds scatter them all, and to the clouds commit them, null and void.

They start, and cross the trenches, and amidst the shades of night make for the hostile camp; destined, however, first to be[1] the death of many. Everywhere they see men prostrate on the grass, o'ercome with wine and sleep, chariots with poles erect along the shore,[2] warriors midst harness and midst wheels, arms lying in piles, wine cups and casks in wild confusion. Then first the son of Hyrtacus thus spoke: Euryalus, a bold stroke must be made: the circumstances invite it. This is our way. Do you be guard and keep a sharp look-out around, that not a hand be raised against us from behind: this line I will lay waste, and by a roomy path will show the road. So he speaks, then stops: at the same time with his sword he smites the haughty Rhamnes; who, as it happened, raised high on rugs heaped up, was breathing heavily in sleep from all his chest, at once a king himself, and with king Turnus an augur much beloved; but by his augur's art he failed the stroke of death to shun. Hard by he slays three menials, at random laid midst weapons, the armour-bearer and the charioteer of Remus, having found them underneath their

[1] "Destined to be." This sense of "*futurus*" and similar participles is very common in Virgil. "*Inimica*" seems to contain the notion that the camp would prove fatal to themselves. Of the many interpretations of *ante*, "first," the most sensible seems to be, "before they met their own death."

[2] The horses being unharnessed.

horses, and with the steel he cuts their drooping necks; then from their lord himself he lops the head, and leaves the body gurgling forth the blood, and the reeking earth and beds are drenched in purple gore. Farther he slays Lamyrus, and Lamus, and young Serranus, who that night had played full many a game, noted for beauty, and now he lay made helpless by much wine—happy he, if he had made the night and play of equal length, and had prolonged his sport till dawn. As a famished lion ranging the well-stocked pens — for maddening hunger prompts him — mangles and tears the flock, feeble and dumb through fear; with gory jaws he growls [*such was Nisus*]. Not fewer were the deaths dealt by Euryalus: he too, fired with ardour, revels in blood without a pause, and, as he goes, the nameless rabble slays in heaps, and springs on Fadus and Herbesus, and Rhœtus and Abaris, of danger heedless: Rhœtus awake and seeing all, but in his fear he tried to hide behind a massy jar; then as he rose right in his breast up to the hilt he plunged his vengeful sword, and drew it out with copious stream of death. He vomits forth his purple tide of life, and as he dies ejects his wine with blood confused: the other in his fervid zeal pursues the secret carnage. And now he neared Messapus and his men: and then he saw the watch-fires dying out, and horses duly bound cropping the grass: when Nisus briefly thus—for he perceived that he was borne away by wanton love of slaughter: Let us desist, for tell-tale light approaches. We have had our fill of vengeance, and through our enemies made good our road. Much armour richly chased with silver, and with them bowls and rugs of beauty rare, they leave behind. Euryalus receives the trappings of Rhamnes dead, and his belts with golden studs adorned, which Cædicus, of wealth unknown, had sent as gifts to Remulus of Tibur, when in absence he would form a right of hospitality: he, when he died, transmits them to his grandson to possess; after whose death the Rutuli

obtained them by the right of war and victory: these hurriedly he takes and fits them to his body, brave in vain.[1] The helmet of Messapus next he dons, well fitting and with crests adorned. They quit the camp and reach the open.

Meanwhile some horse, sent on express from Latium, were on the march, and brought despatches for prince Turnus,—while the rest, prepared for battle, in the field remain,—three hundred strong, all bearing shields, with Volscens as their captain. And now they neared the camp and rampart: when distant a little space they see them turning to the left, and in the dim-lit shade of night his casque betrayed Euryalus, ne'er thinking of its golden sheen, which the confronting moon shed forth. It was not seen for nought. Volscens from his troop calls out: Stand, fellows; why go this way? who are you thus in arms? where are you bound? They made him no reply, but to the woods they fled in haste, and trusted to the night. On this side and on that the horsemen block the well known roads, and every outlet with a guard inclose. The wood was one that bristled with brakes of gloomy holms, and tangled brambles filled it everywhere: here and there a path was seen amidst the darkened tracts. The shade of the o'erhanging boughs and the weighty load of spoils retard Euryalus, and fear now leads him to mistake the way. Nisus comes safely out: and now, not thinking of his friend, he had escaped the enemy, and those places which in later days were called "Albani" from the name of Alba—at that time Latinus held them as his lofty stalls—when he halted and for his missing friend in vain looked round. Oh, luckless Euryalus! where have I left you? or where shall I seek you? Again retracing all the tangled path of the deceptive wood he backward picks his steps with wary eye,

[1] "*Nequidquam*" must be joined with "*fortibus*," not with *aptat*, as the order of the words would seem to show.

and in the quiet thickets threads his way. He hears the tramp of horses and the mingled din, and other proofs of a pursuing foe. Then short the interval, when to his ears there comes a shout, and he espies Euryalus, whom by the darkness and the place deceived, and by the sudden tumult dazed, the band are hurrying on, o'erpowered and struggling hard in vain. What can he do? By what might, by what force of arms can he dare the youth to rescue? Is he to rush upon their swords to certain doom, and by their wounds to hurry on a speedy death? Then quickly with his arm drawn back he wields his javelin, and looking to the moon on high he prays her thus: O goddess, daughter of Latona, with present aid assist my effort, thou glory of the stars and guardian of the groves: if ever on your altars my father Hyrtacus laid gifts for me, if ever I myself increased them by the produce of the chase, or in your dome suspended them, or fixed them to your roof: grant me to dispel this band, and guide my weapons through the air. He spoke, and straining with his utmost might he hurls his dart. It flying cuts the shades of night and strikes the back of Sulmo, turned away, and there is shivered, and with its splintered wood pierces his vitals. He tumbles cold in death, and from his breast pours forth the flow of life's warm tide, and with long-drawn sobs he heaves his flanks. On every side they look around. The fiercer he beside his ear another weapon poised. Whilst in dismay they rush about, the spear goes whistling through the head of Tagus, and heated in the wounded brain stuck fast. Wildly in fury Volscens rages, but nowhere can he see the dealer of the blow, nor one on whom he may in vengeance rush. Meantime shall you with your fresh blood pay me revenge for both, he says; and so on Euryalus with sword unsheathed he rushed. Then in wild agony and mad with grief Nisus screams aloud: neither can he longer hide himself in darkness, nor was he able to endure such pangs. On me,

on me, I'm here who did it; on me, ye Rutuli, turn all your weapons, all the blame is mine; nought did he dare, nor could he: this heaven and the conscious stars I call to witness: he only loved his luckless friend too well. Thus was he speaking when the sword, driven home with powerful force, passed through his ribs and rent his snow-white breast. Euryalus rolls in death, and o'er his graceful limbs the blood flows down, and on his shoulders the drooping neck reclines; as when a beauteous flower cut by the plough grows faint and dies, or poppies with exhausted stem hang low the head when sore weighed down with rain. But Nisus rushes to the midst, and only Volscens seeks: on Volscens is he wholly bent. The Latins crowding round are fain to beat him off. But no less eagerly he presses on, and whirls his flashing sword, till in the Rutule's bawling mouth he plunged it to the hilt, and as he died bore off the foeman's life. Then on his lifeless friend he flung him down, all wounds, and there at last in peaceful death reposed.

Happy pair! If ought my verses can, no time shall ever blot you from the roll of fame, so long as the Æneian race shall hold the capitol's eternal rock, and a Roman Father wield imperial sway.

The victors, taking prey and spoils, in sorrow bore to the camp the lifeless Volscens. Nor in the camp itself was mourning less when Rhamnes they found dead, and in that carnage many chieftains slain — Serranus, too, and Numa. Men run in crowds to see the bodies and the dying warriors, and the ground fresh stained with blood yet warm, and channels full of frothing gore. To one another they point out the spoils, the brilliant helmet that Messapus wore, and the trappings, with such deadly toil regained.

And then Aurora, leaving Tithonus' saffron bed, was spreading o'er the earth her new-born light, the sun being

now revealed, and things on earth illumined by his light. Turnus to arms, himself with arms begirt, summons his men, and every leader masses for battle his bronze-clad lines, and whets their rage by various stories of the night just gone. Nay, even the heads of Nisus and Euryalus on spears erect they fix—a pitiable sight—and with much shouting follow on. On the city's left the hardy Trojans arrayed their lines, for the right is bounded by the river, and the great trenches man, and on the lofty towers in sadness stand. Besides their other griefs, their heroes' ghastly heads exposed to view—alas! but too well known—and dripping still with gore, moved them to sorrow.

Meanwhile, through the affrighted town winged Rumour flies in haste, and to the mother of Euryalus bears heavy news. But her in deepest grief the vital heat forsook: the shuttle was stricken from her hand, and her mounted threads unwound. The hapless woman flies from the house, uttering the well-known woman's wail, tearing her hair, and, mad to distraction, in rapid course she seeks the walls and foremost lines: nought thought she of the men, nought of the weapons' danger; then with her loud complainings fills the air: Is it thus that I behold you, dear Euryalus? Could you, the latest prop of my declining age, leave me alone, ah cruel one? Nor was it granted to your wretched mother to say a last farewell when you were sent to dangers such as these! Alas, my son, in the stranger's land you lie, as carrion for Latin dogs and birds of prey! Nor have I, your mother, led your funeral rites, or closed your eyes, or washed your wounds, or thrown on you the robe which I was pressing on with haste both night and day, and with my web beguiled my old wife's care! Where shall I seek you? What part of earth contains your severed members and your mangled corpse? Is this all you bring me back, my son, of what you were? Is it this that I have followed over land and sea? If you have any tender feel-

ings, pierce me, O Rutulians; at me hurl all your darts; slay me with the sword. Or thou, great father of the gods, take pity on me, and with thy bolts hurl down to Tartarus this hated head, since otherwise I cannot break this wretched thread of life. With this her wailing the minds of all were smitten sore, and a groan of sorrow went from every heart: their powers for battle are broken and benumbed. Her, kindling up her grief, Actor and Idæus take, by order of Ilioneus and of Iülus, bathed in tears, and place her in safe-keeping in her home.

But now the trumpet from afar rang out with brazen throat the dreadful note of battle: loud shouts arise, and heaven bellows back the sound. The Volsci hasten forward, advancing the testudo with even tread, and prepare to fill the trenches and break down the rampart. Some seek to force an entrance, and by ladders to ascend the walls where the Trojan line is thin, and the circle of defenders not so dense with men shows openings through it. But the Trojans, by long experience taught how best a city to defend, their missiles poured in volleys, and with sturdy poles thrust their assailants to the ground. Nor do the bold Rutulians longer care to wage a covered fight, but by a storm of missiles strive to force them from the ramparts. Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view, wields a Tuscan pine, and flings his smoky brands. Again Messapus, a horseman bold and Neptune's son, the rampart breaks, and calls for ladders to ascend the walls. Then massy stones of deadly weight the Trojans o'er the bulwarks roll to break by any means the cover of the foe, while yet the enemy are pleased to suffer every risk beneath the close and well-knit roof of the testudo. And now no longer can they stand against it. For where the densest mass with threatening aspect shows, the Trojans roll and toss from the ledge an enormous mass, which scattered the Rutulians far and wide, and broke the penthouse of their shields.

Ye Muses, and you Calliope in chief, I pray, while I sing what slaughter there, what deaths did Turnus deal; what one each hero down to Orcus sent: and unroll with me the war's great outlines. For ye, O goddesses, remember well, and can remind me.

There was a tower of vast height and airy bridges,[1] well suited to its site, which all the Italian host now tried to storm, and by every means at their command to overthrow, while the Trojans with stones defend it, and through the loop-holes hurled their darts in showers. Turnus, as leader, flings a blazing torch, and to the tower pinned the brand; fanned by the wind, it seized the timbers, and to the charred beams held fast. All within was fear and tumult, and in vain men wished to fly from danger. While close they huddle, and to that part retreat which still is free from fire, the tower on a sudden topples over by the weight, and with the crash makes all the heaven ring. Half-dead they come to earth, —above them the huge mass,—by their own darts and by the splintered wood transfixed. Scarce Helenor alone and Lycus make escape: the former in the bud of life, whom for the Mæonian king the slave Licymnia had in secret reared, and sent to Troy in arms denied him, armed lightly with a sword alone and an unblazoned shield. And when he finds the hosts of Turnus all around him, and Latin spears on this side and on that, like wild beast which by ring of hunters closely pressed against their weapons vents its rage, and seeing death darts on it, and with a bound impales her on their pikes, just so the youth rushes amidst the foe, prepared to die, and where the spears are thickest seen there makes his way. But Lycus, swifter far of foot, through enemies and arms reaches the walls, and tries to grasp the battlements in hopes to catch a comrade's hand; whom Turnus following with dart in swift career,

[1] *i.e.*, from the walls to the towers.

thus chides: Madman, how hoped you to escape my hands? And then he grasps him as he hangs, and wall and man together drags to earth: like as an eagle with his crooked claws, soaring aloft, has carried off a hare or snowy swan, or as a wolf, sacred to Mars, has snatched from the fold a lamb, with many bleatings by its mother sought. From all sides shouts arise; forward they rush, and with earth they fill the trenches; others fling blazing torches to the roofs. With a stone, vast fragment of a mountain, Ilioneus overthrows Lucetius, approaching the gate with brands; Liger lays low Emathion; Asilas Corynæus slays, the one deft with his spear, the other with the arrow from afar; Cæneus slays Ortygius, Turnus, the victorious Cæneus, and Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus and Promolus, and Sagaris and Idas, guarding the lofty towers; Capys, Privernus. Him the spear of Themilla first had slightly grazed; he foolishly his buckler dropped, and to the wound he clapt his hand; so in its winged course the arrow came, to his side it pinned the hand, and sinking deep it burst the lungs with fatal wound. In splendid arms the son of Arcens[1] stood, clad in embroidered cloak, and bright in Spanish purple, and noble in face and form, whom to the war his father sent, reared in his mother's grove, beside Symæthus' stream;[2] there stood Palicus' altar mild, enriched with gifts, and easily appeased. Mezentius put aside his spear and took his whizzing sling, then thrice he whirled it round his head with cord held tight, and with the melted lead he clove his temples right in two, and stretched him at his length upon the sandy plain.

Ascanius, who till then had only beasts of chase pursued,

[1] Arcens, a Sicilian, who permitted his son to accompany Æneas into Italy.

[2] Symæthus (Giaretti), a river of Sicily which falls into the sea between Catana and Leontini. In its neighbourhood the gods Palici were born, and particularly worshipped.

first drew, 'tis said, his bow in war, and by his hand laid low the brave Numanus, Remulus surnamed, who Turnus' younger sister had lately led in marriage. He stalked before the van, shouting things true and false, and of his royal wedlock proud in heart, with clamour loud he vaunted mightily: Ye Phrygians, twice already vanquished, are you not ashamed to skulk behind a rampart in blockade, and shelter you by walls from death? Lo! these are they who claim our brides by war. What god, what silly madness drove you to Italy? Not here the sons of Atreus will you find, nor subtle-tongued Ulysses. By stock a hardy race, we bring our infants to the streams, and by the water and the icy cold we make them strong; by night our boys go hunting, and scour the woods in chase; their pastime is to manage steeds, and shoot the arrow from the bow. We have a youth whose heart is in their work, and who are used to frugal ways, and either by the harrows do they tame the earth, or batter towns in war. We pass our life in arms, and with inverted lance we goad the backs of bullocks in the plough; nor does enfeebling age weaken our powers of mind or strength of body. Our hoary hairs with helmet we confine, and ever it is our delight booty to amass and live on plunder. You love to dress in saffron and in gaudy purple; your heart's delight is sloth and indolence; you're active only in the dance; you wear sleeved tunics and caps with ribbons tied. Truly Phrygian women, not surely Phrygian men! go range on Dindymus,[1] and there enjoy your wonted music from the double pipe; the timbrel and the flute of Cybele invite you to the revel; leave arms to men, and throw aside the sword.

Him boasting thus and hurling taunts, Ascanius could not brook: and facing round he stretched an arrow on the horse-hair string, and with his arms drawn wide apart he

[1] Dindymus, a mountain of Galatia in Asia Minor, where Cybele was worshipped.

took his stand, first uttering a prayer to Father Jove: Almighty Jove, favour my bold attempt. To your temple I myself will bring you solemn offerings, and before your altar place a bull with gilded horns, of snowy whiteness, tall as his dam; already with his horns he butts, and with his hoof the sand he spurns. Jove heard him, and in the cloudless sky he thundered on the left: then twanged the deadly bow: the arrow, pulled to the stretch, has gone with direful whiz, and through the head of Remulus it passed, piercing the hollow temples with the steel. Begone, and now with taunting words insult the brave. This is the reply the Phrygians, vanquished twice, send back to you Rutulians. So spake Ascanius: and the Trojans with their loudest shouts respond, and in rapturous joy they murmur their applause, while to the highest pitch their spirits rise. Then, as it chanced, Apollo of the flowing locks was looking down from heaven's height upon the Ausonian armies and the Trojan town, and, seated on a cloud, he thus bespeaks victorious Iülus: Grow, princely boy, in early valour: that is the path which leads to heaven, O son of gods, father of gods to be. Under the race of Assaracus all future wars justice shall settle: nor is this Troy your all.[1] While thus he spoke, he drops from lofty heaven, and cuts the winds, and seeks Ascanius. He then assumes the form of aged Butes. He once was armour-bearer to Anchises, and faithful guardian at his home: his father then assigned him to Ascanius as his squire. Apollo came, in all respects like aged Butes, in voice and in complexion, and in white hair and harshly sounding arms, and fiery Iülus thus bespeaks: Suffice it now, Iülus, that by your shafts Numanus fell, yourself unhurt: this first renown the great Apollo grants you, and envies not your rival arms: hereafter, boy,

[1] That is, this *Nova Troia*, the Trojan encampment, is only a step to Lavinium, and Lavinium to Alba, and Alba to the great Roman empire.

refrain from war. This said, Apollo, even while he spoke, put off his human form, and vanished far from sight in subtle air. The Dardan chiefs the god discern and heavenly weapons, and as he fled they heard the rattling quiver. Thus by Apollo's word and will they check Iülus, eager for the fray. Again to the fight they rush themselves, and risk their lives in open danger. From all the battlements the shout of war rang out: they bend the twanging bows and hurl the thong-tied lance. With weapons all the ground is strewn: battered shields and helmets ring: a bloody fight ensues: furious as from the west a rain storm comes at rising of the Kids[1] and lashes earth: as many as the balls of hail which dash into the pools when Jupiter in fury southward drives the rainy tempest with its eddying whirls and bursts the hollow clouds.

Now Pandarus and Bitias from Alcanor sprung, whom in Jove's grove on Ida the nymph Iaera reared, youths tall as the pines or as their native hills, unbar the gate committed by the leader to their charge, and in foolhardy confidence of arms invite the enemy within the walls. At entrance before the towers on right and left they take their stand, armed with the sword, their giant heads brilliant with crests; like as around the limpid streams on banks of Po, or by the charming Adige[2] twin soaring oaks together grow, and raise to heaven their leafy heads, and nod with highest top. In burst the Rutuli soon as they saw the access open. Quercens, and Aquiculus in beauteous arms, and Tmarus of headlong courage, and the martial Hæmon, either turned and fled with all their bands, or at the very entrance of the gate laid down their lives. Then more and more do passions rise in the opponents' hearts: and now

[1] These stars rise in October, and are always attended with rain. They are seated in the constellation Auriga.

[2] Adige, the ancient Athesis, a river of Cisalpine Gaul; it rises in the Rhætian Alps, and falls into the Adriatic.

the Trojans gathering flock to the spot, and dare to close in fight, and sally farther forth.

To Turnus, revelling in slaughter in a different part, and spreading wild confusion, the news is brought that the foe are flushed afresh with carnage, and have their gates wide open thrown. The work in hand he leaves, and stirred with furious rage he hastens to the Trojan gate, and rushes at the daring pair. And first with javelin flung he slays Antiphates, great Sarpedon's bastard son by Theban mother, for he came foremost to the front. The Italian shaft speeds through the subtle air, and planted in his stomach passes through his lower chest: the wound's dark gash gives forth its tide of blood, and the cold steel is heated in the lung. Then Meropes and Erymas he kills, and bold Aphidnus too; then Bitias, with glaring eyes and maddened mind—not with a spear, for to no spear would he have yielded life; but with a whirlwind noise there came a whirled falarica,[1] hurled like a thunderbolt, which not two bullock-hides could stand, nor trusty cuirass with its double layer of golden scales: down sinks his giant body in a swoon. Earth gives a groan, and with a thunder-crash his shield falls over him, such as on Baiæ's[2] shore at times there falls a rocky pile,[3] which, strongly built of massive stones, they hurl into the sea: down it tumbles with a crash, and dashing on the bottom

[1] The falarica (or phalarica) was a large and heavy javelin with an immense iron head and thick wooden shaft; and to add to its weight and power there was a mass of lead on the shaft some distance below the head. There was a specially large kind hurled by engines.

[2] Baiæ, a city of Campania, on a small bay west of Naples, and opposite Puteoli, said to have been founded by Baius, a companion of Ulysses.

[3] Masses of stone were put together on the land, and then hurled into the water, so as to gradually form a base, on which to build houses for the wealthy Romans.

lies at rest: the waters boil in wild confusion, and from the depths the murky sands are heaved. Shaken to the base all Prochyta[1] resounds, and Inarine's hard bed thrown on Typhœus by command of Jove.

Here Mars, the War God, to the Latin chiefs, gives courage and new vigour and deep in their bosoms plies his spurs; but to the Trojan hosts sent Flight and Terror grim. And now from every part they come, since chance of fight is given, and the God of battle filled their minds. When Pandarus beheld his brother stretched in death, and how their fortunes stood, what evil chance has changed the day, with all his might he backward rolls the gate on swinging hinge by his broad shoulders' strength, and many a friend excludes, and leaves them to contend as best they may; but others flying he receives, infatuate! who saw not Turnus rushing in among the crowd, but, 'gainst his wish, inclosed him in the town like ravening tiger amidst helpless sheep. At once a glare of rage shot from his eyes, and his arms rang terror in them: his blood-red crests upon his helmet nod, and from his shield he darts the flash of lightning. The Trojans, panic-stricken, know the dreaded face and the enormous frame. Then mighty Pandarus springs forth, and by his brother's death inflamed with wrath, thus speaks: This is no dowry palace of Amata, nor does Ardea hold Turnus in his native walls. The camp of bitter enemy you see, and hence you can't escape. With breast unmoved Turnus but smiled: Begin, if in your soul a spark of valour lies, and hand to hand engage. Be sure you tell king Priam that even here a new Achilles you have found. He said no more. The other, straining with his utmost might, hurled his knotted spear with rind unpeeled: the air re-

[1] Prochyta (Procida), an island of Campania, between Inarime and the coast. Inarime (Ischia), an island near the coast of Campania, with a mountain, under which Jupiter is feigned to have confined the giant Typhœus.

ceived the blow. Saturnian Juno turned aside the falling stroke, and in the gate the spear sticks fast. Ah, but the blade which my strong arm now wields you shall not thus escape; for not so weak is he who swings the weapon and inflicts the wound. So speaks he, and on tiptoe rises to his lifted sword, and cleaves in twain his skull and beardless cheeks. A heavy thud is heard: the earth was shaken by the massy weight: his loosened joints and arms with brains besprent he flings to earth in death, and as he fell his head in equal parts from either shoulder hung. The Trojans turn and fly in wild dismay. And if at once the thought had struck the victor to burst the bolts and give admittance to his men, that day had put an end to war and to the Trojan race. But frenzy and the frantic lust of carnage drove him in fury on his foes in front. First Phalaris he overtakes, and Gyges with severed ham-string. From these he plucks his spears, and hurls them at the flying crowd: Juno his force and courage nerves. Halys he adds to these, and Phegeus with his pinioned shield; next, as on the walls they stood and stirred their comrades to the fight, Alcandrus and Halius, and Noemon and Prytanis he slew, caught unawares. Then with the mound to right, with powerful sweep of gleaming sword he catches Lynceus, turned to bay and calling up his friends to aid; the head lopped from his shoulders by one ready blow at distance with the helmet lay. Next Amycus, the mighty hunter, than whom no other was more skilled to dip his weapons and with poison taint; and Clytius, son of Æolus, and Cretheus to the Muses dear,—Cretheus, the Muses' friend, who ever loved to sing and play, and to music set his songs: of horses, and the arms of heroes and their battles would he sing.

At news of slaughter of their men, the leaders Mnestheus and Sergestus meet, and see their comrades flying here and

there, and the enemy within their walls. Then Mnestheus says: Where next, oh where do you direct your flight? What other walls, what second rampart have you? Has a single man, O citizens, and that too in your fortress hemmed, such carnage through the city dealt without avenging blow? To Orcus has he sent so many valiant youths untimely? For luckless fatherland and ancient gods and great Æneas have you pity lost, and has your sense of shame all gone, ye laggards? Roused by such words, they make a stand and form a dense array. By slow degrees Turnus gives ground, and seeks the river and the place which is surrounded by the stream. All the more fiercely do the Trojans onward press with shouting loud, and cluster round him; as when a rabble close on a savage lion with their deadly darts: but he dismayed, enraged and with ferocious look, retreats; and neither will his wrath nor valour suffer him to fly, and yet to charge through weapons and through men he dares not, though he wishes much: just so does Turnus in suspense withdraw his steps at leisure, and his soul with sore vexation boils. Nay, more, at that time had he twice assailed their densest lines, and twice o'er all the wall pursued their routed bands, but quickly from the camp the whole array combines 'gainst him alone, nor dares Saturnian Juno give him strength for that; for Jupiter from heaven sent down aerial Iris, bearing to his sister stern commands, if Turnus quit not instantly the Trojan walls. Thus, neither by defence nor by attack can he resist so fierce a shock, so whelmed is he by darts from every side. With ceaseless rattle on his brow the helmet rings, and by the battering stones the solid brass is riven; the crests are stricken from his head; nor does the bossy shield resist the strokes. The Trojans, and the furious Mnestheus at their head, redouble blow on blow, and then from all his frame the sweat distils, and a pitchy current

flows, nor can he breathe; laboured panting shakes his wearied limbs. Now, at a bound, he plunges headlong in the stream with all his armour on. It in its yellow flood received him as he came, and on its softly flowing water bore him up, and to his friends restored him, cleansed of blood.

BOOK X.

In the Tenth Book Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and attempts in vain a reconciliation between Juno and Venus, who favour the opposite parties. Æneas returns and joins battle with the Latins. Pallas is killed by Turnus, who by the interposition of Juno is saved from the avenging hand of Æneas.

Meanwhile the palace of Olympus, seat of power supreme, is open thrown, and the father of gods and king of men to his home in heaven a council calls; there from his throne on high he views all lands, the Trojan camp and Latin tribes. In the spacious hall, with doors to east and west, they take their seats; then Jove begins: Great deities, why is your purpose altered, and why, with biassed minds, do you contend? My wish was that with the Trojans Italy should not engage in war. What mean these quarrels, all against my will? What jealous fear has prompted these or those to rouse to arms, and again call forth the sword? A fitting time for war will come, and soon enough, when Carthage, by and bye, in wrath shall hurl on Roman towers dread ruin and the riven Alps. Then 'twill be free to strive in bitter hate, and wild confusion spread. Just now forbear, and ratify with joy the fated league. Thus briefly Jove, but not so golden Venus: O Sire, O eternal Lord of men and earthly things, for what is there that I can else implore? Seest thou how the Rutulians with insolence exult, and how Turnus, conspicuous in his car, rides madly through

the ranks in pride of victory? Even bulwarks, though closed, no longer shield the Trojans; within the gates and on the turrets of the walls they fight, and flood the trenches with a stream of gore. Æneas is away, and knows it not. Will you never let them from blockade be free? Once more an enemy, another army too, threatens the walls of infant Troy, and from Ætolian Arpi [1] once more Tydides rises up against the Trojans. For me,[2] no doubt, new wounds are still in store, and I, your daughter, mortal arms delay. If, without your favour, and against your will, the Trojans Italy have sought, their faults let them atone, nor lend them any help; but if by oracles advised, which gods above and shades below have given, they seek Ausonia, why now can any change your fixed decrees? or why make up new schemes of destiny? Why should I call to mind their ships consumed on the Sicilian shore? Why name the storm-king, and the raging winds sent from Æolia, or Iris from the clouds despatched in haste? Now even the Manes does she set in motion—that portion of the universe was left untried—and Allecto is let loose on upper earth, revelling at will through all Italian towns. No longer now for empire do I care: that we once hoped for, while our fortune stood: let those you will prevail. If there's no quarter of the globe which your hard-hearted spouse to Trojans will allow, I beseech you, father, by the smoking fires of ruined Troy, permit me to release Ascanius from the risks of war, permit my grandson to survive. Let his father toss on seas unknown, and ever follow where chance the way may lead; but oh, my grandson let me screen, and from the horrid fray

[1] Arpi, called also Argyripa, a city of Apulia, built by Diomede after the Trojan war.

[2] Venus had in the Trojan war been wounded by Diomede; and here she expresses her apprehension lest that should again occur, and that the war cannot end till she is assailed by a mortal.

withdraw. There's Amathus, and lofty Paphos, and Cythera, and my Idalian home: there let him spend his days, devoid of war's renown. Bid that Ausonia may be ruled in lordly sway by Carthage: by him no damage shall be done to Tyrian cities. What avails it that Trojans have escaped war's scourge, and have made good their way through Grecian fires, and have exhausted every risk of land and sea, if still they seek in vain for Latium and for towers of Troy again to rise? Had it not been well to make their home upon their country's ashes, and on the site where Troy once stood? Restore the wretched Trojans, I entreat you, their Simoïs and Xanthus, and allow them to repeat once more the stirring history of Troy's misfortunes. Then queenly Juno, goaded by bitter rage, replies: Why force me from deep silence to come forth and openly proclaim my smothered grief? What man or god compelled Æneas to court a war, or to encroach in hostile guise on king Latinus? By Fates' advice he made for Italy: granted; urged by the words of mad Cassandra. Did we advise his camp to quit, or trust his life and fortunes to the winds? and to a boy commit the conduct of the war, the safety of the walls? to disturb the loyalty of Tuscans, and trouble tribes at peace? What deity has brought him into mischief, or what stern power of mine? Where in all this is Juno, and Iris from the clouds sent down? It is a shame, forsooth, that the Italians should assail with fire the infant Troy, and that Turnus in his native land should stay, whose grandsire was Pilumnus,[1] and his mother the divine Venilia?[2] What shall we say of this, that sons of Troy attack the Latins with the smoky brand, that they hold by force fields not their own, and drive away the prey? What, fathers to

[1] Pilumnus, a deity worshipped at Rome, from whom Turnus boasted that he was lineally descended.

[2] Venilia, a nymph, sister to Amata, and mother of Turnus by Daunus.

deceive, and from their bosoms wrest the plighted bride; to sue for peace in name, but signs of war display? Æneas you can snatch from hands of Greeks, and veil the man with cloud and empty mist, and into nymphs his ships convert. That the Rutulians I should help the least is heinous, I suppose? Æneas is away, and knows not: in ignorance and absence let him stay. Paphos and Idalium and Cythera high are at your service. Why seek a city teeming with war's alarms, and men in furious mood? Was it I that tried to wholly overthrow Troy's tottering state? Was it I, or he who wantonly exposed the Trojan to the Greek? Whose[1] fault was it that Europe against Asia rose in arms, and that the rights of hosts and guests were foully broken? Was it I who led the adulterous Dardan to lay siege to Sparta? did I supply the weapons for his war, or foster strife to gratify his lust? That was the time to have your fears for friends: 'tis now too late to rise with groundless plaints, and hurl at me your silly taunts.

So Juno pleaded; and all the gods in tones suppressed their varying verdict gave, some on this side, some on that; as when the rising blasts caught by the woods with rustling noise are heard, and the dull murmurs[2] onward roll, forewarning sailors of the coming storm. Then Father Jove, who all things human chiefly guides, thus speaks: and as he spoke the lofty palace of the gods is hushed in silence, and earth in its foundation shakes; the highest heaven is still; the zephyrs lull; the sea subsides and calms its waves. Hear, then, my words, and lay them well to heart. Since fate permits not that the Ausonians join in league with sons of Troy, nor do your wranglings find an end; whatever fortune is to each to-day, whatever hope each for himself

[1] "*Quæ*" must not be joined with "*causa*," but taken independently.

[2] The Scotch word "sough" is perhaps the best to express the idea suggested by "*cæca murmura*."

carves out, in no distinction shall I hold the Trojan or Rutulian, whether in close blockade the camp by fates of Italy is held, or by Troy's mistake and by a false advice. Nor do I the Rutulians free. To each side shall their efforts bring success or loss. King Jupiter will be the same to all. The Fates will take their course. He nodded his assent, and to seal his oaths he calls the rivers of his Stygian brother, and those banks which boil with pitch and murky swirls, and with that nod he made Olympus tremble to its utmost bounds. So ends the Council. Then Jove arises from his golden throne, and him to his door the other gods with honour due conduct.

Meanwhile the Rutulians at the gates the warriors strive to slay, and with fire the walls to gird. But the Trojan troops are closely pent within the ramparts, nor hope they for escape. Upon the lofty towers they stand in sorry plight, and purposeless, and with a broken line their walls have manned. Asius, son of Imbrasus, and Thymœtes, son of Hicetaon, the two Assaraci, and aged Thymbris with Castor, form the foremost rank: then from the far-famed Lycia come Clarus and Thæmon, brothers of Sarpedon slain. Striving with all his might, Acmon of Lyrnesus bears an enormous stone, itself a hill,—inferior he neither to his father Clytius nor his brother Mnestheus. Some with their spears, others with stones, strive to defend the walls, and hurl their brands and fit their arrows to the string. In the midst, the Dardan youth himself, most rightly Venus' charge, with uncovered head appears conspicuous, like a diamond set in gold for coronet or necklace, or bright as gleams the ivory when cased in boxwood, or in ebony of Oricum;[1] his milk-white neck receives his spreading locks, by golden circlet bound. You also, Ismarus, your noble clansmen saw aiming your deadly strokes, and arming your darts with poison, nobly born of a Maeonian

[1] Orician ebony, from Oricum, a town of Epirus.

stock, where men the loamy furrows till, and with his golden stream Pactolus[1] floods. There, too, was Mnestheus, whom the fame of driving Turnus from the wall exalts in glory; and Capys,—from him the city Capua derives its name.

On both sides had they fought with stubborn will: and now Æneas at the dead of night the waters ploughed. For when, Evander left, he joined the Tuscan camp; at once he seeks the king, and both his race and name he tells; and what he asks and what he brings; what forces to his aid Mezentius calls, and Turnus' haughty and ferocious mood declares; of fickleness of human things he speaks, and then his suit prefers: there's no delay: Tarchon his forces joins, and makes a league: then the Lydian race, now free from fate's restraints, ascend the ships with sanction of the gods. Of foreign captain now in charge Æneas' galley leads the way: beneath the beak two Phrygian lions couch; above them Ida shows, a pleasing sight to Trojan exiles. Here great Æneas sits, and ponders with himself the changing fates of war: on his left young Pallas, clinging close, asks of the stars that guide in darksome nights—of all his sufferings both by land and sea.

Now open Helicon, ye Muses, and bestir my song, and say what bands meantime attend Æneas from the Tuscan shores and man his ships and with him plough the sea. Massicus first cuts the waters in the brazen Tigris; with him there are a thousand youths who left the walls of Clusium[2] and the town of Cosa;[3] whose weapons are the arrow-shaft, light quivers on their shoulders, and a deadly bow. With him was Abas, stern of look; all whose squadron

[1] Pactolus, a river of Lydia issuing from Mount Tmolus, and falling into the Hermus below Sardes. The sands of the Pactolus, like those of the Hermus, were mingled with gold.

[2] Clusium, a town of Etruria, on the banks of the Clanis, where Porsenna was king in days of early Roman history.

[3] Cosa and Populonia, maritime towns of Etruria.

was in conspicuous armour drest, and on the poop a gilt Apollo shone. Six hundred warriors skilled in fight did Populonia send; but Ilva[1] three hundred, an island with exhaustless mines. Third, famed Asilas, who the will of gods to men declares, whom flesh of cattle and the stars obey, and tongues of birds, and flash of lightning which the future tells, brings a thousand, close arrayed, with bristling spears. These Pisa[2] gives in charge, a city Tuscan in position, but in origin Alphean. Noblest of all comes Astur, in his steed confiding and his parti-coloured arms. Who dwell in Cære[3] and on Minio's[4] fields, and ancient Pyrgi, and Graviscæ with unhealthy air, three hundred add—in heart and soul all one.

Nor you will I omit, brave Cycnus,[5] chief of the Ligurians; nor you Cupavo, though your men were few, from whose helmet rise the plumes of swans—affection was your family bane—badge of your father's altered form. For 'tis said that Cycnus, while through grief at death of much-loved Phaëthon he sings amidst the poplar boughs and shade of sisters' trees,[6] and by music soothes his melancholy

[1] Ilva (Elba), an island of the Tyrrhene Sea, between Italy and Corsica; it was famous for its iron mines.

[2] Pisa, a town of Etruria, at the mouth of the Arnus, built by a colony from Pisa in Elis.

[3] Cære, a city of Etruria, of which Mezentius was king when Æneas came to Italy.

[4] Minio (Mignone), a river of Etruria, falling into the Tyrrhene Sea. Pyrgi and Graviscæ, maritime towns of Etruria.

[5] Cycnus, a son of Sthenelus, king of Liguria, who was deeply affected at the death of his friend Phaëthon, and was metamorphosed into a swan. Phaëthon, the son of Phœbus and Clymene, according to the poets, was entrusted by his father with the chariot of the sun for one day, when, by his unskilful driving, he set the world on fire, upon which Jupiter struck him with a thunderbolt, and he fell into the river Po.

[6] Sisters' trees: the sisters of Phaëthon (the Heliades) were changed into poplar trees.

love, waxed old with hoary plumage clad, and soared from earth, still singing, to the stars. His son, attended in his fleet by warriors of an equal age, propels with oars the stately Centaur: a Centaur from the bow projects, with rock in hand, which from on high he seems in act of heaving on the waves, and with his length of keel he furrows up the deep.

Famed Ocnus[1] from his native coasts leads on his squadron, son of prophetic Manto and the Tuscan stream, who to your walls gave, Mantua, his mother's name,—Mantua, rich in ancestry; but not of one blood and race: the race is threefold, four peoples under each: of the peoples she is the chief; her strength lies in her Tuscan blood. Five hundred hence Mezentius roused with arms against himself, whom Mincius, fringed with azure reeds, bore to the plains in hostile ships from Lake Benacus. Aulestes onward moves in might, and rising to the stroke he smites the billows with a hundred oars: the glassy surface of the deep to seething foam is lashed. A Triton of enormous size, seeming with his shell to startle all the azure seas, conveys him; whose shaggy front when swimming shows to the waist a human form, his belly in a pristis ends; under his breast, half man's half beast's, the waters loudly gurgle.

So many chiefs in thirty ships were on their way to help the Trojans, and with their brazen prows now ploughed the salt sea-plains.

Now from the sky had day withdrawn, and bounteous Phœbe in her nightly car was treading mid-Olympus. Æneas—for to his limbs his cares no rest allow—sits at the helm himself, and steers, and tends the sails. And now, in middle of his course, a choir of old companions came to

[1] Ocnus, the son of Tiber and Manto, who assisted Æneas against Turnus. He built a town which he called Mantua, after his mother's name.

meet him; those nymphs whom gracious Cybele had willed to have dominion in the sea, and from ships had made them to be Nymphs, were floating side by side, and cut the waves at equal speed,[1] as many as before had lined the coast with brazen prow. Their prince at distance they descry, and in circling gambols round his ship disport. Of these, Cymodoce, most glib of tongue, following behind, with right hand grasps the ship, and raising her back above the tide she gently paddles with her left beneath the waters. Then, to his surprise, she speaks as follows: Æneas, offspring of the gods, are you awake? Awake and give your ships full sail. 'Tis we, the pines once hewn on Ida's sacred top, now ocean-nymphs, but formerly your fleet. When the false Rutulian drove us by fire and sword to fly in haste, we broke your hawsers, much against our will, and now we seek you on the main. The mother of the gods in pity changed our shapes, and made us ocean-nymphs to spend our lives beneath the waters. But young Ascanius is held inclosed by wall and ditch in midst of weapons and of Latins in battle's fiercest mood. Now the Arcadian horse, united with the brave Etruscans, have reached the place appointed. These squadrons Turnus means to intercept, that they may never reach the Trojan camp. Rise quick, and at the dawn of day make haste to call your men to arms, and take the shield which Vulcan made invincible, and rimmed it round with gold. To-morrow's sun, if these my words you deem not vain, shall see Rutulians slain in heaps. She spoke; and with her right hand, as she left, she shoved the lofty ship, with perfect knowledge of the force and mode. Over the waves it flies swifter than a javelin, and an arrow equalling the wind in speed. Thence all the rest are hastened on their course. Æneas, ignorant of the cause,

[1] "*Modo*" refers to the keeping the ship properly poised while the impulse was given.

is lost in wonder; yet by the omen are his spirits raised. Then looking up to heaven's height he briefly prays: Bounteous mother of the gods, Idæan Cybele, who dost delight in Dindymus, and tower-bearing cities and lions yoked in pairs, be thou my leader in the fight; the omen duly prosper; and, O goddess, come to the Phrygians with thine aid benign.

So did he speak; and now the day, come round once more, was hurrying on to perfect light, and darkness had dispelled. And first his comrades to obedience he enjoins, to rouse the warlike spirit, and for the fight prepare. And now, as on the poop he stands, he has the Trojans and his camp in view, and then he raised on high his flaming shield. From the battlements the Trojans raise a deafening shout which rent the sky: the new-born hope rouses their fury: all missiles with their might they hurl: just as beneath the darkening clouds Strymonian cranes give signal of approach, and with noisy din haste through the sky, and from the south winds fly with clamour in their train.

But Turnus and the Ausonian leaders were by this amazed, until they saw the vessels heading to the shore, and a sea of galleys bearing down in force. Æneas' helmet glitters in the sun, and from his crest above the flames burst forth, and the golden shield emits vast floods of fire; just as when in a clear bright night the bloody comets give a baleful glare, or as blazing Sirius—that star which to weary mortals brings disease and drought—rises and saddens heaven with ill-boding light.

Yet Turnus shrinks not from his bold design to occupy the shore, and as they come to drive them from the land. [By words he cheers his men and chides them too.] What in your prayers you asked, you have—the power to crush the foe. Brave men have Mars himself in their control.[1]

[1] *i.e.*, brave men have the martial spirit embodied in their hands.

Let each remember wife and home; your fathers' deeds and glory to your mind recall. Stay not, but in their bustle let us meet them by the stream, and while they land with tottering steps. Fortune aids the bold. This said, he silently debates what troops are best to lead the fight, to whom commit the siege.

Meantime the Trojan allies from the ships descend by gangways. Some watch the ebbing of the feebler surf and to the shallows leap, and some slide down by oars. Tarchon observes the strand where waters sound not, nor broken wave remurmurs, but a sea unchafed glides on with spreading flow; then suddenly he turns the prow and animates his crews: Now, my chosen men, lie to your sturdy oars, and on the beach lift high your boats: cleave with the beaks the strangers' land, let every keel its furrow find. I care not though my ship I break, if once I reach the shore. When Tarchon this had said, his comrades, one and all, rise to the oars, and onward drive the foaming ships to Latin soil, until the prows run quite aground, and all the keels in safety settle down. Not so your galley, Tarchon, for while upon the shallows dashed, it hangs in balance on a bank of sand, and beats the waves; it breaks asunder, and lands the men among the water; whom broken oars and floating benches hinder, and the receding wave retards their steps.

Nor lingers Turnus, but 'gainst the Trojans hurries up his lines, and stands to face them on the shore. The trumpet sounds. Foremost in the van Æneas bounded on the rustic troops, and, omen of the fight, the Latins slew in heaps, among them Theron, a mighty warrior, who unassailed made for Æneas. Right through his brazen corslet, and through his tunic with its golden plates, the sword passed on and drained the life-blood from his side. Then Lichas next he smites, cut from the womb of his dead mother, and to you, O Phœbus, sacred, because as an

infant he escaped the perils of the knife,[1] and then in quick succession the stubborn Cisseus and the gigantic Gyas he did to death, as with clubs they felled the bands. Of no avail to them were arms of Hercules, nor their own strong hands, nor Sire Melampus, Alcides' comrade so long as earth afforded toilsome labours. Aiming at Pharos while he shouts his idle boasts, he plants the javelin in his bawling mouth. You too, ill-fated Cydon, when Clytius, your newest flame, you follow, yellowing his cheeks with the first down of youth, laid low by Dardan arm, forgetful of your youthful loves to you so dear, would then have lain a wretched corpse, had not a band of brothers, sons of Phorcus, come between: seven they were in all, and seven darts they throw; some woundless from the helmet and the shield rebound, some merely scrape the flesh and turn aside by Venus' kindly care. Then to faithful Achates Æneas says: Supply me darts in plenty: none shall I hurl in vain at the Rutulians of those that on the Trojan plains were fixed in flesh of Greek. A heavy spear at once he takes and throws: it flying crashes through the brazen shield of Mæon, and burst both breast and corslet. Alcanor rushes up, and with his hand supports his falling brother; piercing whose arm the darted spear holds on its bloody course, and from the shoulders by the sinews held the arm hung lifeless. Then Numitor attacks Æneas with a javelin from the body torn; but fate forbade to strike him straight, and so it merely grazed Achates' thigh. Here Clausus of Cures, trusting in his youthful frame, advances, and with his sturdy spear, driven boldly home, wounds Dryops underneath the chin, and from his severed throat withdraws at once both speech and life; but he with forehead beats the ground, and vomits from his mouth the clotted blood. Three Thracians, too, of Boreas' exalted race, and three

[1] Such children were consecrated to Apollo.

whom father Idas and native Ismara sends, by different deaths he slays. Halæsus rushes to the front, and the Auruncan band; Messapus, too, great Neptune's son, by steeds conspicuous, comes: now these strain every nerve to drive the other back: the first foot of Ausonian ground they doggedly contest. As jarring winds in heaven's great realms with fury and with strength engage in conflict, each yields not to the other, nor clouds to clouds, nor sea to sea: long is the contest doubtful: all are in equal poise, one struggling with the other: just so the Trojan and the Latin hosts meet in the shock of battle: foot is tightly locked with foot, and man close pressed on man.

But in another part, where mountain torrent with its whirling flood had washed down stones and trees uprooted on the banks, and spread them far and wide, when Pallas saw the Arcadians, unused to fight on foot, turning their backs to Latium in pursuit—since the rugged ground induced them to let go their steeds—now with entreaty, now with reproach he stirs their valour, all he could do in such distress. Where fly you, comrades? By you and by your gallant deeds, by Prince Evander's name and by our battles won, and by my hopes which now aspire to match his fame, trust not to speed of foot. Our swords must cleave a passage through the foe. Where densest seems the throng, through it our noble country calls on you and Pallas to return. No deities pursue us: 'tis by a mortal enemy we're pressed: their lives and hands are many as our own. See how the deep by mighty barrier hems us in: by land there's no escape: the ocean shall we seek, or Troy? This said, he rushes 'midst the thickest of the fight. Lagus first meets him, led by bitter fate: him as he tugs a ponderous stone he pierces with a lance, just where the spine divides the ribs in double row, and wrenches out the spear fast locked among the bones. Him Hisbo, though he hopes it, fails to catch by downward stroke: for him, as he

rushes on in fury, made reckless by his comrade's death, Pallas anticipates, and hides his sword in his inflated lung. Next Sthenelus he attacks, and Anchemolus, of Rhœtus' ancient line, who dared by incest to defile his father's bed. You also fell on the Rutulian plains, twin sons of Daucus, Larides and Thymber, so like in face that friends even failed to say which was which; to parents 'twas a pleasing source of doubt. But Pallas made a cruel difference between; for Thymber's head his falchion lopped, and your right hand, Larides, seeks its owner: the fingers twitch, and try to grasp the steel once more. His warning and his valiant deeds rouse the Arcadians, whom shame and vexation mixed impel against their foes. Then Rhœteus in his chariot flying past he strikes. Such time and such delay were given to Ilus—for he had aimed at Ilus from afar his sturdy spear, which Rhœteus intercepted, as you he flies from, bravest Teuthras, and your brother Tyres; and tumbling from his car, with dying heels he spurns Rutulian plains. As when in summer time a wished-for wind has risen, and the shepherd flings in the woods his scattered brands: through the wide plains dread Vulcan's lines extend, at once devouring all between: he sits in triumph and surveys the conquering flames: so is the valour of each comrade to a centre drawn, and gives you, Pallas, needed aid. But Halæsus, fierce in war, rushes against the enemy, and gathers himself up beneath his shield. Ladon he slays, and Pheres, and Demodocus. Strymonius' hand raised at his throat he lops with gleaming sword. Then Thoas with a stone he strikes, and scatters bones and brains around. His father, knowing Fate's decrees, had hid Halæsus in the woods: but when the old man's eyes relaxed in death, the Parcæ claimed him, and gave him to Evander's arms. Him Pallas seeks, first praying thus: O Father Tiber, to the lance I poise grant good success, and passage through the breast of strong Halæsus: my prayer heard, your oak

shall wear these arms and warrior's spoils. His words were heard: hapless Halæsus, while he shields Imaon, lays open to the Arcadian spear his own unguarded breast. But Lausus, bulwark of the war, suffers not his men to be dismayed by such a hero's death: first Abas facing him he slays, the knot and stay [1] of war. Arcadia's sons are slain, Etruscans are laid low, and you, O Trojans, by the Greeks unharmed. They meet in shock of battle, in leaders equal and in strength alike. The rear ranks pressing on condense the front, and by reason of the crush nor hands nor weapons can be moved. On this side Pallas stimulates his men, on that side Lausus, nor differ they in age: in figure both distinguished: but to both had Fate denied a safe return to home. Yet mighty Jove permitted not that they should meet in deadly fight: his fate awaited each beneath a mightier hand.

Turnus meantime, who through the midst rides in his rapid car, his sister warns to take the place of Lausus. Soon as his friends he saw, 'Tis time to stop the fight: 'gainst Pallas I alone advance: to me alone is Pallas due: would that his father, too, were here to see the sight. He spoke; and at the word his comrades cleared the plain. The troops withdrawn, Pallas views Turnus with amaze, he marvels at his haughty speech, and his massive frame surveys, and with fierce look scans him from head to foot, and then the tyrant's threats he thus defies: By goodly trophy won or by a noble death I glory gain: for either fate my father is prepared. Your vaunting cease. He spoke, and strode into the field. In kind Arcadian hearts the blood runs cold. From his chariot Turnus bounds, to meet him hand to hand on foot. As when a lion from a

[1] "*Nodum*" is a metaphor derived from the difficulty with which knots are unfastened. It may also refer to a knot in wood which resists the wedge or the axe of the carpenter.

lofty height beholds at distance in the plain a bull in practice for the strife, and rushes on him with a furious bound, just so does Turnus come. And now, when Pallas deemed it but a javelin-cast, he takes first throw, if any chance might aid his ill-matched powers, and thus to heaven he prayed: Now, by my father's hospitable board, which you a stranger shared, Alcides, help my bold attempt I earnestly entreat. Let Turnus feel me, as from his dying frame I wrest his bloody arms, and may his swimming eyes hail me his conqueror. Alcides heard the youth, and in his bosom crushed a heavy sigh, and poured forth tears in vain. Then Father Jove in kindly words addressed his son: The day of each is fixed: brief and determined is the space of life to all: but to prolong his fame by deeds, that is the brave man's task. Beneath the lofty walls of Troy how many sons of gods have fallen! aye, and among the rest my own dear son Sarpedon died. His Fates now summon Turnus too, and to the goal of his allotted life he comes. He speaks, and from the plains of Italy averts his eyes. But Pallas with his utmost might discharged his spear, and from the scabbard tears his shining sword. Where topmost coverings of the shoulders swell the flying javelin sped, and passing through the buckler's rim it grazed even then the mighty frame. Next Turnus poising long his steel-tipped shaft at Pallas aimed, and thus he speaks: See if my dart has greater power to pierce. But the shield, so many plates of iron, of brass so many, which ox hide covers fold on fold, the spear with quivering stroke right in the centre pierces through and through, and rends the corslet's barrier, and tears the manly breast. In vain he tries to wrench the weapon from the wound: by the same passage issue blood and soul. He falls upon the wound, and over him his armour rang; and as he died, he bit with bloody mouth the foeman's soil. Then Turnus, standing over him: Arcadians, says he, forget

not to Evander my message to convey: such as he merits,[1] Pallas I restore. What'er the honour of a tomb, what'er the solace of a grave, I freely give. His league of friendship with Æneas will cost him not a little. So saying, the body with his foot he pressed, and seized the ponderous belt stamped with a tale of crime: how fifty youths, one nuptial night, were foully slain, and bridal chambers stained with blood: this Clonus, son of Eurytus, had carved in high relief of gold: now Turnus proudly wears the belt, and glories in the spoil. Ah, human mind, that knows not fate and future chance, unchecked by bounds when Fortune smiles. To Turnus soon the time will come when he shall wish that Pallas he had never touched, and to undo the deed would heavy ransom pay; when he shall hate the trophy and this day. But with many sighs and tears his comrades bear back Pallas on his shield. Oh, to a parent sad but glorious return! This day first sent you to the war, this same one takes you hence. This battle-field has been your first as it has been your last, while yet you leave upon the field heaps of Rutulians slain.

And now not Rumour but a trusty hand hastens to Æneas with the news that his men in direst peril stand, and that 'tis time to aid the routed Trojans. Whatever meets him with his sword he mows, and furious hews a passage through the throng, seeking you, Turnus, proud with recent slaughter. Pallas he sees, Evander, all: the tables, too, which first received him as a stranger, and the pledged right hands. Four sons of Sulmo, four which Ufens rears, he takes alive to slay as victims to the Shades, and quench the funeral flames with captives' blood. 'Gainst Mago at a distance he had hurled a deadly spear: he deftly stoops, and over him the quivering javelin flies; then he clasps

[1] That is, such as Evander merits for joining Æneas. Some think, such as Pallas merits for his bravery. But that seems too noble a sentiment for the ferocious character (*violentia*) of Turnus.

his knees in abject prayer, and thus bespeaks him: By great Anchises' shade, and by the hopes of young Iülus' springing day, I pray you spare this life for father and for son. I have a noble house; within are hidden stores of silver coin; masses of gold wrought and unwrought are mine. On me hangs not the victory of Troy, nor will one life decide the great award. He spoke: and in return Æneas made reply: Spare for your children the heaps of gold and silver which you name. By death of Pallas Turnus has first removed all friendly intercourse of war. So think my father's Manes, so thinks Iülus. Then with his hand he grasps the suppliant's helm, and in his bended neck up to the hilt he drives the vengeful sword. Hæmonides was near, the priest of Phœbus and Diana, his temples with a sacred fillet wreathed, bright in sacerdotal robes and trappings white. He attacks and drives him o'er the plain, and standing on him as he fell he slays him, and covers him in death's dark shade. Serestus bears away the gathered arms, to you a trophy, Mars Gradivus. Cæculus, of Vulcan's seed, and Umbro, from the Marsian hills, renew the battle. The Dardan chief against them storms in fight. Anxur's left arm he with his sword struck off and dashed to earth his shield:—some boastful phrase he just had uttered, and thought that force would back the words, and possibly was forming hopes as high as heaven, and to himself grey hairs had given and many years of life;—when Tarquitus, bounding proudly forward in his glittering arms,—whom Dryope, the mountain nymph, had borne to Faunus,—confronted the Trojan in his furious rage. He with his spear drawn back together pinned his corslet and his massive shield: then, as he begs and wishes to say much, the head he trundles on the ground, and pushing off the trunk, still warm, thus speaks with angry mind: Lie there now, dreaded warrior. No mother kind shall lay you in the ground, or load your body with ancestral tomb; you shall

be left for birds of prey, or a wave shall bear you to the seething deep, and hungry fish shall lick your bleeding wounds. Then Lucas and Antaeus he pursues, flower of Turnus' heroes, and valiant Numa, and Camers with his auburn locks, descended from the noble Volscens, who was richest of all Ausonians in land, and reigned in Amyclæ, silent town.[1] Like as Ægæon, with his hundred arms and hundred hands, and fifty mouths that breathed forth fire, when 'gainst Jove's thunderbolts he clashed as many shields and drew as many swords; so victorious Æneas vented his rage o'er all the plain when once his blade was warmed. Against Niphæus in his four-horse car he goes, and marks his front exposed. And when the horses saw his stately stride and furious rage they wheeled in fright, and rushing back they spill their chief and drag the chariot to the shore. Lucagus meanwhile on a snow-white pair advances to the midst, and with him brother Liger. His brother guides the steeds, and Lucagus whirls in air a naked sword. Æneas could not brook such maddened zeal: he rushed upon them, and stood before them in majestic height with ready spear. Then Liger thus: You see not here the steeds of Diomede, nor Achilles' chariot, nor the plain of Troy: now and here your war and life shall end. Such words from foolish Liger fly. But no reply the Trojan hero deigns; his only answer is a well-hurled dart. As Lucagus bends forward to the stroke, and with spear-goad spurs his steeds, and while with his left advanced he stays him for the fight, the spear emerges through the buckler's lowest rim and perforates his groin: hurled from his car he rolls in death-throes on

[1] It had been deserted by the inhabitants, in consequence of the serpents that infested it, and thus "silence reigned" in its empty streets. So Wagner. There was an Amyclæ in Greece, of which the Italian town was said to be a colony. The story is that false alarms of intended attacks by the Achaeans having been often raised, strict orders were issued that no one should mention the subject. At last the enemy did come, and surprised and took the city.

the plain. Him in cutting words Æneas thus addressed: No slowness of your steeds your chariot has betrayed, nor have empty shadows turned them from the foe: you, jumping from the car, have left your team. This said, he seized the horses: the luckless brother, sliding from the car, stretched out his pithless hands: By yourself, O Trojan hero, by those who gave you birth, spare this life, and your wretched suppliant pity. As more he prayed, Æneas says: No words like these you lately uttered: die, and in your death leave not a brother. Then with his blade he opened wide his breast, the soul's retreat. Such deaths o'er all the field the Trojan leader dealt, like a black whirlwind or a torrent flood. At length Ascanius and the youth, now needlessly besieged, burst from the camp.

Meantime Jupiter unasked addresses Juno: O sister mine and dearest consort too, Venus, as you suppose,—nor are you wrong,—supports the Trojan cause: the men themselves have neither dashing pluck for war, nor spirits bold all danger to incur. Then Juno, all submission, says: O darling spouse, why worry me when ill at ease, and dreading your sarcastic words? If now I had your fervent love, which once I had, and ought to have, your power omnipotent would not refuse me this, that I might Turnus from the fight withdraw, and safe restore him to his father Daunus. Now let him die, and with his pious blood glut Trojan vengeance. Yet from our stock he draws his name, and Pilumnus is his father in the fourth degree; and with a liberal hand and many gifts he oft has piled your altars. To whom the king of high Olympus thus replies: If respite from impending death you ask, and for the short-lived youth a breathing-time before he dies, and if you understand that thus I put it, so far as this I may indulge you. But if beneath these prayers of yours there lurks some farther favour, and if you think the war can all be moved and changed, an empty hope you cherish. Then Juno, thus, in

tears: What if you would grant in mind that which you fail to promise, and if this life I beg to Turnus were confirmed. As it is, a woful end awaits the harmless youth, or I am far deceived. But would that rather by false fear I'm mocked, and that you, who can, may for the better change your plans.

This said, she forthwith plunged from lofty heaven, shrouded in a cloud, and by a storm attended, and sought the Trojan army and Laurentine camp. Then in the hollow cloud the goddess makes an airy and a phantom form in likeness of Æneas—a strange and wondrous sight—and fits it out with Trojan arms, and imitates the shield and crested helmet of his head divine; she gives unmeaning words, and sound without significance, and counterfeits his gait: such was it as the forms that flit about when death has passed on men, or as those dreams which mock the slumbering senses. But before the van the image stalks exulting, and the hero with its darts provokes, and chides him with its words. It Turnus presses hard, and at distance hurls a hissing spear; the phantom wheels and flies away; and then, when Turnus deemed the Trojan was in flight, and in his crowding thoughts conceived an empty hope, he cries aloud: Where fly you, son of Venus? Abandon not your plighted nuptials: the land you sought for o'er the waves this hand shall give. Shouting thus, he follows, and waves his naked sword; nor sees he that the winds are bearing off his hopes of triumph.

As it chanced, close to the margin of a lofty rock a ship was moored, with ladders out and gangway ready, in which Osinius was brought from Clusian shores. Into its hold the image of Æneas plunged; and Turnus with no less speed pursues, all obstacles surmounts, and clears at a bound the lofty bridges. Scarce had he reached the prow when Juno snaps the cable, and sweeps the ship over the tumbling waves. But him far off Æneas for the combat seeks; and to the Shades below sends many valiant heroes. No

longer then the airy image courts concealment, but soaring aloft blends with the dusky cloud, while now the blast wafts Turnus in mid-sea. Ignorant of the truth and thankless for his safety, he looks around, and to heaven raises voice and hands: Almighty Father, did you deem me worthy of a charge like this? And did you wish me to be punished so? Where am I borne? whence have I come? What shameful flight abstracts me, what a coward brings me back? On Laurentum's camp or walls how can I ever look again? What of that trusty band who me and my arms have followed? And all of whom—oh, shame!—I left to death unutterable, whom now I see in scattered flight, and hear their dying groans? What am I about? or what yawning chasm will take me to its depths? But rather you, O winds, have pity on me: drive my ship on cliffs, on rocks—I, Turnus, eagerly implore you—and hurl me on the shallows of the merciless Syrtes, where neither Rumour nor the Rutulians conscious of my shame can find me. Thus speaking, he wavers in his mind, and now to this and now to that inclines; whether to throw himself upon his sword for such disgrace, and right through his ribs drive home the cruel steel; or cast himself amid the waves, and swim to shore, and return to meet again the Trojan arms. Each way he thrice attempted; thrice powerful Juno withheld him, and pitying him[1] in her heart, checked his efforts. With favouring wind and current he scuds along the deep, and to his father's ancient city is safely borne down.

Then, prompted from on high, the bold Mezentius takes his place, and assails the Trojans, flushed with their success. The Tuscan lines against him rush—a host to meet one man—and in all their bitter hate they press him hard with sword and lance. Like ocean rock he stands, which to furious wind and stormy deep exposed, all violence and threats of sky and sea endures, itself unmoved. Hebrus, Dolichaon's son, he fells to earth, and Latagus, and Palmus as he fled, but

[1] Or, "pitying his feelings."

Latagus he caught right on the mouth and face with a huge stone, a mountain's part, while Palmus, hamstrung and impotent, he left to lie, and to Lausus gives to wear his arms and don his waving crest. The Phrygian Euanthes, too, he slays, and Mimas, coeval friend of Paris, whom Theano bore to Amycus the night that Hecuba, with firebrand pregnant, gave birth to Paris: he lies buried in his native land: Mimas unknown Laurentine soil contains. As when a boar, driven from the lofty hills by baying dogs—which pine-clad Vesulus[1] had sheltered many a year, and many the Laurentine fens, feeding on the reedy sedge—when midst the toils he comes, stops short, and fiercely roars and bristles up his shoulders; none so bold as show his wrath or nearer come, but at safe distance they ply him with darts and shouts: just so, of those who at Mezentius justly are enraged, none dares to meet him with the naked sword; they gall him at distance with missiles, and with shouting loud. He (the boar), undismayed, turns doubtingly to every side, gnashing his teeth, and from his body shakes the spears. From fields of ancient Corythus had Acron come, a Greek by race, leaving in haste his nuptials incomplete. And when he saw him at distance dashing through the ranks, gaily arrayed with plumes, and purple robe made by his bride: as oft a famished lion ranging o'er the glades—for maddening hunger prompts—if he chance to see a timorous goat or deer with stately horns, gapes wide with fond delight and rears his mane, and dwelling on the feast clings to the carcase; foul gore besmears his ravenous mouth:—with such a keenness rushed Mezentius on the crowding foe. Luckless Acron is laid low, and as he dies, the black earth by his heels is spurned, and the weapon broken in the wound is steeped in blood. Orodes, with his back exposed, he does not deign to slay, nor give a hidden wound with darted

[1] Vesulus (Viso), a large mountain in the range of the Alps, between Liguria and Gaul, where the Po takes its rise.

spear: he confronts and fights him face to face, and conquers him not by base stealth, but by his stubborn steel. Then firmly treading on the fallen foe, and struggling with his lance, he said: Orodes in his stately height lies there, my mates, no mean factor in the work of war. His comrades, in response, sing loud a joyful pæan. But he, with dying breath, replies: Whoe'er you are, o'er me unvenged you shall not long rejoice: you too an equal fate awaits; on this same ground you soon shall lie. To whom, with smiles and anger mixed, Mezentius said: Now die. But me the father of the gods and king of men will look to. So said he, and from the body dragged the spear. A rest unbroken and an iron sleep oppress his eyes; his light is quenched in everlasting gloom.

Cædicus kills Alcathous, Sacrator Hydaspes, Rapo Parthenius, and Orses of surpassing strength; Clonius, and Erichætes, son of Lycaon, Messapus slays—the one as on the ground he lay, thrown by his restive horse, the other, man on foot 'gainst man. Lycian Agis had to the front gone forth; but Valerus, of ancestral might, hurled him to earth; Thronius is by Salius slain, and Salius by Nealces famed for his javelin and his unnoticed arrow shot from far.

Now Mars with heavy hand dealt war and death to each in equal measure: victors and vanquished slew alike, and like too did they fall: nor these nor those knew how to fly. In courts of Jove the gods behold with pitying look the needless rage of both, and grieve that men are doomed to toils like these; on one side Venus views the fight, on the other Juno. Midst thousands pale Tisiphone lets loose her fiendish rage.

But now with noisy bluster Mezentius takes the field, and shows his ponderous spear; huge as Orion, when he stalks on foot through greatest depths of Ocean, cleaving his way, and by his shoulders overtops the waves, or when from mountain heights he bears an aged ash, and walking on the earth conceals his head in clouds; so vast in size,

with armour vast, Mezentius strides along. But when Æneas saw him at distance in the line, he hastes to meet him. Undismayed he stays, waiting his noble foe, and by his very bulk stands firm as a rock; and, measuring with his eye a lance's throw, he says: Let my sole god, my own right hand, and the weapon which I poise to throw, befriend me now. I vow that you, O Lausus, clothed in this pirate's spoils, shall be my trophy-block. He said, and hurled from far his hissing spear: but it in flight glanced from the shield, and between the side and groin it pierces great Antores—Antores, friend of Alcides, who coming from Argos had to Evander clung, and settled in his Italian town. By a wound not meant for him he falls in death, and to the sky looks up, and with his dying thought remembers Argos. And then his spear Æneas hurls: through the concave orb of triple brass, and through the linen folds it passed, and through the fabric made of three ox hides, and deep in the groin was fixed; but there it spent its strength. Æneas, joyed to see the Tuscan's blood, drew quickly from his side his gleaming sword, and in the flush of hope rushed at his trembling foe. Lausus saw, and in his filial love he deeply groaned, and bitter tears coursed freely down his cheeks. And here I will relate your piteous death and gallant deeds, O noble youth, if to an act so brave far distant time can credit lend. Mezentius, powerless and pinioned by the spear, retreated, and giving ground in his shield he dragged his foeman's lance. The youth sprang forward and mingled in the fight; and now, as Æneas rose and dealt the blow, he came beneath the blade, and, by retarding it, sustained the shock. His comrades with loud shouts his efforts back, until the father, sheltered by his son, might safe retire; darts too they throw, and from a distance strive to beat away the foe. Æneas with vexation burns, but under cover waits. As at times, when showers descend with

pelting hail, each hind and rustic swain flies from the open field, and in a safe retreat the traveller lurks, on river's bank or cleft of lofty rock, so long as on the earth the downfall pours, that when the sun returns they may employ the day: so, whelmed on all sides by the rain of darts, Æneas bears the cloud of war till all the thunders pass, and Lausus chides and threatens thus: Where rush you to your death, and strive for what's beyond your might? Your filial love betrays you. No less defiant is the maddened youth: and now the Dardan leader's wrath was raised to fury, and the last threads of Lausus' life are gathered by the Fates, for his strong sword Æneas drives right through the youth and buries to the hilt. It pierced the fragile buckler of the daring boy, and rent the tunic which his mother wove with pliant thread of gold; the blood his bosom filled, and then the soul passed mournful to the Shades and left the body. But when Anchises' son beheld the look and features of the dying youth, beyond expression pale, he groaned in deepest pity and held out his hand, and the picture of his filial love rose to his mind. Lamented youth, for merits such as yours what can the kind Æneas give worthy of such a soul? The arms in which you gloried, keep: and to the Shades and ashes of your own I give you up, if that you care for. With this, unhappy youth, be comforted in death: 'twas by the hand of great Æneas that you fell. His lingering comrades he moreover chides, and from the earth he lifts the corpse, which drenched with blood the locks in order dressed.

Meantime Mezentius, by Tiber's stream, with water stanched his wounds, and rested, leaning on a tree. At hand upon a branch his brazen helmet hangs and on the sward his heavy armour lies. Around are chosen youths: he sick at heart, panting for breath, relieves his neck, and on his breast he spreads his flowing beard. Often he asks for Lausus, and sends and sends again to call him back, and bear the orders of his afflicted sire.

But with tears his friends were carrying on his shield the lifeless Lausus—a mighty corpse, by mighty wound o'ercome. Mezentius foreboding ill, the wail at distance knew. His hoary hair he soils with dust, and his clasped hands to heaven stretched, and fondly to the body clings. My son, was I so taken with the love of life that I could bear my own dear child to brave for me the foeman's steel? Am I preserved alive by these your wounds, while you are dead? Ah! now to me remains the bitterness of death;[1] the wound indeed is driven deeply home! I too, my son, by sins have stained your honoured name, driven from my throne and father's realms through hatred of my deeds. To my country and the outraged feelings of my people a penalty I owed; my guilty life I should myself have given to thousand deaths; and still I live, and do not leave my fellow-men and light of day. But leave I will. So saying, on his crippled thigh he raised himself, and though the wound exhausts his strength and checks his speed, fearless for his horse he calls. That was his glory, that his comfort; on him in all his wars he victor proved. Him, sorrowing too, he thus addresses: Long, Rhœbus, have we lived, if aught to mortals can be long. This day as victor you shall carry back Æneas' head and bloody spoils, and avenge with me the griefs of Lausus; or, if nought avails to win success, we perish side by side: for, O my gallant steed, you could not brook another's rein, or bear a Trojan lord. He spoke, and mounting on his back he took the seat he knew so well, and both his hands with lances charged,—a gleaming helmet on his head, with crest of hair adorned. Thus rapidly he galloped to the midst. In that one heart there burns a sense of shame, mad rage with grief combined, love by the Furies to distraction driven, and inward sense of manly worth. Thrice on Æneas with loud voice he called. Æneas knew him well, and prays with fierce

[1] Death, *exitium*: another reading is *exilium*, exile.

delight: So bring to pass, Almighty Jove, and so, thou great Apollo, that in the fight you venture to engage. This said, with threatening spear he goes against the foe. But he: Most barbarous of men, why try to frighten me, my son being slain? That was the only way by which to work my ruin. Nor death I fear, nor spare I any god. Have done: I come to die, but first I offer you these gifts. He spoke, and hurled his weapon at the foe. Then, as he circles round in rapid flight, another and another still he darts: the golden boss withstands them all. Thrice round Æneas as he stood in circles to the left he rode, and spear on spear with might he threw: thrice with him turned the Trojan chief, and in his brazen shield he bears around a grove of spears. Then, wearied by so long delays, and tired of plucking out the darts, much harassed by the unequal fight, he ponders various plans: at length he springs aside, and between the temples of the war-horse plants his spear. He rears, and with his feet lashes the empty air; the rider is thrown and by the horse entangled as he fell, which plunging headlong, with disjointed shoulder lies upon him. With shouts the Trojans and the Latins rend the air. Æneas rushes forward, and from the scabbard draws his sword, and over him thus speaks: Where is the fierce Mezentius now, and where that savage mind? The Tuscan, when looking up he breathed the air and sense regained, replied: O bitter enemy, why chide me thus and threaten death? To shed my blood's no crime, nor on such terms to battle did I come; nor did my Lausus make with you a covenant like that. This one request I pray, if grace is ever shown to conquered foe: permit my body in the ground to lie. My subjects' bitter hatred I incur: save me, I pray you, from their fury's rage, and grant a tomb where I may join my boy. So speaks he, and in his throat receives the expected sword, and with streams of blood pours out his life upon his arms.

BOOK XI.

In the Eleventh Book the funeral of Pallas is solemnised. Latinus in a meeting of council attempts a reconciliation with Æneas, but it is prevented by Turnus, and by the hostile approach of the Trojan army. Camilla greatly signalises herself, and is at last slain.

Meanwhile Aurora left her ocean bed. Æneas, though eager to give instant heed to burial of the dead, and much distressed in mind by Pallas' death, yet paid to the gods at early dawn a victor's vows.[1] A large-sized oak, with branches all lopped off, he raises on a mound, and decks with glittering arms, the spoils of Prince Mezentius: to you, O mighty Mars, a trophy justly due; to the stock he fits the crest dripping with gore, the broken darts and corslet in twelve places pierced; on his left he binds his brazen shield, and hangs on his neck his sword with ivory hilt. And then his partners in the fight, for all the leaders crowded round in triumph, he thus addresses: Comrades, the greatest part has now been done; dismiss your fears for what remains; these are the spoils and first-fruits of the war, taken from the haughty king, and here is a Mezentius made by my hands. And now our road lies to the king and to the Latin walls. In hearty spirits arms prepare, and in hope anticipate the war, that no delay retard you, off your guard, soon as the gods allow to pluck the standard, and lead the youth from

[1] Servius remarks that those who were polluted by a funeral could not make offerings to the gods until they had been purified. If, however, as in the present case, a man was bound to the performance of both duties, he first made his offering, and then engaged in the funeral rites.

camp, or lest your purpose dulled by fear should keep you back. Meantime let us commit to earth our friends' unburied bodies; sole honour known in Acheron. Go, says he, and with last sad rites honour those noble souls which by their blood for us have gained a fatherland; and first to the weeping city of Evander be Pallas sent, whom, brave as he was, a black day carried off and plunged in bitter death.

So speaks he, weeping at the thought, and to the tent returns where lay the body of the lifeless Pallas, watched by Acœtes, who once in war Evander's armour bore, but now he came with less kind fates as guardian to his much-loved ward. Bands of servants were around, and Trojan matrons, with their hair dishevelled, as is wont. And when Æneas entered they raise loud moaning to the stars, and beat their breasts—the royal tent resounds with piteous wails. But when he saw the pillowed head and face of Pallas ghastly white, and in his marble breast the gaping wound made by Ausonian spear, with gushing tears he speaks as follows: Lamented youth, when Fortune came with smiles, how envious to snatch you from me, that you may not see my kingdom, nor go in triumph to your father's home? Not such a promise did I give at parting to Evander when he sent me with embraces to my noble realm, and warned me, in his fears, of savage men to meet in hard contested fights. And he, perhaps buoyed up with empty hopes, makes vows, and altars loads with gifts; while to the lifeless youth, who now to heaven owes nought, we pay in sadness unavailing dues. Ill-fated, you shall see the funeral of your only son! And this is our return, these our expected triumphs? Is this the great faith you placed in me? But, Evander, you shall not behold him slain by wounds of shame, nor shall you pray for death, with saved but coward son. Ah me, what a guardian you have lost, Ausonia, and Iülus, what a kind protector, you!

When he had thus bewailed, he bade them lift the body

—a piteous sight—and he sends a thousand chosen men from all his host to pay the last respects, and with his father's tears to mix their own; small comfort for a mighty grief, but due the wretched parent. With eager care some wrapt the hurdles and the pliant bier with arbute rods and oaken twigs, and with a screen of boughs they shade the high-piled couch. Aloft on rustic litter they place the youth: as flower plucked by maiden's hand, either of soft violet or drooping hyacinth, whose brightness has not left it, nor yet its form; mother earth nor feeds it now, nor strength supplies. Two coverlets, with broidery of gold and purple stiff, Æneas carried forth, which Sidonian Dido, delighting in her task, herself had made for him, and with a thread of gold the warp had parted. In one of these, his last and latest ornament, he shrouds the youth, and covers with a veil the locks soon to be burned. Many trophies of the fight he piles besides, and bids them lead the spoil in long array. Horses and spears he adds of which he spoiled the foe. He bound behind their backs the hands of those whom to the Shades he sent as offerings, to sprinkle with their blood the altar-flames. The chiefs themselves he bids to carry stocks clothed with the foemen's arms, and to each to be attached the conquered name. Luckless Acœtes, by age exhausted, is led along, with fists now buffeting his breasts, with nails his features tearing; and oft he throws himself to earth, and lies prostrate at full length. His chariot too they lead, dabbled with Latin blood. Then his war-horse Æthon, with his trappings laid aside, goes weeping, and bathes his face with swelling drops. Others his spear and helmet carry; for Turnus, his victor, has the rest. Then a band of mourners comes, Trojans and Tuscans all, and Arcadians with arms reversed. When all the line of followers had advanced a space, Æneas stopped, and with deep-drawn sigh thus added: To other scenes of woe these horrid fates of

war invite me: farewell for ever, mighty Pallas, and once again a long farewell. Nor said he more, but made for the lofty walls, and to the camp went on.

And now from the Latin town ambassadors had come with olive boughs, asking the favour that Æneas would restore the bodies scattered on the plain, and allow them burial, for with the vanquished and the dead war cannot be; that he should spare a king once called his host and father. At once the good Æneas grants to their prayer the favour asked, and adds these words: What sad mischance, ye Latins, has entangled you in war, so that you shun us as your friends? Is it for the dead you peace implore and for those slain by chance of battle? gladly would I grant it to the living too. I had not come but that the Fates had here assigned my settlement and home; with your race I wage not war. Your king renounced our friendship, and trusted rather to the arms of Turnus. Better had it been that Turnus' self should risk the fate of battle. If he intends to close the war by force alone, and drive us hence, he should at least have met me in these arms. He would have lived to whom the Deity or his own right hand had given life. Now go and kindle for your friends the funeral fires. Æneas ceased to speak. They stood in silent wonder, and looking towards one another remained in steady gaze. Then aged Drances, 'gainst young Turnus ever prompt with hate and taunts, thus in turn replies: O Trojan prince, great in fame, but greater still in arms, what words of mine can laud you to the skies? For justice shall I praise you more or for your toils in war? These words of yours we to our citizens will gladly bear, and if any chance should give the means, unite you to our king Latinus. Let Turnus seek alliance for himself. It will give us joy to rear the fabric of your destined walls, and on our shoulders bear the stones of Troy. He spoke, and with one accord all murmured their applause.

At once they made a twelve days' truce; and while this concord reigned, the Trojans and the Latins mix together in the woods without offence to either. The great ash crashes underneath the axe; they fell the towering pines; and cease not to cleave the fragrant cedar, and on groaning waggons drag the mountain-ash.

Now Rumour, harbinger of grief, hastes to Evander in her rapid flight, and with her tale of woe she fills his city and his home, but lately gladdened with the news of Pallas, victor in the Latian war. The Arcadians rush to the gates, and by ancient custom seize the funeral torch. The path is lighted by a line of fire, that shows the fields afar. And then a crowd of Phrygians advance and join the wailing bands. And when the women saw them coming nigh, with shrieks they set the city all aflame. But Evander none can restrain: he comes into the midst. On the lowered bier he flings himself, and clings to his son with tears and groans, and scarce through grief finds passage for his voice: Not this the promise to your father given to join with caution in the savage fight! I knew too well what new-born fame in arms could do; what charm there is in earliest battlefield. Sad fruits of early valour and hard probation in a war so near.[1] Ah, vows and prayers unheard by any god! and you, O sainted spouse, happy in your death and not reserved for such a sorrow; while I, living, have outdone my fates—a father to survive his son![2] Me favouring the arms of Troy the Latin weapons should have slain: this life I should have given, and this procession should have brought—not Pallas, but his father. You, Trojans, I would not accuse, nor

[1] *Propinqui*—near. Evander seems to mean that had the war been a distant one he would not have allowed his son to go. Some interpret the word as meaning "early," which seems very forced, coming, too, after the phrase "sad fruits of early valour."

[2] Literally, surviving [my own son]. This was thought a severe and unnatural misfortune.

league, nor right hand joined in friendship: that lot was destined for my sad old age! But if untimely death for Pallas was decreed, 'tis comfort that he fell, with many Volscians slain, when leading Troy to Latium. And, O my Pallas, no funeral pomp would I bestow but that which Æneas, Prince of Troy, and the Tuscan leaders with their hosts have given. Great trophies do they bring, which your right hand has dealt to death; and Turnus you would now be there, your huge trunk clad in arms, if you had been of equal age and equal strength from years. But why do I, in sorrow, keep the Trojans from the war? Go, and forget not to repeat this message to your king: That I protract this hated life, with Pallas dead, is that to father and to son your good right hand owes Turnus slain. This is your only kindness left undone me, and the only barrier to your fortune. The joys of life I seek not, nor is it right I should, but to my son to bear the tidings in the Shades below.

Meantime the morn to men had shown her bounteous light, renewing the works and labours of the day; now father Æneas and now Tarchon on the winding shore have raised the funeral pyres. To them they bore the bodies of their dead, each in his country's mode; and clouds of black and woful smoke wrap heaven high in darkest gloom. Three times around the kindled piles they marched, in glittering armour clad; and thrice the mournful blaze did horsemen compass with their loud and piteous wails. With tears the earth is wet, with tears their arms bedewed. The shrieks of men and clang of brazen horns reach to the very sky. Then in the fire they throw the spoils from slaughtered Latins reft—helmets and precious swords, bridles and wheels that glow: some offer well-known gifts, the heroes' shields and arms that failed to save. To Orcus many bulls they slay and bristly swine, and o'er the flames they slaughter sheep seized in the fields around. Then all along the shore they view their burning friends and watch the smouldering

piles, nor tear themselves away till dewy night inverts the sky, spangled with shining stars.

With no less zeal the Latins otherwhere have raised their many pyres in heartless woe; and of the slain they bury some, some they send to distant homes, and others to the city bring: the rest, an undistinguished mass of carnage, they burn, uncounted and unknown: on all sides then the spacious plains shine bright with rival glare. When the third morn had moved from heaven the chilling shade, the mourners swept into a heap the ashes and the bones all mingled on the hearths![1] and covered them with mound of heated clay. But in the houses in the city of Latinus with his horded wealth, there is the loudest tumult and the deepest woe. Here are seen wretched mothers, hapless brides, and tender hearts of mourning sisters, and striplings of their sires bereft. All curse the horrid war and nuptial bonds of Turnus; they ask that he himself by arms the quarrel should decide, since 'tis for himself he claims the kingdom and the highest place. Drances to this lends spiteful weight, and calls to mind that he alone is challenged, he alone is called to fight. On the other side the voice of many, variously expressed, is given for Turnus: the influence of Amata's name screens his faults, and his own great fame for trophies won.

Midst this commotion, with its heated brawl, the deputies from Diomede return in sorrow, and his answer give: they say that nothing had been gained by all their toil; that gifts, and gold, and prayers had nought availed; that they must seek for other arms, or sue the Trojan king for peace. With grief intense is king Latinus felled. The anger of the gods and fresh-made graves proclaim that Æneas comes by heaven's undoubted sanction. Then a great

[1] "Swept together"—*ruebant altum*, *i.e.* gathered in a high mound: *ruebant* may also mean "tumbled down" the high heaps of ashes and bones on the hearths, *i.e.* the sites on which the pyre had stood.

council of his foremost peers he calls within his stately mansion. They came, and to the palace flock, and crowd the streets. Foremost in power, as in age, Latinus with uneasy brow sits in the midst. And upon this he bids the ambassadors, newly come from the Ætolian city, to relate what news they bring, and asks them for the king's reply in due and full detail. Then tongues were hushed in silence, and Venulus, complying with the wish, thus speaks:

Fellow-citizens, Diomede and the Argive settlement we saw, and on our way surmounted every danger, and we touched the hand by which the land of Ilium fell. Successful in war he built in the land of Apulian Garganus[1] the city of Argyripa,[2] called from his country's name. Admitted, and allowed to plead before him, we offer gifts; our name and country tell; who waged the war, and why we came to Arpi. He heard our tale, and thus in words composed he made reply: O blessed nations, O Saturnian realms, Ausonia's ancient people, what evil fortune stirs your peaceful state, and urges you to risk a strife you know not? All we who with the sword did injury to Trojan soil—let pass the cup of misery we drained in fighting by the walls of Troy, the countless heroes which their Simois hides—unutterable penalties have paid o'er all the earth, atonement for our crimes, a hapless band whom even Priam's self would pity: Minerva's baneful star knows this full well, Eubœan rocks, and vengeful shores of Caphereus.[3] The war being ended, we were driven on different coasts: Menelaus wanders in exile far as Proteus'[4] pillars, and Ulysses the dread Ætnæan

[1] Garganus (St Angelo), a lofty mountain of Apulia, projecting in the form of a promontory into the Adriatic Sea.

[2] Argyripa, or Arpi.

[3] Caphereus, or Caphareus (Cape D'Oro), a lofty promontory on the south-east coast of Eubœa.

[4] Proteus, a king of Egypt, on whose coasts Menelaus, in his return from the Trojan war, was forced by stress of weather.

Cyclops saw. Why speak of Pyrrhus' realms, of Idomeneus and his ruined home? Of the Locrians dwelling on the Libyan shore? Mycenæ's[1] chief himself, who led the Grecian hosts, by his accursed wife was slain on entering his house: an adulterer waylaid the spoils of conquered Asia.[2] As for me, to think the gods would grudge that I should to my land return, and see again my longed for wife, and fairest Calydon! Even now dread portents haunt me: and my companions, in form of birds, seek upper air on wings and stray by rivers' banks—ah, dreadful punishment my comrades suffered!—and fill the rocks with piteous cries.[3] Nought else could I expect when, madman, I assailed the heavenly gods, and outraged with a wound fair Venus' hand. Urge me not, nay, urge me not to such a strife; nor, now that Troy has fallen, have I a quarrel with the Trojans. I remember not nor take I pleasure in their former ills. The gifts which from your home you bring hand over to Æneas. We've stood opposed in combat fierce, and hand to hand engaged; trust me who know, with what a power he rises to his shield, with what a whirlwind does he hurl his lance. If Ida's land had borne two warriors besides of equal might, the Dardans to Inachian Argos would have come, and Greece would now lament the fates reversed.

[1] Prince of Mycenæ, Agamemnon. After the destruction of Troy, Agamemnon returned to Argos, where he was murdered by his wife Clytæmnestra and her paramour Ægisthus.

[2] The phrase *devictam Asiam subsedit adulter* has given rise to much discussion. The rendering given above seems the most rational. Some would translate "lay in wait for the conqueror of Asia," an idea which is included in the other, as Agamemnon must be killed before Ægisthus and Clytæmnestra could enjoy the spoil he brought from Troy. Another version is, "Asia being conquered, another enemy remained to be fought," viz. Ægisthus.

[3] Off the coast of Apulia there were in the Adriatic three islands, called *Insulæ Diomedeæ*, on which the companions of Diomede were said to have been transformed into birds.

Whate'er delay we met around the walls of stubborn Troy was due to Hector's and Æneas' hands, and ten long years was victory deferred. For valour both, for noble feats of arms renowned; Æneas first in piety. Let your hands be joined in binding league by any means you can; but see you meet not in the battle's shock. Then, best of Kings, you've heard his answer, and what his view is of our heavy war.

Scarce had they finished when murmurs confused through all the council ran; as when rocks retard a torrent flood the pent-up waters in the swirling eddy roar, and with the beating waves the neighbouring banks resound. Soon as their minds were calmed and the buzz of tongues was hushed, the king, invoking first the gods, begins as follows from his lofty throne: For my part, O ye Latins, I could wish that we had earlier taken measures for the common weal, and better had we done so; and not have called a council at a time like this when the enemy besets our walls. Fellow-citizens, we wage ill-omened war against a race of gods, 'gainst men invincible, whom battles can't exhaust, nor, when conquered, can they drop the sword. If you had any hope in Ætolia's allied arms, dismiss it now. The hope of each is in himself: how small that is, you see. In what utter ruin is our common weal all see and know. But yet I none accuse: what highest valour could have been, has been; the contest has been carried on by all the kingdom's power. Now then, what is the opinion of my wavering mind I will explain in brief, and—pray take heed—will tell you all. There belongs to me by ancient right a piece of land close to the Tuscan stream, extending westward, even beyond the limits of the Sicanians:[1] the Aurunci and the Rutulians till

[1] Sicania, an ancient name of Sicily, which it received from the Sicani, a people of Spain, who first passed into Italy, and afterwards into Sicily, where they established themselves. At one time some Sicani settled in Latium (see Book vii. 795). It is to these that this passage has reference.

it, and work with the plough the stubborn hills, and the rugged parts for grazing use. Let all this district, with its lofty ridge and pines, be given to Trojan friendship; and let us join in peace on equal terms, and invite them to be sharers of our realms; let them settle down, if they so desire, and found their cities. But if they have a mind to make for other lands and other tribes, and can from our soil withdraw, let us build for them of Italy's best oak, say, twenty ships or more, if they have men to fill them: the timber lies along the river's bank: let them prescribe the number and the size of ships; let us supply the brass, the workmen, and the naval fittings. Besides, to bear my message and confirm a league, my wish is that a hundred Latins of the highest rank should go as deputies, and in their hands extend the boughs of peace, and carry with them weight of gold and ivory, a curule chair and purple robe, the emblems of our sovereign rule. Take counsel for the common good and aid the labouring State.

Then Drances, spiteful Drances still,—whom Turnus' glory stirred with jealous envy and malignant stings, in wealth abounding, and still more in tongue, but lacking fire in war, no mean authority in counsels, powerful in factions; his mother's rank gave him high birth, his father's lineage was obscure,—rises up, piles taunt on taunt, and passion whets: Good king, you ask advice in matters known to all, and needing not my word; what the nation's weal requires all men confess they know, but fear to speak. Let him give liberty of speech, and curb his haughty will, from whose ill-starred guidance and perversity—I'll say it, though he threaten me with a death of violence—we see so many brilliant leaders fallen, and the whole city sunk in grief, while he attacks the Trojan camp, trusting to flight, and heaven with his arms defies. And to the many gifts which you desire to offer to the Trojan chief, this one, O best of kings, in addition send; and let not the vehemence

of any prevent you, as a father, from giving your child in worthy wedlock to a noble son, and from cementing friendship by a lasting league. But if so great terror hold our hearts and minds, let us implore him, and from himself the favour ask: let him give way, and to his king and country restore their proper right. Why so oft expose your citizens to open dangers, O source and cause to Latium of all these ills? In war there's no relief: for peace all beg you, Turnus, and the sole inviolable pledge of peace. I come as chiefest suppliant—I, whom you think your enemy, and if you do I care not: have pity on your countrymen, quell your proud spirit, and, a worsted man, retire. Enough of deaths we saw in our defeat, and many fields have left deserted. If you regard your fame, if so much spirit in your heart remains, and if a dower-palace is your wish, be bold and front your rival, breast to breast. That a royal spouse may fall to Turnus, are we, forsooth, all worthless souls, nought but a rabble, on battle-plain to lie, unburied and unwept? Aye you, if in your veins there's native might, if of your country's martial fire one spark is left, go look in the face the foe who gives you challenge.

Fired by such taunts Turnus burst forth in fury. He groans for rage, and from his deepest soul screamed forth these words: Drances, you ever have in store a large supply of words just at the time when battle claims not tongues but swords; and when the fathers are convened, you are the foremost there. But it is not a time to fill the senate-house with words which, big and braggart, you safely fling in volleys, while the ramparts keep the enemy at bay, and the trenches do not flow with blood. So thunder on in noisy talk, your usual way, and charge me with the coward's part, since your right hand has piled so many heaps of Trojan slain, and decked the fields on every side with trophies. What dashing valour can, you are at liberty to try; not far, in sooth, are

enemies to seek; on all sides they surround our walls. Are we going, then, to meet them? Why do you demur? With you shall prowess always lie in wind-bag tongue and nimble feet? I worsted! Can any one with truth, foul miscreant, declare me worsted, who has seen the Tiber rise in swells with Trojan blood, and all Evander's race laid low, both root and branch, and warriors of Arcadia of their armour stripped? Not such did Bitias and Pandarus find me, and those whom by the thousand I sent down to Orcus, shut though I was within their walls and hemmed by hostile mound. "In war there's no relief" you say. Go preach, you fool, such doctrines to your Dardan head, and your own failing cause. Cease not, then, to spread confusion and alarm, to extol the valour of a race twice beaten, and to decry the arms of king Latinus. Now even the chiefs of the Myrmidons recoil in dread from Trojan arms, now Tydides too and Achilles of Larissa; and the mighty Aufidus[1] flies back dismayed from Adria's waves. Or hear him, cunning designer, when he says that he's in terror of my threats, and in guise of fear embitters charges. Never shall you lose a life like yours by my right hand—be not afraid: let it remain with you, and ever in that breast repose.

And now to you I turn, Latinus, and to your great concerns. If in our arms no further hope you place, if we are left so desolate and by our defeat are utterly undone, nor Fortune can her steps retrace, peace let us beg, and hold forth suppliant hands. But, oh, if something of our wonted valour should remain, him would I think most blest of all indeed, and noble in his mind, who ere such stain he saw fell down in death, and once for all in dying bit the ground. But if we still have means, and youths as yet in war unharmed; if on our side cities and tribes of Italy remain; and if the Trojans

[1] Aufidus (Ofanto), a river of Apulia, falling into the Adriatic. The battle of Cannæ was fought on the banks of the Aufidus.

gain success with great disaster,—they have their deaths, and over all the storm of war has raged,—why fail we with dishonour on the threshold? why, before the trumpet blows, does terror seize our limbs? Many things has time, and the changing toils of chequered life, brought to a better state: many men has Fortune in returning visits mocked, or on a solid basis placed. Though the Ætolian prince and Arpi fail in help Messapus will befriend us, and Tolumnius[1] of happy omen, and all the chiefs who come from many tribes: and no small glory shall attend the champions of Latium and Laurentine realms. And there, too, is Camilla[2] of the noble Volscian race, bringing her troops of horse, and bands in glittering brass. But if to single fight the Trojans call me forth, and you are pleased with that, and if I so much withstand the common good, success has not so fled my hands through hate as that for such a hope I should decline to try. Boldly will I meet him, even should he prove a great Achilles, and clothe himself in equal arms by Vulcan forged. To you and to Latinus, the father of my bride, this life I have devoted; I, Turnus, to none of ancient heroes in courage less. 'Tis I alone Æneas calls, and let him call, I pray: let not the forfeit be by Drances paid, if by wrath of heaven it comes, nor let him gain renown if it be the glorious reward of valour.

Thus in the strife of words the crisis they discussed, while Æneas to the city moved his camp and his array. And lo! through the palace halls there flies a hasty messenger, and with confusion and alarm the city fills: that from the Tiber's stream the Trojan and the Tuscan bands are marching down o'er all the plain, prepared for battle. Dismay possesses all, the people's minds are stunned, and

[1] Tolumnius, an augur in the army of Turnus against Æneas, who violated the league between the Rutulians and Trojans, and was afterwards slain.

[2] Camilla, the virago female warrior.

passions roused by no small stings. In bustling haste they ask for arms, for arms the youth cry out; the fathers weep in sorrow, and murmur doubts. On this a noisy clamour ascends to heaven from the rival shouts of men; just as in a lofty grove when flocks of birds or in Padusa's[1] fishy stream hoarse swans make clangour through the noisy pools. Nay citizens, says Turnus, seizing the moment, call an assembly, and seated there praise peace, while they in arms are rushing on the throne. Nor said he more, but hurried forth and quickly left the hall. Volusus, you bid the Volscian maniples to arms; bring the Rutulians too, says he. You Messapus, and Coras[2] with your brother, over the plains extend the cavalry with arms equipped. Let some the approaches guard and man the towers; the rest shall follow me wherever I command. At once from all the city to the walls they flock. The council—and his great designs—Latinus leaves, and, troubled by the untoward turn, he puts it off. And much he blames himself that he did not freely take Æneas and give him to the city as his son. Some dig trenches before the gates, or heave up stones and beams; the hoarse trumpet sounds the bloody signal for the war. Then boys and women line the walls in motley ring: the final throe calls all. Moreover, to the temple of Minerva on the heights the queen ascends with train of matrons bearing gifts, and by her side goes young Lavinia, cause of so much woe, her beauteous eyes with seemly modesty downcast. The matrons follow and with incense fume the temple, and from the lofty threshold pour their doleful prayers: O Lady of Tritonis, goddess of battle, arbiter of war, break in his hand the Phrygian pirate's spear, and lay him prostrate on the ground before our city's gates.

[1] Padusa, the most southern mouth ot the Po, from which there was a cut to the town of Ravenna.

[2] Coras, a brother of Catillus and Tiburtus, who fought against Æneas.

Turnus himself in eager ardour girds him for the fight; now he puts on his brazen corslet, rough with scales, and had encased his legs in greaves, with head still bare, and to his side had bound his sword, and as he hasted from the citadel he shone like gold, and bounds with buoyant spirits, and even now anticipates the foe; as when a courser from the stalls flies forth with halter snapped, and now at freedom has reached the open plain, for the pastures he makes straight, or for the herds of mares, or wont to bathe in a familiar pool darts forward, and tossing high his head he loudly neighs, rampant with delight, while his mane plays freely on his shoulders and his neck. Whom Camilla met, attended by her warlike troop of Volscians, and close to the gate the queen dismounted with a bound, and all the band, following her example, alighted from their steeds; then thus she speaks: Turnus, if in themselves the brave may feel deserved confidence, I venture and engage to meet the Trojan horse, and with my force alone the cavalry of Tuscany to face. Permit that myself should risk the war's first danger: you with the foot stay at the city and defend the walls. Then gazing on the terrible but lovely maid, Turnus replied: O maiden, glory of Italy, what words of thanks can I present, what gratitude repay! but as it is, since your great soul surpasses meed of thanks, with me you'll share the toil. As rumour and the scouts bring trusty news, Æneas, on mischief bent, has sent his light-armed horse to scour the plains, while he himself approaches the city o'er the desert heights. In the valley's sloping side a stratagem I lay, to block the thoroughfare with soldiery in arms. Do you receive the Tuscan horse and close in fight: with you shall be the bold Messapus, the Latin squadrons, and Tiburtus' bands; the leader's charge yourself must take. He speaks, and in like words he spurs Messapus to the fight, and the confederate chiefs; then hastes against the foe. There is a valley with a winding glen, suited for ambush

and the snares of war, which sloping ledges obscured by foliage confine on either side, whither a scanty footpath leads, and a narrow gorge with small approach. Above this pass, on the view-commanding heights and the very summit of the hill, there is a plateau, little known, and a place of safe retreat, whether you wish to meet the enemy on left or right, or to take position on the cliffs and roll down massy stones. Hither young Turnus goes by well-known path, and seized the place and lay in ambush in the dangerous woods.

Meantime, in the abodes of heaven, Diana addressed swift Opis, one of her virgin-train and sacred retinue, with words of sorrow: O nymph, Camilla, dear to me above her fellows, goes to this bloody war, with arms of ours in vain equipped. Nor is this a new affection which arises in Diana, and touches her soul with sudden fondness. When Metabus, expelled from his kingdom through his tyranny and his people's hate, was departing from Privernum, his former city, as he fled in the midst of battles, he carried with him his infant daughter as companion for his exile, and called her name Camilla, from her mother's, Casmilla, slightly changed. Bearing her in his bosom, he made for the distant heights and lonely woods: merciless darts pressed him on all sides, and the Volscians with armed soldiers hovered round. Lo, as he fled, the swelling Amasenus foamed in flood over its highest banks, rain in such torrents had from the clouds burst forth. He was fain to swim, but a father's love withheld him, and fear for his precious charge. All plans devising, he quickly, but with doubt, resolved on this. The warrior, as it chanced, bore in his sturdy hand a heavy spear of seasoned oak, solid with knots; to this he binds his child, well swathed in cork-tree bark, and to the middle of the shaft he ties her, "handy" for a throw; then with his strong right hand he poised it and heaven thus addressed: Oh bounteous daughter of Latona, dweller in the woods,

this child to you as handmaid I with a father's right devote: holding your weapons, as her first, through air she flies her enemies, seeking your aid. Receive her as your own, I pray, entrusted to the doubtful winds. He spoke, and with arm drawn back he cast the whirling spear; the waters roared; over the rapid flood luckless Camilla on hissing javelin sped. But Metabus, the foe now pressing hard, plunged headlong in the stream, and, safely landed, plucks from the grassy turf the maiden and the spear, gifts to Diana. No houses took him to their roofs, no cities to their walls; nor through his savage nature would he have brooked restraint, and so in the lone mountain woods he spent a shepherd's life. And there amidst the brakes and prickly lairs of beasts he reared his child, and on the milk of mares his daughter fed, draining the teats into her tender lips. And when the infant with her footprints marked the ground, with pointed dart he armed her hands, and on her tiny shoulders hung a quiver and a bow. Instead of gold to tie her hair, instead of flowing robes, a tiger's spoils o'er back and limbs fall loosely from her head. Even then with baby hand she hurled her childish darts, and round her head with twisted cord she swept the rapid sling and brought to earth a snowy cygnet or Strymonian crane. Full many a matron through the Tuscan towns besought her for their sons. Contented with Diana's self, in spotless purity she cherishes the love of armour and of maidenhood. Would she had not been caught by love for such a war, and had not tried the Trojans to assail: dear had she been to me, and one of my favoured band. But come, since she is doomed to bitter fates, glide down from heaven, O nymph, and visit Latin bounds, where under evil omen the woful fight begins. Take these, and from the quiver draw an arrow of revenge: with it, whoever by a wound shall harm her sacred body, be he Trojan or Italian, let him pay to me the penalty of death. Then her body and her arms I in a hollow cloud will carry

to the tomb, and in her country lay her bones to rest. She spoke; but Opis, in dark whirlwind wrapt, sped through the fleeting air with whizzing sound.

Meanwhile the Trojan cavalry approach the walls, and the Tuscan leaders and all the horse in companies arranged. The prancing chargers neigh o'er all the plain, and struggle with the tightened rein, swerving to this side, now to that; then an iron field bristles with spears afar, and the plains all dazzle with uplifted arms. Against these on the field appear Messapus and the nimble Latins, and Coras with his brother, and Camilla's horse, and with hands drawn back they couch their spears and shake their darts: more furious grow the march of men and neighing of their steeds. And now, within a javelin's throw, the hosts had stopped: then with a sudden shout forward they dash and cheer the horses eager for the charge: darts in showers fall thick as the flakes of snow, darkening the sky with shade. At once Tyrrhenus and the brave Aconteus, with lance in rest, together clash, and first of the field with sounding crash they fall, and the horses' chests are burst, dashed each on each. Aconteus shot from his seat like thunderbolt, or stone by engine cast, falls headlong far away, and shed his life in air. At once the lines are broken; the routed Latins throw their bucklers on their backs and to the city fly. The Trojans pursue; and foremost of the chiefs Asilas leads his men. And now they neared the gates, and again the Latins raise a shout and wheel their horses round. The Trojans fly, and with loose reins are borne backward far; as when the sea, careering with alternate flow, now rushes to the land and dashes on the rocks its foaming waves, and with its bulging curve drenches the inmost verge of sand: now it backward flies in rapid course, and with it sucks the stones rolled by the boiling surf, and leaves the shore in lessening shallows. Twice the Tuscans drove to the walls the routed Latins; twice repulsed, they throw their bucklers on their backs and

keep the foe in view. A third time they engaged in fight, and then the lines were locked in deadly strife, and man chose out his man; dying groans are heard, and arms and bodies and horses soon to die are mixed with slaughtered men; then does a furious battle rise. Orsilochus, since Remulus himself he feared to face, hurled at his horse's head his lance, and left it lodged beneath his ear. Maddened by the blow, he reared and plunged, and impatient of the wound he tosses high his legs with upheaved chest. The rider, shot from his seat, lies grovelling on the ground. Catillus hurled to earth Iollas, and Herminius great in self-confidence, and great in body as in arms; on whose bare head were auburn locks, bare were his shoulders; nor does he fear for wounds: such mark for weapons does he show. The javelin through his shoulders driven stands quivering, and piercing deep, his doubled body writhes with pain. Black gore is shed in streams all round: death with the sword they deal in fiendish rivalry, and seek by wounds an honourable end.

But in the thickest of the fray, Camilla with her quiver armed, like Amazon bounds forth in joy, with one side bared for ease in fighting; and now she showers her darts, thick raining spear on spear, now with unwearied power she wields her sturdy axe: on her shoulder sounds her golden bow and arrows of Diana. If ever to retreat enforced, turning her bow she shot her arrows as she fled. Around her stayed her special comrades, Larina, and Tulla, and Tarpeia with her brazen axe, Italians all, whom as a guard of honour to herself divine Camilla chose, attendants true in peace and war: like as when Thracian Amazons beat with their horses' tread Thermodon's [1] banks, and war in painted armour, around Hippolyte [2] their queen, or when Penthesilea in her car returns; and

[1] Thermodon, a river of Pontus, falling into the Euxine Sea.

[2] Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, given in marriage to Theseus by Hercules, who had conquered her.

with tumultuous shrieks the female troops with half-moon shields prance in exulting joy. Whom first, whom last did you, fierce maiden, bring to earth? how many heroes laid you low in death? First, Euneus, son of Clytius, whose breast unguarded with her pine-wood lance she pierced. Emitting streams of gore he falls and bites the bloody ground, and dying, writhes in anguish on his wound. Liris and Pagasus besides: the one when thrown from his wounded horse he gathers up the reins, the other as he comes and to his falling friend holds out his spearless hand: headlong and together both drop dead. To these she adds Amastrus, son of Hippotas, and at distance plying with her darts she drives before her Tereus and Harpalycus, Demophoon and Chromis; for every spear her maiden hand discharged, a Trojan hero fell. And not far hence the hunter Ornitus comes on in armour strange and on Apulian steed, whose shoulders broad a bullock's hide protects in battle, his head is covered by the yawning mouth of a huge wolf, and by the jaws with white and grinning teeth, his hand is armed with rustic spear: in midst of warriors he moves and by a head o'ertops them all. Him overtaken—nor was it hard to do, his troops dispersed—she spears, and over him thus speaks with foeman's heart: O Tuscan, did you think that in the woods you hunted game? The day is come which by a woman's arm confutes your nation's boasts. But to the Manes of your father this glory you shall bear that by Camilla's hand you died. Next Butes and Orsilochus, two giant warriors of Troy, she slays: Butes in the back she pins between the corslet and the helm; where as on horse he sits his neck is seen, and where on his left the buckler hangs: flying from Orsilochus and coursing round in circle wide, by wile she gains the inner ring and chases her pursuer: then rising to the stroke she drives her sturdy battle-axe through arms and bones, and as he begs and prays she stroke on stroke repeats: with his warm brains the gash besmears

his face. The warrior son of Aunus, from Appenines come down, met her by chance, and startled by the sudden sight stopped short; not last of the Ligurians while Fate permitted him to use his wiles. And when he sees that by no speed he can the fight evade, nor to another turn aside the queen who presses close, with prudent craft he tries to practise fraud, and thus begins: What great thing is it if, woman though you be, you on a trusty steed rely? dismiss your means of flight, and on the level ground venture to face me hand to hand, and begird you for a fight on foot: soon shall you find to whom such windy boasts will bring defeat. He spoke: but she, enraged and by vexation fired, to a comrade gives her horse and meets him in equal arms, on foot with sword alone, and undismayed, though new to battle.[1] But to escape he hastes, deeming his ruse successful, and wheeling round betakes himself to flight, and with iron-shod heel he goads his horse put to his utmost speed. Empty Ligurian, for nought uplifted with conceited mind, in vain you've tried your native arts with slippery guile, nor will your cunning bring you safe to trickster Annus. So speaks the maiden, and with fiery speed outstrips the horse in flight; then seized the reins and full confronts him, and takes her vengeance from his hated blood; with equal ease the falcon, sacred bird, from on high o'ertakes a dove amid the clouds, and gripping fast with crooked talons, tears her limb from limb; then blood and torn plumage from high heaven fall.

But not with unobservant eyes does Father Jove sit up aloft on high Olympus. He rouses Tuscan Tarchon to the bloody fight, and with no mild stimulus incites his rage. And so, midst slaughter and retreating bands, Tarchon rides forth, and with varied words incites the horsemen, addressing

[1] The literal translation is, "undismayed, though she had a shield without device:" that is, though she had never won armorial bearings by being in battle before.

all by name, and rallies them to battle. O you who never will feel shame, O Tuscans, faint of heart, what fear, what cowardice so base has seized your souls? Does a woman drive you here and there, and turn such ranks to flight? What is the sword for, or why hold we in our hands these useless weapons? But yet to love you're never slow and battles of the night, or when Bacchus' bending pipe has called the choirs to wait the banquets and the brimming bowls of loaded tables,—that is your delight, that your great desire—whilst the welcome augur proclaims the sacred rites, and the fat victim lures you to the groves. This said, into the midst he spurs his horse, he too soon to die, and in wild excitement bears down on Venulus; he tears him from his horse, and grasping with his hand he holds him on his saddle-bow, spurring with all his might. Shouts rise to heaven, and all the Latins turned to look. The fiery Tarchon flies o'er the plain, bearing both arms and man; then from his lance he breaks the head, and seeks an open part where he may deal a fatal wound; the other struggles from his throat to ward the blow, and force by force evades. As when an eagle in her soaring flight bears off a captured snake, and clasps him with her feet and crooked talons; the wounded serpent writhes his winding coils, and bristles up his scales and hisses with his mouth, raising his head erect; with no less force she grips him, struggling, with her crooked beak, and lashes with her wings the air; just so from the Tiburtine ranks does Tarchon bear his prey in triumph. The Maeonians onward rush, following the lead and fortune of their chief.

Then Arruns, whose destined hour was come, with his javelin and much cunning wile circles around Camilla, first to attack, and tries to find his readiest chance. Where'er the maiden rushed among the throng, there Arruns follows, and silently observes her steps: wherever she turns victorious, and from her foe withdraws, there the youth inclines

his quick and easy reins. Now this approach now that he views and all around surveys, and with fell intent he wields his trusty spear.

Chloreus, sacred to Cybele, and formerly her priest, shone brightly from afar in Phrygian arms, and bestrode a foaming steed, on which was thrown a hide with golden clasps and plume-like scales of brass. Conspicuous in barbaric purple of a dusky hue, he shot his Cretan arrow from a Lycian bow; the bow adorned with gold was on his shoulder slung; his helmet was of gold; his saffron chlamys and his rustling plaits of lawn a clasp of yellow gold confined; he wore a broidered tunic and breeches from the East. Whether that in the temple she might hang the Trojan arms, or that she might deck herself in captive gold, him alone of all the field the huntress maid blindly pursued, and with incautious ardour followed him throughout the host, with all a woman's eagerness for booty and for spoils. Arruns his moment marked, and from his ambush hurled a spear, and thus to heaven his prayer addressed: Apollo, greatest of gods, guardian of Soracte's sacred height, whom we adore with special faith, for whom is fed the pile of blazing pine, and in whose service we worshippers, in piety secure, pass through the flames, and press with undaunted foot the burning coal: Father Almighty, grant that from our arms this stain may be effaced.[1] Her spoils I seek not, nor trophy o'er a vanquished maid, nor any plunder: my other deeds will bring me fame: if by a wound from me this fury fall, to my home I will return, and claim no glory for the deed. Phœbus heard, his wish in part concedes; part scatters to the fleeting air. With unexpected wound to slay Camilla in her haste he grants; in safety to return and see his noble land he granted not, and his words were carried seaward by the

[1] *Nostris armis* may mean "by my arms," or, as translated above, "from our arms," viz., the shame of their being routed by a woman.

winds. Then soon as the spear, from grasp set free, sounded in air, the thoughts and eyes of all the Volscians to their queen were quickly turned. Nor whizzing sound she heard, nor weapon coming from above, till the dart, borne on in flight, was lodged beneath her naked breast, and driven deep it drinks her virgin blood. Her attendant maidens flock around, and support their falling chief. Arruns flies, wild with mingled joy and fear, and now no longer trusts his lance, nor dares to meet the maiden's steel. And as a wolf, having slain a shepherd or a lusty bull, conscious of his daring deed, by some untrodden way has to the lofty mountains fled for safety before the avenging darts pursue, and skulks with tail between his legs and seeks the woods; just so did Arruns in dismay withdraw from sight, and pleased to escape, mingled in the throng of arms. With dying hand she tugged the lance, but between the ribs in the deep wound the blade sticks fast. She sinks from loss of blood: her eyes grow dim and cold in death: the colour, once so fresh, has left her cheeks. Then, as she breathes her last, she thus addresses Acca, a coeval mate, who to Camilla was faithful more than all, with whom she shared her cares; and thus she speaks: So far, sister Acca, I have done my best; now this bitter wound consumes me, and all around grows dark as night. Fly quick, and to Turnus bear my last request; let him take up the fight, and clear the Trojans from the walls. And now, farewell! This said, she dropped the reins, sinking to earth, not with her will. Then in the chill of death, by little and by little she from the body slips away, and letting go her martial arms, she laid on earth her dying head, and with a sigh the spirit, muttering its wrongs, fled to the Shades below. Then mingled cries arose that smote the golden stars; Camilla slain, the battle grows more bloody: in dense array they rush together—the Trojans in full force, and the Etruscan leaders, and Evander's horse.

But now for long had Opis on the mountain sat, Diana's sentinel, and undismayed surveys the fight. And when, at distance, midst the shouts of maddened youths, she saw Camilla mangled in death of woe, she groans, and from her bosom's depths gave forth these words: Ah, maiden, too stern a penalty, too stern requital have you paid, daring to brave the Trojan arms! nor has it aught availed that in solitude among the woods Diana's art you plied, or that our quiver on your shoulder hung. Yet not unhonoured in your death has Cynthia left you: among the nations of the earth Fame shall your fate make known, and say you were avenged. For whosoe'er he be that with a wound your flesh has harmed, shall by deserved death the deed atone. At a mountain's base there stood Dercennus' stately tomb, once of Laurentum king, composed of earthen mound, and shaded by a grove of oaks. On it the beauteous goddess halts with rapid bound, and from the summit guilty Arruns spies. When him she saw in glittering arms, elate with empty pride: Why move you off? says she; this way direct your steps; come here to meet your doom, and for Camilla's death your meed receive. Shall such as you be honoured by Diana's shafts? So spake the Thracian nymph, and winged arrow from the quiver took, and with deadly aim she stretched the bow and drew it to its utmost length till the curving tips together came, and now with hands at equal stretch, with the left the blade she touched, and with the right her breast. The hissing shaft and sounding air that instant Arruns heard, and in his body felt the steel. As he dies and heaves his latest groan, his fellows heed him not, but leave him to lie unknown upon the dusty plain. Opis to the ætherial sky on wings is borne away.

Camilla's light-armed horse are first to fly, their queen now lost; the routed Latins fly, flies too the bold Atinas; scattered leaders and abandoned troops seek safety, and turned in flight, spur to the city's walls. Nor can any stay the

Trojans now in keen pursuit, and dealing death, or withstand their furious onset; but on their shoulders, faint and weary, their bows unstrung they bear, and in their flight the charger's hoof with heavy trample shakes the mouldering plain.[1] The dust in black and rolling clouds is borne to the walls, and on the towers the matrons beat their breasts, and to the stars of heaven ascends the woman's doleful wail. On those who at full speed first gain the open gates a crowd of hostile foemen press, and mingle in the fray; and they escape not wretched death, but in the very entrance, in their native walls, and in the shelter of their homes, breathe forth their lives by ghastly wounds. Some shut the gates; nor dare to open to their friends, or within the walls receive them, although they beg and pray: a woful carnage follows of those with arms who bar approach, and those who rush on arms. Shut out before the eyes and in the presence of their weeping friends some in deep ditches fall, driven by the rout, some at full gallop charge against the gates and firmly bolted doors. Even the women from the walls with greatest eagerness — true love of country prompts them—when they saw Camilla, with headlong speed throw weapons in their bustling rage, and use hard oak and stakes and pointed poles instead of steel, and in their town's defence seek first to die.

Meantime the dreadful news fills Turnus with dismay, as to the youth in ambush Acca tells of frightful rout and panic: of Volscian lines cut up, of Camilla fallen, how with deadly hate the enemy rush in and carry all before them, and that terror to the walls had reached. Furious with rage the ambushed hills and rugged woods he leaves—so Jove's hard fates demand. Scarce was he out of sight and in the plain when Æneas entering the glades, now safe, ascends the ridge, and from the wood

[1] This line has, with slight variation, already occurred in Book viii. 596, where see the translation given in a note.

gets free. Thus both to the city march at rapid pace, and with their full array, nor are they far apart, and at once Æneas at distance saw the plain reeking with dust, and the Laurentine bands, and on his part Turnus knew the dread Æneas by his arms, and heard the tramp of feet and snorting of the steeds. And without delay they would engage in fight and battle try, did not rosy Phœbus dip in Iberian wave his wearied steeds, and by decline of day bring back the night. In camps before the town they rest, and walls entrench.

BOOK XII.

In the Twelfth Book Juno prevents the single combat agreed upon between Turnus and Æneas. The Trojans are defeated in the absence of their king, who had retired wounded, but who is miraculously cured by Venus. On his return he again challenges Turnus to the combat, with whose death the poem concludes.

When Turnus sees that broken by the adverse tide of war the spirits of the Latins faint and fail, that all eyes look to him his promise to fulfil, at once his mind is duly fired with fierce resolve, and his manly courage rises at the thought. Like as a lion, when in Punic plains by sportsmen sorely wounded, at length shows fight, and shakes with defiant pride the hairy masses of his flowing mane, and undismayed the hunter's spear in twain he snaps, and roars with bloody mouth: just so in Turnus' heated breast his savage nature still more savage grows. He then accosts the king, and in the tumult of his wrath he thus begins: Turnus is ready: no ground have coward Trojans to retract their words or refuse what they engaged. I meet him: bring sacred things, O Father, and a truce conclude. Either to Orcus I shall send this Dardan, Asia's runaway,—let the Latins sit and see—and by my single arm wipe out the nation's stains, or let him hold us conquered, and have Lavinia as his bride.

To him with heart composed Latinus made reply: O youth of gallant mind, the more in dauntless valour you abound, the more am I required to seek your safety, and carefully with fear to weigh the risks of fortune. Your father's realms are yours by right, and yours the

many towns by valour gained: and I have gold with will to give. In Latium and Laurentine lands are other maids unwed, of lineage high and spotless. Allow me without guile to state these truths, unpleasant though they be: and ponder this with care: To none of former suitors did Fate permit that I should give my daughter as a wife; and that all gods and prophets said. By love for you, by kindred blood, and by my wife's sad tears o'ercome, all bonds I broke: from future son I tore his bride: and levied impious war.[1] What woes, what wars, pursue me since you see yourself, what toils you chiefly bear. Routed in battle twice in our walls we scarce maintain the hopes of Italy: with our blood the streams of Tiber still are warm: and the vast plains are whitened with our bones. Where am I driven to and fro? why madly change my purpose? If on Turnus' death I mean to make them friends, why not rather stop the war and save his life? What will Rutulian kinsmen say, and what all Italy besides, if—heaven belie my words—you to death I leave who seek my daughter's hand? The changing fate of war regard: have pity on your aged father, whom in his grief, and far from you, his native Ardea holds. Turnus with overbearing mind is changed not by his words: more fiercely do the flames of wrath arise, and the attempted cure but aggravates the ill. Soon as utterance he could find he thus begins: The care you feel for me, good sire, I pray you lay aside, and suffer me to gain renown by glorious death. I, too, can wield my darts and sword with no weak hand, and from the wounds I deal the blood is wont to flow. Not near him shall his goddess-mother be to screen him as he flies, and hide herself in empty shade.

But the queen by new conditions of the fight dismayed was weeping, and with death grip held her furious son: Turnus, by these tears, by the regard you for Amata feel—you are

[1] Not only because Æneas was destined by the gods to be his son-in-law, but because the war was between persons who had formed a truce.

now my only hope, the only solace of my sad old age: the dignity and power of Latinus vest in you: on you alone the family is fain to lean for help—one thing I ask: forbear in fight with Trojans to engage. Whatever fortune in that combat waits you, me also it awaits: with you I leave this hated light, nor as a captive will I see a Trojan son-in-law. Her mother's words Lavinia heard, her burning cheeks suffused with tears, in whom deep blushes kindled up the glow, and overspread her heated face. As one stains Indian ivory with ruddy purple, or as white lilies mixed with many roses blush: such colours in her face the maiden showed. Love thrills his soul, and on the maid he fixed his gaze. He burns for arms the more, and to Amata briefly speaks: O mother, to the stubborn work of war send me not forth, I pray, with tears, attend me not with such an evil omen: for Turnus is not free to stay his death. Go, Idmon, these my words bear to the Phrygian chief, a nowise welcome message: soon as to-morrow's dawn shall redden in the sky, borne on her crimson car, not Trojan 'gainst Rutulian let him lead,—let Trojan and Rutulian arms remain at peace, —but let us end the war with his blood or with mine: on the field let Lavinia as a bride be won.

When this he said and quickly to the palace hied, he calls for his steeds, and gladly sees them neighing as he comes,[1] which Orithyia[2] as a special honour gave to Pilumnus, and which in whiteness passed the snow, in speed the wind. The bustling grooms stand round, and with their hands they clap their chests and comb their flowing manes. And then he dons his corslet rough with scales of orichalc and gold: his sword, too, and his shield, and sockets for his ruddy crest he fits for active use:—the sword which Vulcan for his

[1] *Ante ora*—literally, "before his face." Turnus took it as a good omen that his horses neighed on seeing their master; hence his gladness.

[2] Orithyia, a daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, and wife of Boreas, king of Thrace.

father Daunus made, and plunged it glowing in the Stygian lake. Then with a vigorous grasp he seized his sturdy spear, which in the palace stood, against a column leant, Auruncan Actor's spoil, and shakes it quivering, exclaiming thus: O spear, that never failed my call, now, now the time has come: the mighty Actor bore you once, and now the arm of Turnus wields: grant me to stretch on earth this Phrygian eunuch, and his rent corslet from his body tear, and soil in dust those locks, curled by the heated iron and soaked with fragrant myrrh. By such furious passions is he goaded: and from all his face the burning sparks shoot forth: fire flashes from his glaring eyes. As when at first a bull, training for battle, terrific roars emits, and tries in his horns to centre all his wrath by butting on a tree, and beats the air with blows, and spurns the sand, as prelude to the fight.

With no less care Æneas, fierce in heavenly arms, his mother's gift, kindles his martial spirit, and stirs himself to rage, well pleased to close the war by proffered truce. His friends he comforts, and lulls the fears of sorrowing Iülus, the Fates explaining, and bids the messengers to bear to king Latinus his final answer, and dictate terms of peace.

Scarce had the Morning shed on mountain tops her light, when first the horses of the sun rise from the deep abyss, and from their upraised nostrils breathe forth rays of light: when under the city's walls the Trojans and Rutulians measured ground, and made it ready for the fight, and in the midst raised hearths and grassy altars for their common gods. Others, in the *limus*[1] clothed, brought fire and water,

[1] There is another reading—*lino*, with linen, regarding which Servius writes that the priests and sacred ministers among the Romans, by whom the laws of peace and war were confirmed, were prohibited from wearing anything of linen; and that Virgil designedly clothes the Feciales in linen robes on this occasion, to let us know beforehand that the league was to be broken, since it was ushered in with unlawful rites. *Limus*, a kind of petticoat worn by the priests in sacrifice, reaching from the waist to the feet.

and their temples wreathed with vervain. The Ausonian host advances, and from the crowded gates the bands pour forth in column dense.[1] On the other side the Trojans and the Tuscans hasten forth in varied arms, equipped with weapons as though they heard the battle-call. The leaders, too, in gold and purple proudly decked, in midst of thousands hasten to and fro, Mnestheus, offspring of Assaracus, and brave Asilas, and Messapus, horseman bold, own son of Neptune. And when, on given signal each to his place withdrew, they fix their spears in earth, and lay their shields at rest. Then pouring from their homes in eagerness the women and the unarmed throng and weak old men beset the towers and roofs, while others at the lofty gates take up their stand.

But from the summit of the hill, now called Albanus—at that time it had neither name, nor honour, nor renown—Juno looking forth, surveyed the plain, the Trojan and Laurentian hosts and city of Latinus. Then Turnus' sister she at once addressed, the goddess who over lakes and sounding streams presides: to her great Jove, heaven's king, this honour made secure, requiting her for lost virginity: O nymph, glory of rivers, dearest to my soul, you know that you of Latian maidens who have shared the bed of mighty Jove I grudged, I have set first, and in the courts of heaven I gladly gave you place: your special grief, Juturna,[2] learn and blame me not. As far as Fortune bore, and Fate allowed prosperity to Latium, Turnus and your city I protected. I see the youth now on his way to meet unequal chance: the day and baleful force of Destiny approach. The combat and the truce I cannot bear to see.

[1] "In column dense," *pilata*. The word comes from *pila* a column or pillar, and means "close-pressed," as the parts of a pillar are by the superincumbent mass. It may also mean "straight as a column."

[2] Juturna, the sister of king Turnus, was changed into a fountain of the same name, the waters of which were used in the sacrifices of Vesta.

If for a brother you will dare some present help, do it at once: you it becomes. Perchance a better fortune will attend the wretched Latins. She ceased to speak: at once Juturna poured forth floods of tears, and thrice, aye, four times smote her beauteous breast. No time is this for tears, Saturnian Juno said: make haste and, if any way be found, your brother save from death: or stir again the war, and break the truce devised. I, Juno, bid you try. She urged her thus, then left her in suspense, and by the wound to her affections sorely troubled.

Meantime the kings advance: Latinus of majestic frame rides in a four-horse car, whose brow twelve golden rays surround, emblem of the sun,[1] his mighty sire; him Turnus follows with a milk-white pair, grasping in his brawny hand two javelins tipped with steel. On the other part, Æneas, source of the Roman race, brilliant with star-like shield and heavenly arms, and at his side Ascanius, second hope of mighty Rome, from the camp come forth, and the priest, in robe unspotted, brought the youngling of a bristly sow, and an unshorn lamb,[2] and placed them at the blazing altars. They, turning to the rising sun, the salt cakes strew, and with the knife they score the victims' brows, and on the altars pour libations. Then good Æneas with his sword unsheathed thus prays: Thou sun be

[1] Latinus was the grandson of Picus, who took Circe, the daughter of the sun, to be his wife or concubine, and by her had Faunus, the father of Latinus, who consequently was the grandchild of the sun.

[2] Ruæus observes, that the ewe was offered for Æneas, after the manner of the Greeks, who commonly ratified a league with the sacrifice of a sheep or lamb, as we see in Homer, Il. iii. 103. The sow again is for Latinus, after the Roman or Italian fashion, which Livy intimates to have been of very great antiquity, lib. i. 24, where he gives the form of ratifying a league between the Romans and Albans, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius: "Audi Jupiter, &c.—Si prior defexit, tu illo die Jupiter populum Romanum sic ferito, ut ego hunc porcum hic hodie feriam."

witness, and thou land of Italy draw near, for which so many labours I have borne; and thou Almighty Jove, and thou, Saturnian spouse, now more propitious, now, O goddess, I thee beseech: and thou O glorious father Mars, who as thou wilt disposest every war: ye fountains and ye rivers I invoke; whatever Sanctitus there are in lofty æther; whatever deities dwell in the azure deep: if victory should chance to fall to Turnus of Ausonia, it is agreed that to the city of Evander we retire: Iülus shall quit the land: nor ever afterwards shall the Æneadæ renew the war, or by the sword attack these realms: but should success my battle crown,—as I rather think, and so by their nod may gods confirm,—neither shall I compel the Italians to be subject to the Trojans, nor claim a sovereign lordship for myself. Both nations unsubdued and free shall join in an eternal league on terms of full equality. The gods, and worship of the gods, I shall ordain:[1] my sire Latinus shall war control, and as a father-in-law shall hold the sceptre as his rightful due. The Trojans shall for me a city build, and to that city Lavinia shall give her name. Thus first Æneas: then thus Latinus follows, looking up to heaven, and to the stars extends his hand: By these same powers I swear, Æneas—by earth, by sea, by stars, by Latona's double seed, and two-faced Janus, by the might of gods below and by the shrine of Pluto stern: let Father Jove hear this, who by his thunder ratifies our leagues. I touch the altars and the fires and gods between us[2] I adjure. This peace and treaty no future time, by fault of Italy, shall break whatever may befall: no power shall turn me from my pledge, with will at least, not if it scattered earth on sea and

[1] *i.e.*, the Latins are to receive those of the Trojans.

[2] "Fire and gods between us"—*i.e.*, on the altar, on one side of which Æneas stood, and Latinus on the other. Some take *medios* to mean "mediating"; others "impartial."

deluge both confounded, and if the firmament in Orcus be dissolved. Sure as this sceptre—for a sceptre in his hand he chanced to hold—shall ne'er send forth or leaf, or shoot or shade, since once for all 'twas severed from its parent trunk, and by the steel both branch and foliage lost; then a bough, but now the artist's skill in seemly bronze has sheathed, and given to Latin senators to wear. The treaty thus between them they confirmed in presence of the chiefs: Then victims duly hallowed o'er the flames they slay,[1] and from the quivering bodies take the flesh, and loaded chargers on the altars heap.

But the Rutulians had already deemed the fight unequal, and their hearts are touched by various emotions; then more so, when at nearer view they clearly see the champions, ill-matched in body and in strength. Their fears increase as Turnus to the altar steps with gait subdued and downcast eye, in suppliant worship, his cheeks all wasted and on his youthful face a paleness as of death. Soon as Juturna saw the murmurs of the people rise, and their sinking hearts in purpose wavering, into the midst she hastes, in form resembling Camers,—whose race was old and noble, whose family was known for deeds of bravery, and he himself in arms most valiant,—among the ranks she mingles, to the crisis equal, and various rumours spreads, and speaks as follows: Are you not ashamed, Rutulians, one life for all to risk, and all so brave? Is't in numbers or in strength we're not their match? Lo! here are all, both Trojans and Arcadians, and Etruria, to Turnus hostile, bands led, forsooth, by fated chief! If we engage them, every second man scarce finds a foe. He indeed by fame shall reach the gods for whose altars now he gives his life, and in the mouths of men he shall for ever live: while we who here sit idly on

[1] "*Jugulare*" properly means "to cut the throat."

the plain shall lose our country and be subject to a haughty lord. By words so brave the spirit of the youth is roused to fire, from much to more, and through the lines a murmur runs: the Laurentines and the Latins too are changed in mind. Those who were hoping rest from war and quiet for their troubled state, now pray for arms and wish the league unmade, and pity Turnus and his lot unjust.[1] To these incentives a greater still Juturna adds, and in lofty heaven a portent sends, than which none more potently confused the minds of the Italians and by its wondrous sight misled. For in the ruddy sky the tawny bird of Jove in flight pursued some water-fowl, a noisy flock and winged band: when to the water with a sudden swoop he glides, and rapacious with his crooked talons seized a noble swan. The Italians in rapt attention gazed, and all the birds wheel right about, with noisy cries, strange to behold, and darken heaven with their wings, and in a cloud pursue their enemy through air, till overpowered by force and by his load he failed, and from his claws down on the river flung his prey, and fled far off into the clouds of heaven. And then with shouts of joy the Latins hail the omen, and their hands get ready: and first Tolumnius the augur says: This, this, is what I often sought by prayer. I welcome it, and in it recognise the gods: draw swords and follow me, poor citizens, whom in war this reckless stranger persecutes like helpless birds, and ravages your coasts. He, too, shall take to flight, and o'er the deep sail far away. With one accord close up your ranks, and in the fight defend your ravished king.

He spoke, and rushing forward hurled a spear among the opposing host: the dart goes forth with whizzing sound and cuts the air, unerring in its aim. At once

[1] "Lot unjust," *i.e.* that owing to the cowardice of the Latins, it was "hard lines" for Turnus to have to fight in single combat.

a piercing cry is heard, and all the ranks in terror start and hearts beat high in tumult's rage. The javelin as it flew alighted where, as it chanced, nine brothers stood, of noble form, whom to Arcadian Gylippus one mother bore, —a faithful Tuscan wife; one of these a youth noted for beauty and for his shining arms, it struck at the waist, where the stitched belt rubs on the belly and where the buckle clasps the meeting flaps, and through his ribs it passed and stretched him on the yellow sand. His valiant brothers, by grief enraged,—some draw the sword, some seize the spear,—rush blindly on. 'Gainst them the bands of the Laurentines sally forth: and then, again Trojans and Tuscans, and Arcadians with painted arms, in dense array stream out. One common passion moves them all—by sword to end the strife. They tear the altars down: through all the air a troubled storm of weapons flies—an iron shower pours down amain. The goblets and the hearths are borne away:[1] Latinus himself escapes, the league unfinished, bearing off his outraged gods. Some their steeds rein up, and mount their chariots at a bound, and with swords unsheathed stand ready. Messapus, eager to confound the truce, heads his horse against Aulestes, an Etruscan king, with royal diadem adorned: he hastily retreats and by the altar meeting him in rear is tossed upon his head and shoulders. But in eager haste Messapus rushes up and high above him on his horse smites him with heavy spear, while begging life, and thus he speaks: "He has caught it":[2] this better victim to the mighty gods is given. The Italians crowd upon him and strip his limbs still warm. Corynæus from the altar

[1] The priests and ministers bear away the utensils which had been employed in pledging the truce.

[2] *i.e.*, "he has received his *coup de grace*," a gladiatorial phrase. *Cf.* Ter. Andr. i. 8, 56.

snatched a burning torch and facing Ebusus as he came and dealt a blow, in his face he hurled the brand: his bushy beard blazed forth and burning spread a stench: then following up the stroke he seized the hair of the bewildered foe, and pressing on him with his knee he thrust him to the ground: and then into his side he plunged his rigid steel. Podalirius, with sword unsheathed pursuing Alsus, as through the hottest of the fight he rushed, hangs on his rear: but Alsus swinging round his axe severed his head from brow to chin, and with the scattered gore besmeared his arms. Forced rest and iron sleep oppress his eyes: his light is quenched in everlasting night.

Æneas with uncovered head stretched forth his hand unarmed, and loudly shouted to his men: Where rush you? what sudden discord rises in your midst? Oh, restrain your passions! the league has now been made, and all its terms agreed: to me alone belongs the right of battle: leave it to me and lay aside your fears: my arm will make the treaty sure: these sacred rites to me now Turnus owe. While he is speaking thus an arrow came on whizzing wings, what hand directed, what whirlwind drove it home none knew, who to the Rutulians such glory gave, chance or a deity: the fame of deed so signal was concealed, and no man claimed the credit of Æneas' wound. When Turnus saw Æneas from his host retire, and the leaders in dismay, his horses and his arms he calls and with a bound into his chariot springs, elate with joy, and in his hands he wields the reins. As he flies along to death he many warriors gives, many he overturns half dead, or tramples down the ranks and at the flying crowd hurls spear on spear.[1] As when beside cold Hebrus' streams the bloody Mars to fury roused, the sign of battle

[1] Snatched up from his own chariot, or from the bodies of the slain.

striking on his shield, and kindling war, lets loose his furious steeds: over the open plain they fly, the winds outstripping: Thrace to its utmost end groans 'neath their trampling feet: and around him are arrayed grim Terror, Rage, and Stratagem, attendants of the god: like him does Turnus through thickest of the fight his reeking horses drive, trampling down his enemies in ghastly slaughter: their flying feet strike up the bloody spray, and tread on sand and gore. And now to death he sent Sthenelus and Thamyrus and Pholus, the latter in close fight, the former at a distance: at distance, Glaucus and Ladus, sons of Imbrasus, whom Imbrasus with care had reared in Lycia, and had equipped in arms fitted alike to fight on foot, or charge on fleetest steed. In another part Eumedes rushes to the thickest fight, son of the elder Dolon,[1] famed in war, who bore his grandsire's name, but showed the deeds and spirit of his father, who once being sent to spy the Grecian camp dared to demand as his reward the chariot and the horses of Achilles. With a far different reward Tydides paid him for a deed so bold, and now he aims not at Achilles' steeds. When him at distance Turnus saw upon the open plain, with light javelin through the middle space he first pursues, then stops his horses and from the chariot jumps, and overtakes him fallen and now good as dead, and with foot upon his neck from his hand the sword he wrests, and deep in his throat he plunged the glittering blade, and added thus: Hesperia and its fields attacked in war lie there and measure. Such rewards they bear away who dare to test me with the sword: thus they cities found. Hurling his spear he sends Asbutes to attend him to the Shades, and Chloreus and Sybaris and Dares and

[1] Dolon, a Trojan remarkable for his swiftness, having been sent as a spy to the Grecian camp, was seized and put to death by Diomedes.

Thersilochus, and Thymœtes who from his restive horse had fallen. As when the blast of Thracian Boreas roars on the deep Ægean, and pursues its billows to the shore: where'er the wind comes down in force the clouds from heaven take flight: so before Turnus where he makes his way the ranks give ground and routed squadrons fly: himself the very fury onward bears, and as he speeds against the breeze it shakes his streaming crest. Him rushing on and mad with battle's rage Phegeus no longer bore: before the car he sprang, the bridles seized, and turned aside the maddened steeds, whose mouths were foaming on the bit. While he is dragged along and by the harness hangs, the heavy spear-head reached his fenceless side, his double corslet bursts and slightly wounds his flesh. Yet turning with opposing shield his foe he "went for," and sought assistance from his bare and trusty sword: when the wheel in swift career dashed him headlong, and sent him sprawling on the ground; and Turnus following struck off his head between the helmet's lower edge, and rim of corslet, and left the trunk upon the sand.

While Turnus thus unchecked o'er all the plain deals death, Æneas bathed in blood, Mnestheus, and Achates, trusty friend, and Ascanius with them brought to the camp, supporting with his spear each second step. With vexation wild he tugs the arrow with its broken shaft, and demands the readiest means of aid, that with the sword they cut and open to its depths the arrow's hiding-place and send him back to battle. And now Iapyx,[1] Iasius' son, was near, beloved by Phœbus above other men: to whom Apollo out of tender love was fain to teach his arts, his rarest gifts, his skill in augury, the harp, and winged shafts. He to prolong

[1] Iapyx, a Trojan, the son of Iasius, and a favourite of Apollo, who instructed him in medicine.

his dying father's fate preferred to know the power of herbs, and how to use for cures, and in pursuits that brought no fame to spend his days. Chafing with rage and grief Æneas stood, leaning on his stalwart spear, amid a throng of youths with sorrowing Iülus, but by their tears unmoved. Iapyx with his cloak thrown back and bound as doctors do, with healing hand and Phœbus' potent herbs makes eager haste in vain; in vain the dart from side to side he moves, and with the griping forceps tries to seize the barbs. No lucky chance directs the means: no help his patron god supplies: and more and more upon the plain swells the dread din of battle, and danger nearer comes. The firmament seems made of dust, the horse advance and in the very centre of the camp the darts fall thick. A piteous cry rises to heaven of those who fight and those who in the stubborn battle fall. Here Venus by Æneas' needless pain distressed, with all a mother's care some dittany from Cretan Ida pulls, a stalk with downy leaves mature, and purple flower: that plant to wild goats not unknown, when winged arrows in their flesh have stuck. This Venus brought, her form enveloping in darkening mist: with this the water she infects into the shining basin poured, imparting secret power to heal, ambrosia too that health imparts she sprinkles, and fragrant panacea. With this water Iapyx bathed the wound in ignorance, and suddenly all pain of course fled from his body, and in the gash all blood was stanched. And now the arrow, following the hand, of its own accord dropped out, and to its pristine state his strength returned anew. Fly quick and bring the hero's arms! why do you stand? Iapyx shouts aloud, and first against the foe their courage kindles. This is not due to human power nor master skill, nor, O Æneas, is mine the hand that saved. A mightier than I, a god has done it, and sends you back to greater deeds than ever. He eager for the fight already had inclosed his

legs in golden greaves, and cannot brook delay, and brandishes his spear. When to his side the shield is fitted, and corslet to his back, Ascanius he embraces with surrounding arms and through his helmet gently kissing says: from me, my boy, learn valour, and real toil; from others, fortune. Now shall my hand in war secure your safety, and lead you to the midst of great rewards: soon when your age shall reach maturity, see that you remember this, and as you call to mind the example of your friends, let your father Æneas and your uncle Hector spur you on to deeds of valour.

When this he said he issued from the gates, in stature vast, shaking in his hand a giant spear: with him in dense array Antheus and Mnestheus rush and all the throng stream out and leave the camp. Then blinding dust the plain confounds, and earth trembles, by tramp of feet alarmed. Them as they came Turnus from an opposing height observed, the Ausonians saw them too, and a chilling tremor ran to their inmost bones: of all the Latins Juturna was the first to hear and recognise the sound, and in terror fled away. Onward he speeds, and hurries o'er the open plain his dusky band,[1] as with sudden gust a storm comes landward from the open sea: the hearts, alas! of wretched rustics shudder, when they feel it from afar: it will uproot their trees and lay their standing crops, and level all things far and wide: the winds rush onward, and bear the roar to land: so does the Trojan chief lead on his host against the opposing foe: in dense array they join him with their serried ranks. With his sword Thymbræus smites the huge Osiris, Mnestheus slays Arcetius, and Achates Epulo, and Gyas Ufens: Tolumnius the augur falls, who first had

[1] *Atrum Agmen*, his "dusky band," *i.e.* soiled and darkened by the dust. It may also mean, in reference to Turnus and the Rutulians looking on, a "doom foreboding band"—a "black sight for them," like *atra dies* a "black day."

hurled his lance against the opposing foe. A shout is raised to heaven, and now the Rutulians turn and fly across the plain in dusty rout. Æneas deigns not to slay the fugitives, nor follow those already met in fight, or those who offer battle. Turnus alone amidst the clouds of darkening dust he tracks with watchful eye, and him alone for fight demands.

Agonised by fear of this, Juturna, warlike maid, flings out between the reins Metiscus, charioteer of Turnus, and left him far behind as from the pole he fell. She takes his place, and in her hands she guides the waving reins, in all things like Metiscus, in voice, in body, and in arms. As through the spacious mansion of some wealthy lord the dusky swallow flies, and traverses the lofty courts with winged speed, gathering the tiny prey, food for its twittering young: and now in empty galleries its voice is heard, now midst the tanks and cisterns: like it Juturna by her steeds through middle of the foe is borne, and flying in the rapid chariot all surveys: and now at this place, now at that her brother in his triumph proudly shows: yet suffers not that in battle with Æneas he should close: but far away she flies in devious route.

With no less eagerness Æneas tracks her mazy rounds to meet him, and keeps her far in view, and through routed bands he loudly calls his name. Oft as on his enemy he cast his eyes and tried in speed to match the winged steeds, so often did Juturna wheel and turn the car another way. Alas! what can he do? In vain he wavers with distracting tide of thoughts, and different cares direct his mind to various plans. At him Messapus, as in his hand he chanced to bear two spears with points of steel, with sudden turn hurled one with aim unfailing. Æneas halted, and under cover of his shield he crouched and sank upon his knee: yet the impetuous dart bore off the highest cone, and swept away the waving crest. Thus in truth his

wrathful passions rise: and by this sneaking treachery compelled, when he perceived the horses and the chariot borne clean away, adjuring Jove and altars of the broken league, now at length he rushes on the densest of the foe, and by aid of Mars, in reckless vengeance he spreads the ghastly carnage right and left, and to his wrath gives loosest rein.

What god can now to me in verse set forth so many bitter scenes, such widespread carnage, and the death of chiefs, which o'er the plain now Turnus, now the Trojan hero deals? O Jupiter, was it thy will that nations soon to be knit in everlasting peace should thus in furious shock of battle meet? The Rutulian Sucro—his contest was the first to check the Trojans' onward sweep—Æneas catches in the side, and stays not for a second blow, and where the way of death is quickest, through the ribs he thrust his naked sword, and through the wattled breast. Turnus on foot encounters Amycus unhorsed, and Diores, too, a brother,—one as he comes with his long spear he smites, the other with his sword, and on his chariot hangs the severed heads, and bears them dropping blood. Talos and Tanais Æneas does to death and brave Cethegus, three at one fell swoop, and with them sends Onites, sad of look, Theban by name, by lineage Peridia's son: here he slew the brothers from Lycia sent and from Apollo's lands, and Menœtes, an Arcadian youth, who vainly hated war, who plied the fisher's art among the streams of Lerna, whose home was poor, the duties of the rich who knew not, and whose father tilled a hired farm. Just as two fires let loose at different parts into a withered copse and groves of crackling bays, or when in rapid course from mountain height two foaming rivers roar, and rush to sea, each delving out his path: with no less fury do Turnus and Æneas rush through the embattled plain: and now, even now, the tide of passion boils within: now their hearts that

know not how to yield with fury burst: now with all their might they "go for" wounds. Murranus boasting of his ancestry and proud ancestral names, and of his race through Latin kings derived, Æneas with a rock and mighty mass of stone flung like a whirlwind down from his chariot hurls, and casts him sprawling on the ground: him beneath the reins and yoke the wheels dragged on; and with many a kick the hoofs of the horses, heedless of their master, tread upon him. Hyllus rushing on and in wild excitement raging Turnus encountered, and at his gilded helmet hurled a spear; through his casque the javelin pierced and in his brain stuck fast. Nor could your good right hand save you from Turnus, O Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks; nor did his gods protect Cupencus from Æneas coming up; he bravely faced the foe, but little did the brazen shield avail its wretched owner. You too, Æolus, the Laurentine plains saw fall in death, and with your body overlay the ground; you fall whom neither Argive hosts could slay, nor great Achilles who Priam's realm o'erthrew: here was your goal of life: 'neath Ida was your noble home, in Lyrnesus too a noble house—in Laurentine soil your tomb. And now the forces all are face to face, all the Latins, all the Trojans too, Mnestheus and the fierce Serestus, and Messapus, horseman bold, and brave Asilas, the Tuscan phalanx, and Evander's horse—each for himself puts forth his utmost power: nor stay nor rest is there: in mighty mortal struggle they contend.

Here Venus in her son inspired the thought, the walls to seek and quickly turn his force against the city, and by the sudden blow confound the Latins. While tracking Turnus through the ranks his eyes he turns now here, now there, he sees the city by such a war unscathed, and peacefully at rest. At once the picture of a greater battle fires his mind: Mnestheus and Sergestus and the brave Serestus, leading chiefs, he summons, and mounts a height, to which the

Trojan forces flock, and lay not down their shields and darts though closely packed.[1] Standing in the centre on the mound he speaks as follows: Let none delay my order to fulfil: Jove is with us: let none with the less ardour go because the venture on a sudden comes. This day the city, cause of war, and throne of King Latinus too I will destroy, if they consent not to receive our yoke and, vanquished, to submit, and I will lay their smoking roof-trees level with the ground. Am I, forsooth, to wait till it please Turnus to accept the combat offered, and conquered once may feel inclined again to meet me? This is the source, my friends, this, the sum and substance of the unholy war. Bring torches quickly, and by fire demand our treaty-rights. He spoke, and all with equal zeal form into line, and on the walls bear down in dense array. Suddenly the scaling ladders are brought forth and fiery torches glow. Some hasten to the gates and slay the first they meet, others hurl darts, and with their weapons cloud the sky. Æneas in the front to the city stretched his hand, and in loud voice Latinus blames, and calls the gods to witness that a second time to battle he is forced, that twice the Latins have become his foes, and that a second league they break. Among the trembling citizens dissension rises high; some wish to open up the city to the Trojans, and throw wide the gates, and to the walls they force the king himself: others bring arms and go to defend the town: as when a shepherd a swarm of bees has traced shut in a harbouring cleft and filled their hive with bitter smoke: they humming within run to and fro in terror through their waxen camp, and with loud buzzing whet their wrath: the smoky stench through all their cells is rolled: then with hum subdued the rock within resounds: to the empty air the smoke ascends.

This evil fortune too befell the exhausted Latins, and

[1] "*Densi*" refers to "*milites*," which is implied in "*legio*."

with grief it stunned the city to its depths. When queen Amata saw the coming foe, the walls attacked, the fire mounting to the roofs, nowhere Rutulian force opposed, no troops of Turnus and his men : in her woe she deemed her favoured youth in heat of battle slain, and with sudden grief in mind distracted, she cries that she had been the cause, the guilty author, and the source of all their ills, and many more things said she in her frantic agony, and then resolved to die she rends her purple robe, and on a lofty beam she ties the noose of ghastly death.[1] But when the Latin matrons with anguish heard the fatal news, Lavinia first her rosy cheeks and her bright tresses tore, then all the throng in frantic grief indulge : with shrieks and wails the palace to its utmost end resounds. And then the tale of woe through all the city spreads. Despair possesses all. With robes to pieces rent Latinus comes, stunned by his consort's death and empire's ruin, and with unseemly dust his hoary hair defiles, and much he blames himself that he had not before received Æneas and willingly adopted him as a son.

Meanwhile Turnus warring in the outskirts of the field pursues few straggling foes, more listless now, and of his steeds' success less and less proud. To him the wind bore down the mingled din with its alarming doubts, and the confused roar and fate foreboding murmurs struck his listening ear. Ah me ! why are our walls to such commotion stirred ? What shouts so loud come from the distant town ? So says he, and frantic stopped and reined his team. And him his sister in these words opposed, as in Metiscus' form she guided the chariot and the horses and the reins : This way, Turnus, let us pursue the Trojans, where lies the nearest path to victory : there are others who

[1] Either referring to the supposed treatment in the other world of those who had committed suicide, or to the disgracefulness of a death by hanging.

by their might the city can defend. Æneas assails the Italians and in fierce battle joins; let us too by our valour cause to the Trojans many deaths. You will quit the field with no fewer victories and no less renown. Then Turnus in reply: Long since I knew you when first by artifice you broke the league and in this war engaged, and now, though a goddess, in vain you try to mock my sight. But who desired you to leave heaven's peaceful scenes and suffer toils like these? Is it to see your ill-starred brother's cruel death? For what am I doing? or what hope of life does Fortune now hold out? Before these very eyes I saw Murranus, than whom no man more dear to me survives falling in death and calling for my help; mighty was he and by a mighty wound subdued. Ill-fated Ufens died that my disgrace he might not see: the Trojans keep his body and his arms in their possession. Shall I suffer the city to be razed,—that evil fortune now alone remains? and shall I not with this right hand refute the calumnies of Drances? Shall I turn my back, and shall this land see Turnus fly? And is it then so very hard a thing to die? and you, O Shades, be kind to me since heaven's face is turned away. To you I shall descend a stainless soul, and innocent of coward blame, a thing you hate, and not unworthy of my great ancestral fame.

Scarce had he spoken thus when Saces on a foaming horse flies through the enemy, with arrow-wound right in the face, and rushes up imploring Turnus by his name: Turnus, in you our only hope of safety lies: have pity on your own. Æneas thunders in arms, and threatens to throw down the towers of Latium and raze them to the ground: and now to highest roof the firebrands fly. To you the Latins turn their face, to you they cast their eyes: king Latinus is in doubts on whom as son-in-law to call, to league with whom incline. The queen, besides, your firmest friend, by her own hand has died, and driven to

madness fled the light. Before the gates Messapus and the brave Atinas alone maintain the fight. Around them on both sides battalions stand in dense array, and a horrid crop of swords unsheathed stands up with spiky heads: you drive your chariot here and there on fields without a foe.

Confounded by this varied picture of events Turnus was stupefied, and in silent gaze stood fixed: in that one heart there keenly burns a sense of shame, mad anger mixed with grief, love by the Furies to distraction driven, and inward sense of manly worth. Soon as the shadows were dispelled and light to his mind restored, he turned his fiery eyeballs to the town in turmoil and in fear, and from his chariot to the city looked in all its size. But lo! a whirlwind of flame rolling through the floors surged heavenward and the tower enwrapped, which he himself with close-knit beams had built, had placed on wheels, and had bridges joined.[1] Sister, now, now, the Fates prevail: cease to contrive delays; where the deity and cruel Fortune call, there let me follow on. 'Tis fixed, I meet Æneas hand to hand; 'tis fixed, in death I suffer whate'er of bitterness there be: nor, O sister, shall you see me longer in disgrace. Permit me first I pray to rage this passion out.

He said, and quickly from the car he bounded to the ground; through foes, through darts he rushes and his sorrowing sister leaves, and in rapid course bursts through the thickest lines. As when from mountain's height a rock rolls on with headlong speed, dislodged by stormy blasts, or by the furious rains washed off, or loosened by the lapse of years: adown the steep in mad career the reckless mass is borne, and as it bounds upon the earth sweeps with it woods and herds and men: so through the scattered band does Turnus hasten to the city walls, where

[1] "Had bridges joined," *i.e.* to connect the tower with the walls.

with shed blood the earth is deeply soaked, and the gales with javelins hiss; with his hand he signals and with his voice he shouts aloud: Forbear Rutulians, withhold your darts, ye Latins: the event, whatever may betide, is mine: it is more just that I alone instead of you should expiate the broken league and by my sword decide the war. This way and that the armies parted, and left an open space between.

But Æneas, soon as Turnus' name was heard, the walls and towers forsakes and flings to the winds delay, all siege work stops, and with joy exulting thunders on his shield with direful stroke; huge as Athos, huge as Eryx, or huge as father Appennine[1] himself, when with waving oaks he roars, and with proud delight heaves high in air his snow-clad peak. And now Rutulians and Trojans and Latins all turned to look, both those who occupied the lofty battlements and those who with the ram battered the walls below, and from their shoulders they laid down their shields. Latinus himself gazes with wonder on the mighty heroes, born in distant climes, as in deadly strife they meet, and by the sword their quarrels end. But they, soon as in the open plain the lists are cleared, their spears from far discharge, and then with rapid onset in the fight engage with shields and brazen arms. Earth groans: then with their swords they stroke on stroke redouble: chance and skill in each combine. And as in mighty Sila's[2] wood or on Taburnus'[3] top two bulls engage in battle with their butting heads: the shepherds fly in dread: the herd stands dumb with fear, and the heifers are in doubt which the grove shall rule and which the herds obey: they to each other many sturdy blows deal out, and struggling with their might,

[1] Appenninus, a ridge of high mountains running through the middle of Italy.

[2] Sila, a large wood in Lucania, abounding with pitch trees.

[3] Taburnus, a mountain of Campania.

implant their horns, and with streams of blood their necks and shoulders bathe: with their groans the woods resound: just so do Æneas and the Daunian hero tilt with their shields: with sound of clashing loud the sky is filled. Two scales in equal poise great Jove holds up, and in them puts the fates of both, which war consigns to doom, and whither death by weight inclines. Here deeming it safe, Turnus bounds forth, and with all his body's force on tiptoe rises to his sword, and deals a blow. The Trojans and the Latins shriek in alarm, and on the fight the eyes of both are keenly bent. But the untrusty sword in pieces breaks, and in act of striking its eager lord defenceless leaves, did not flight come to his aid. Swifter than the wind he flies, when the strange hilt [1] he saw and his hand unarmed. 'Tis said that in his headlong haste when first his car for fight he mounts in his excitement his father's sword he left behind and snatched Metiscus' blade: and that for long sufficed, while the Trojans turned in straggling flight: but when it came to Vulcan's arms divine, the blade by mortal forged in shivers flew beneath the blow, like brittle ice; the fragments glitter on the yellow sand. So Turnus in dismay makes for the distant plain in flight, and now in this way, now in that, he threads his mazy rounds: for on every side the Trojans in closed ring surround him; here a wide marsh confines him and there the lofty walls.

With no less zeal Æneas follows, though his limbs by arrow-wound made slow sometimes retard his speed, and with glowing ardour foot on foot pursues the trembling foe. As when a hound finding a stag by river barred, or by the purple scare enclosed, pursues with nimble foot and barking loud, the other by the snares alarmed and the steep bank, backward and forward flies a thousand ways: but the Umbrian hangs on him, and now, even now he

[1] He struck with the sword of Metiscus, not his own.

grasps him and snaps his teeth, as if in act of seizing, but is baffled by a fruitless bite. Then indeed loud shouts arise and banks and pools around re-echo, and all heaven thunders with uproar. He as he flies chides the Rutulians, calling each by name and earnestly demands his trusty sword. Æneas on his part threatens instant death, should any one approach, and terrifies the trembling Latins, declaring he would raze their city, and despite his wound he presses on. Five rounds they in their course complete, and five retrace this way and that: 'tis no small prize of athlete's skill for which they strive, but for the life's blood and the life of princely Turnus.

Here as it chanced there stood an olive with its bitter leaves, sacred to Faunus, a tree by sailors long revered, where they were wont, when from the risks of ocean saved, to fix their offerings to the Laurentine god, and on it hang their garments vowed: but the Trojans had removed the holy trunk, heeding not sacred or profane, that nought the field of battle might impede. In it still stood Æneas' spear: the powerful throw had fixed it there, and held it in the clinging root. Æneas stooped and tried to wrench the steel, and with the dart to reach his foe whom in the race he failed to overtake.

Then Turnus by fear distracted: Faunus, I pray, have pity on me, and O benignant Earth hold fast the steel, if I have ever kept your honoured rites, while by war the Trojans have your sanctity profaned. He said and not in vain invoked the god's assistance. For Æneas struggling long and lingering o'er the clinging root by no amount of strength could loose the wood's firm grip. Whilst he keenly strives by every means, the Daunian goddess, in Metiscus' altered form, runs forward and to her brother hands his sword. Venus, indignant that to the forward nymph such leave was given, approached and from the stump pulled out the spear. They in arms recruited and in spirits raised,

one trusting on his sword, the other fierce, and towering with threatening lance, noble in figure and of soaring hopes, stand face to face prepared to meet the struggle of the panting fight.

Meantime Olympus' king, who rules the universe, addresses Juno, as from a yellow cloud she views the fight: What now shall be the end, O wife? what now remains? You know, and say you know, that Æneas as a god is due to heaven, and that the Fates will raise him to the stars. What scheme is in your mind, or with what hopes stay you in the chilly clouds? Is it seemly that a god should by a mortal's weapon be assailed? or that the sword—for what could Juturna do without your aid?—reft from him, to Turnus be restored, or that to the conquered might should be increased? Now cease at length, and by my wish be swayed: let not a grudge consume your silent thoughts, and let not bitter cares meet me so often from those sweet lips of yours. We've reached the end. The Trojans both by land and sea you've harassed, kindled unholy war, outraged homes, marriage joys with sorrows mixed; more I forbid you to attempt. Thus Jupiter began, and thus Saturnian Juno with submissive mien replied: Great Jove, well indeed I know you, and so it was that Turnus and the earth unwillingly I left: and otherwise you would not see me on this airy seat alone to bear whatever may befall,[1] but by flames begirt I would in the battle stand and draw the Trojans on to contests which they hate. Juturna, I confess, I urged to help her wretched brother, and thought it right that for his life she should attempt still greater deeds: yet not that she should hurl a dart or stretch a bow: by the Stygian stream I swear, which cannot be appeased, sole solemn pledge assigned to gods above. And now I go, and hating battles give them up. One thing which Fate

[1] A proverbial phrase, equivalent to "suffering every thing."

restricts not for Latium I implore and for the dignity of Saturn's race: that when they peace arrange by happy nuptials—happy may they be!—that when they law and treaties form, you order not that native Latins lose their name, or that Trojans they become, and be Trojans called, or that they being men indeed[1] should change their speech and dress. Let Latium still be Latium. Let Alban kings through ages reign: let the sons of Rome thus by Italian valour rise to imperial sway: Troy has perished, and let it perish, name and all.

With mirthful twinkle in his eye the father of men and things replied: Jove's veritable sister and second child of Saturn you prove yourself to be: such tides of passion in your heart you roll! But come, and quell your fury, raised for nought: what you wish I grant, and willingly prevailed on, I yield to your request. The Ausonians shall retain their country's speech and ways, and as the name now is so shall it be: the Trojans in body corporate joined shall by degrees sink out of sight: their mode of worship and their ritual I will to the Latins add: and make all Latins, with a common tongue. The seed which thence shall spring, mixed with Ausonian blood, yourself shall see exalted above all in love of justice and of right, and none other race to you shall equal honour pay. With this was Juno pleased and, in spirit joyed, her feelings changed. Meantime she quitted heaven and left the cloud behind.

This done, Jove, left alone, another scheme revolves, to drive Juturna from her brother's side. Two fiends there are, by name the Dirae called, whom with Megæra[2] one

[1] *Viros*—"men indeed"—is probably a touch of Juno's sarcasm, referring to a passage in Bk. iv. 214, 215, where Æneas is called Paris, and his followers "half-men" with "women's caps and ribbons"; and again, in Bk. ix. 617, they are called "Phrygian women, not Phrygian men."

[2] Megæra, one of the Furies, daughter of Nox and Acheron.

"uncanny" night brought forth in triple birth, and girt with equal coils of serpents, and gave them wings of wind. These at the throne and door of Jove, when wroth, await, and terror in the minds of mortals whet, whenever heaven's king deals baleful death and fell disease to men, and guilty cities terrifies by war. One of these he sends in haste from height of heaven, and bids her meet Juturna as a sign of ill. She flies, and on the whirlwind's wings to earth is borne. Just as an arrow through the air is driven which dipped in poison's gall, a shaft which none can cure, shot from some Parthian or Cydonian bow, flies hissing and unseen athwart the fleeting air; such did the child of Night shoot from the sky and earthward tend. Soon as she sights the Trojan lines and bands of Turnus, she dwarfs herself at once into that tiny bird which seated on tombs and lonely roofs keeps up till late at night her weary hooting: to such appearance changed the fiend flies to and fro, and hoots before the face of Turnus, and with her wings she flaps upon his shield. A numbness never felt before unnerved his limbs with fear, and with the fright his hair stood up on end and to his jaws the voice stuck fast. But when at hand Juturna heard the whizzing sound and knew the movement of her wings, in misery she rends her flowing hair, and, as a sister would, with her nails her face she tears, and with her fists her bosom beats. How now O Turnus can your sister help? or what remains to me hard-fated? By what device can I prolong your life? Can I withstand such rueful portent? Now, now I quit the field. Ill-omened bird, my fears increase not; I know your wing-stroke, and the death-knell of your notes: the stern commands of high-souled Jove[1] escape me not. Gives he this return for my virginity? Why immortal life bestow? why the law of death remove? Would that such toils I now

[1] "High-souled" is used in bitter irony.

could close, and attend my luckless brother through the Shades below. I immortal? or, which of my pursuits will give me pleasure without you, my brother? What part of earth for me will yawn so deep as send a goddess to the nether Shades! So saying, her head she covered with an azure veil, and with piteous moans she plunged into the river's depths.

Æneas, on his part, presses on his foe, and brandishes his spear, huge as a tree, and with relentless heart thus speaks: What next delay retards you? or why, O Turnus, do you now draw back? No more in speed of foot must we contend, but with bitter weapons hand to hand. Change into every shape, and summon all your powers of courage or of cunning:[1] wish to reach the stars on wings, or shut in depths of earth to hide. He shook his head: Your braggart words affright me not, you bully: the gods and hostile Jove alarm me. He said no more, but looking round he spied a mighty stone, time-worn and huge, which long on one spot had lain, set as a land-mark to distinguish field from field: it on their shoulders twelve stout men could scarcely bear, such men as earth brings forth in "these degenerate days." He caught it up with nervous hand and at Æneas hurled it, rising to the throw, and hurrying forward. But his former self he seems not,[2] as he runs or slowly moves, or as his hands he lifts and hurls the massy stone: he totters, and with chilling shudder his freezing blood congeals. And then the stone he cast, whirling through the empty void, nor reached the length he meant, nor yet drove home the blow. And as in dreams when languid sleep has shut the eyes to light, we seem intent a path to track, wished for in vain, and midst our efforts faint and fail: the tongue denies its use, nor in our

[1] The word for "cunning" may also mean "skill," as "cunning" itself is used in English.

[2] *i.e.*, he feels the loss of his wonted strength.

frame the wonted strength remains, and neither sound nor words come at our call: just so to Turnus by whatever means he tried, the cursed fiend denies success. Then various feelings in his heart are stirred: to the city and his troops he looks, and hesitates through fear, and trembles for the dart's approach: nor sees he how he may escape, nor how make head against his foe, nor anywhere perceives his chariot and his sister charioteer. As thus he doubts, Æneas brandishes the dart of fate, and marking a chance from far he hurls the spear with all his might. Never did stone from engine flung go forth with such a roar, nor from the thunder burst such deafening peals. Terrible as whirlwind flies the spear with dire destruction armed, and through the corslet's edge it tears and outer circles of the sevenfold shield. Right through his thigh it passed with grating sound. Down to earth the mighty Turnus sinks on bended knees.

With sorrow's universal groan the Rutules rise and all the hills around the moans re-echo, and the far off woods return the sound of woe. He suppliant, with a humbled look, extends imploring hand: I have, indeed, he says, deserved my doom, nor do I deprecate your wrath; your right of war enjoy. If you have any feeling for my wretched father—such to you too was your sire Anchises—pity I pray the frail old age of Daunus, and me, or, if you wish it rather, this body reft of life, to my kin restore. You have victor proved, and the Ausonians have seen me stretch my vanquished hands: the bride Lavinia is yours: persist not farther in your hate. Fierce in his arms Æneas stood, turning his look from side to side, and checked his hand: and now the suppliant's words had more and more his feelings changed, when on his shoulder top unluckily was seen the belt of youthful Pallas, and with its well-known studs the girdle flashed, whom with a wound Turnus had slain, and on his back had placed the fatal badge. When

the mementoes of his bitter grief Æneas spied, and the spoils torn from the dead, inflamed with fury, and ferocious with rage, he says: Shall you escape from me clad in the spoils of dearest friends? With this wound Pallas, yes Pallas, slays you as a victim, and takes his vengeance from your cursed blood. So saying, with furious thrust his sword he buries in his offered breast. But in the chill of death his limbs relax, and with a groan the spirit flies indignant to the Shades.

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